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THE HEROES  
OF THE  
WAR FOR THE UNION  
AND  
THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS:

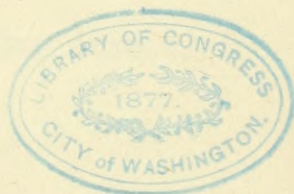
*A Complete History of the Great Rebellion,*

CONSISTING OF

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF OFFICERS AND STATESMEN; PICTURES  
OF GREAT BATTLES, SIEGES, DESPERATE CHARGES, AND SKIRM-  
ISHES; PERSONAL ENCOUNTERS AND DARING; THRILLING  
INCIDENTS; WITH ALL ELSE OF INTEREST CONNECTED  
WITH THE NATIONAL STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

By REV. P. V. FERREE, M. D.,  
OF THE OHIO CONFERENCE OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

FIRST SERIES.



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In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern  
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TO THE  
*Army and Navy of the United States:*

THE GENERAL, FIELD, AND LINE, THE BRAVE, WORKING NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS; WITH THE UNTITLED, COURAGEOUS, PATIENTLY ENDURING PRIVATES, THE MEN WHO HAVE ENDURED THE HARDSHIPS, DONE THE FIGHTING, WON THE VICTORIES, AND EXPERIENCED MUCH OF THE AGONY OF THIS WAR; TO THEIR HEROIC FAMILIES, WHO HAVE GIVEN SO MUCH TO THEIR COUNTRY, AND TO ALL PATRIOTS EVERY-WHERE, BOTH IN THE NORTH AND SOUTH,

THIS VOLUME,

WITH ITS SEVERAL SUCCESSORS, IS NOW RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED.

THE AUTHOR.





## PREFACE.

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OF nothing am I more fully convinced than that a knowledge of the deeds and endurance of our volunteer soldiers should be preserved to the greatest possible extent. To give their noble conduct, whether of the army or navy, enduring existence upon the historic page would be but simple justice. Next in importance to the preservation of our national existence, is the preservation of the splendid record made by the armies of the "War for the Union." This service, though performed in the best manner and with the highest finish, would, after all, be but a poor compensation for what they have done and suffered. Whatever else may be withheld from them, this simple and obviously just service should not. Of their heroic endurance, tireless energy, ardent patriotism, sublime bravery, gallant fighting, and wonderful self-denial, for the entertainment and culture of future generations, as well as to do them justice, a full and accurate record should at once be made.

In the preparation of the first volume of "The Heroes of the War for the Union and their Achievements," I have labored to contribute my portion to so laudable an object. I have attempted, in these pages, to faithfully describe the long, toilsome marches of our troops; to portray them, weary, foot-sore, and resting in their camps, often

without shelter or fire ; to delineate their noble and manly characters ; to exhibit their tenacious adherence to the sacred cause of liberty amid the most trying circumstances ; and to give a full and faithful picture of their astonishing and even sublime fighting. All this I have attempted. I may have performed my work in an unskillful and imperfect manner. I may have fallen far below the sublime heights which I should have reached to secure a glimpse of the wide field of martial deeds spreading out in grandeur before me. In all this I may have come short. Yet of this am I certain: my *heart* has been in the work. My heart has been with "the boys" in the field from the beginning of the war. Through every day of those three years of carnage they have occupied my thoughts, and shared in my solicitude and prayers. I have ever felt that the grandeur and magnitude of my subject as greatly transcended my abilities, as the patriotism and gallantry of our armies transcend the patriotism and gallantry of the armies of all other nations. Yet I felt justified in undertaking and prosecuting the work.

With the material at my command, I have done the best I could. If I have failed to give place and record to all the heroes who lived and acted within the period covered by this volume, it was for the want of full and accurate information.

Of much of the most superb heroism of our troops, and of some of the grandest events of the war, but little or nothing is said in the public prints. I have attempted to obviate this serious defect by engaging the services of in-



telligent, closely observing, and educated privates as correspondents—men found in great abundance in the ranks—in whose statements the most implicit confidence may be placed. In this way I have secured a knowledge of some of the most impressive, suggestive, and thrilling events distinctive of this war for liberty.

The privates of our armies have their history, just as the officers have theirs. Out of the history of the former, as well as out of the history of the latter, I have attempted to work up a beautiful mosaic—to paint a picture true, full, and fair, with all the actors standing out in bold relief.

To both officers and privates, of whom, as an American, I am proud, I have labored to do ample justice. For this, my tribute to the loyalty and gallantry of our officers and privates, I bespeak a full and candid perusal. I design it to be a complete and accurate history of the great events of the Great Rebellion of the nineteenth century. I hope to make it of permanent interest and value.

In tolerably rapid succession the different volumes of this work will follow each other. From the nature of the facts narrated, and the character of the men described, the interest of the work will increase as it advances toward its close.

Instead of incumbering my pages with foot-notes referring to my authorities, I herein make a general statement of them. In following this course, I feel perfectly justified, for reasons I need not mention. Upon every thing emanating from the press, relating to the "Great Conflict," in the form of periodicals, on which I could place my hands, I have laid a contribution. From these multitudinous sources

I subtracted all that could be relied upon as true. The official reports of officers were my invariable guides in matters of general moment. They form the basis of this work. As already stated, I have in my service a number of soldiers, as correspondents, in and of the army of the United States. To the Cincinnati *Daily Commercial*, one of the most reliable and ably edited papers of the whole country; the *Daily Gazette*; the *Western Advocate*; the *Methodist*; *Harper's Weekly* and *Monthly* periodicals, and to numerous other papers, Northern and Southern, am I indebted for the facts I have worked up in the text. I hope that this *general* reference will be satisfactory.

Hoping that the reader will not be disappointed in the expectations authorized by the title of the work, and that it will meet the approval of all, I cheerfully, but tremblingly, send it out upon its destiny.

P. V. FERREE.

SOMERSET, PERRY Co., OHIO., }  
June 6, 1864.

# CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
CHAPTER I.—FORT SUMTER.....	11
CHAPTER II.—ANDERSON.....	59
CHAPTER III.—OFFICERS OF SUMTER.....	76
CHAPTER IV.—BALTIMORE.....	113
CHAPTER V.—ELLSWORTH.....	148
CHAPTER VI.—BIG BETHEL.....	189
CHAPTER VII.—FORT HENRY.....	224
CHAPTER VIII.—GENERAL LANDER.....	259
CHAPTER IX.—GENERAL LYON.....	306
CHAPTER X.—WEBB'S CROSS-ROADS.....	390
CHAPTER XI.—THE MONITOR AND MERRIMAC.....	452





# THE HEROES

OF THE

## WAR FOR THE UNION.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### FORT SUMTER.

THE Presidential campaign, remarkable for the zeal, energy, enthusiasm, and enmity of the partisans engaged, for 1860, had just closed. The heated passions of men began to subside, while a prosperous and tranquil future was confidently anticipated. It was soon ascertained that the Hon. Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, was elected President. In his elevation to the chief magistracy of the United States, the principles of a free and liberal government had, after years of conflict, fierce opposition, and opprobrium, finally triumphed. The party in favor of restricted liberty—the friends of human slavery—both North and South, were signally defeated. With this civil achievement the honest, loyal, and patriotic citizens of the United States were wholly content. They desired to secure to the people all the rights and privileges guaranteed by the National Constitution. They desired to break up forever, and scatter to the winds, the Southern oligarchy that had ruled for many years at Washing-

ton with an iron hand. The election of Mr. Lincoln seemed to accomplish that laudable object. It certainly released the country from the control of a powerful party, made up of both Northern and Southern men, reeking with political corruption.

The ruin with which the Southern Democracy threatened the nation was, it was fondly hoped, effectually averted. The future was radiant with the most cheering promises of prosperity. The agitated waters were gradually subsiding, and the calm, so essential to national life and vigor, was rapidly enveloping the country. It was confidently expected that the discontent of the greedy and aspiring South would abate on ascertaining that Mr. Lincoln was constitutionally elected to the Presidency of the United States.

But in this every real friend of his country, of its greatness, its unity, and its power, was doomed to bitter disappointment. The unscrupulous politicians of the South had been laboring for months to defeat every measure at all likely to heal the sectional dissensions and quiet the discontents of the people. They assiduously sought a simple pretext for the commission of the treason upon which they were so intent, and in regard to the necessity of which they had previously made up their minds. That pretext they professed to find in the election of Mr. Lincoln. They were resolved to cut themselves loose from their national moorings at all hazards.

Consequently, soon after the election of Mr. Lincoln, the Southern people assumed a hostile and treasonable attitude. They determined, in their



folly, to throw off the authority of the Federal Government. South Carolina led the van in seceding from the old Union. With the most indecent haste and unaccountable fury they rushed upon the precipice of national destruction. They could not brook the least delay in securing the phantom for which they were throwing away the richest inheritance. Upon the fatal wings of the whirlwind of disloyalty they swept along the highway to inevitable ruin.

The ink with which the ordinance of secession was written was hardly dry when the women of Charleston began to scrape lint. Never were people so infatuated. In a very brief period they changed from fellow-citizens to bitter belligerents. With an astonishing indifference to the claims of common humanity, and blinded to the desolating effects of civil war, they ardently courted indefinite bloodshed. They manifested a feverish anxiety to baptize their treason in human gore. They would not be satisfied, and could not be conciliated, until they had measured their martial prowess with the martial prowess of the loyal States.

An irritating insolence, the tame endurance of which seemed derogatory to ordinary manhood, characterized all their actions. They expected to have the Federal Government in their foul grasp ere the Republican party came into power. To achieve this very desirable result, the basis of their future success, the most strenuous efforts were made, and the most deadly hostility cherished for the old government. Hopes of intimidating the loyal States,

and extorting from them all that they desired, were cordially entertained.

In December, 1860, South Carolina declared herself independent of the authority of the Federal Government, and permanently separated from the Union of States. But she was not independent of nor free from that authority. She was still in the clutches of Federal officers. The government resolutely retained its hold upon this restive, aspiring, upstart, and treasonable State. A company of Federal artillery, under the command of the gallant Major Anderson, occupied and held Fort Moultrie right in the teeth of her most populous city. By this military occupation, the rebels were chafed almost into frenzy. With their extravagant notions of national superiority, they squirmed and writhed under it like a tortured worm. They declared it an intolerable badge of their old subjection to Northern rule. They could not call themselves freemen until the Federal garrison was removed or captured. Upon its immediate ejection they were fully intent. Their resolution in regard to the garrison of Moultrie was deliberately taken.

To effectually crush the noble commander of Moultrie and his Spartan band, the insurgents made the most ample preparation. Indeed, it vastly exceeded in extent and character the magnitude of the work to be performed. A loud and urgent call for volunteers was made. To this call there was an ardent response. They flocked in by thousands. Companies and regiments were formed, officered, and drilled; military stores, in the greatest abundance and variety,

were secured, and the discipline, preparatory to the final assault, was prosecuted with the greatest enthusiasm and characteristic Southern energy.

But in the mean time Major Anderson, to whom was intrusted the very life of our dear country, was not an idle nor listless spectator of what was transpiring about him. He was fully apprised of what awaited him and his trusty command, though the rebels observed the strictest secrecy and manifested unabated friendship. He determined to make the conspirators *earn* all the glory to be secured in his capture, and, if possible, thwart all their schemes. Fort Moultrie was untenable. At best, it was but a feeble structure. It could not withstand an ordinary assault, much less could it resist the great force that the rebels would bring against it. To remain in Moultrie, thought Major Anderson, was to invite an immediate attack and insure an immediate defeat. To continue in Moultrie was equivalent to lowering the old flag to insolent treason. To prevent such a calamity the most seasonable measures were promptly taken.

Major Anderson was not long in determining the course of action pointed out by honor, courage, and security in that grave emergency. But it was found easier to devise a plan than to execute it when devised. He determined to evacuate Moultrie before being attacked by the insurgents, but precisely how and when he could not at first determine. He knew that all his movements were under the vigilant eyes of a suspicious enemy. Though treated with faultless courtesy, he was watched with sleepless con-



stancy. Notwithstanding this, he resolved to evacuate Fort Moultrie and occupy Fort Sumter.

Fort Sumter is built upon an artificial island, at the mouth of Charleston harbor. It is upward of three miles from the city. The base of this island is a mud and sand-bank. The bed upon which the fort rests is composed of the refuse chips from the granite quarries of the North. The island required ten years for its construction, and cost near a half million dollars. The fortifications erected upon this granite island also cost another half million. Though incomplete when occupied by Major Anderson, yet the work was sufficiently advanced to admit the greater portion of its armament.

Its walls were of solid brick and concrete masonry. They were erected close to the water's edge. They were twelve feet in thickness and sixty feet high. They were pierced for three tiers of guns on the north, east, and west exterior sides.

The fort was designed for an armament of one hundred and forty pieces of ordnance of all calibers. Two tiers of the guns were under bomb-proof casemates. The third or upper tier was open, or *en barbette*. Only seventy-five guns were in position when attacked by the rebels. The magazine contained several hundred barrels of gunpowder, and an ample supply of shot, shell, and powder for a long siege. The work was abundantly furnished with water from wells in the building. Such was the fort into which Major Anderson determined to throw his handful of men on the eve of an attack from the rebels. He felt that the fort, huge, massive, and

strong, was secure against all the means then at the command of the insurgents. Once within its thick walls, and under its bomb-proof casemates, he would be safe for months at least, and perhaps be relieved within that time.

But the transfer of his entire garrison, equipments, and personal effects from Moultrie to Sumter, in the face of a vigilant and cunning enemy, was no easy matter. Yet the hazardous task had to be undertaken. All the risks involved had to be run. Less than this would not satisfy the Major's upright and loyal conscience, nor his sense of duty to his country in his country's hour of betrayal. He profoundly felt that *his* course of conduct, in this critical juncture, would have a great and modifying influence upon the whole future of his country. His position was grave with weighty responsibilities, and sufficiently intricate and momentous to perplex the sagacity and baffle the ingenuity of the best and wisest. Though he keenly felt that the future safety or ruin of the United States might hinge upon his conduct, he did not shrink from the responsibility of acting for himself in a place into which he had no agency in getting. He proved himself equal to the stupendous occasion, calling for immediate, energetic, and prudent activity. His conduct demonstrated that he was the right man in the right place at the most critical period of our national existence.

To succeed in placing his command in Sumter he had to resort to stratagem. He had to lull the vigilance and quiet the suspicions of the jealous conspirators. This remarkable feat was dexterously

executed just as the rebels were on the eve of striking down this handful of Federal soldiers.

With a great show of cordial hospitality, the Palmettians invited Major Anderson and associated officers to partake of a Christmas festival. The invitation was promptly accepted with apparent pleasure. At a glance Major Anderson saw that that invitation furnished him with the means of solving the perplexing problem of the evacuation of Moultrie. His plans were speedily adjusted. On "Christmas Eve," on the night of the festival, these plans were to be carried into effect. When in the light of their revels, the armless hand of fidelity, while tracing the doom of the Southern chivalry upon the walls of their banqueting hall, was to strike them dumb with consternation and cover them with confusion. Major Anderson determined to reach Sumter in safety in spite of their sagacity and vigilance. He would not be beguiled into false and fatal security by their courtesy. To his faithful officers the *minutiæ* of his arrangements were submitted.

At a seasonable hour, Major Anderson was the distinguished guest of the "rounded aristocracy" of Charleston.\* He and his officers were cordially greeted and grandly entertained. The Major was unusually vivacious. He had an unusual flow of spirits. He deported himself as if not a solitary care sat upon his serene and majestic brow, and acted as if he had not the remotest suspicion of the

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\* Charleston Journal.



treasonable and murderous intentions of his entertainers. A deep and double game was being played. The most expert would win. The conspirators resorted to this frank and open method to blind their victim to the fearful fate to which they were hurrying him. They remorselessly prostituted the sacred privileges and holy immunities of the hospitality of an invited guest to consummate their infernal projects. They knew that the least suspicion of their scheme would inevitably defeat it; hence they oppressed Major Anderson with delicate attentions, and annoyed him with their courteous affability. But he was not deceived. He knew the profound knavery and consummate villainy of those with whom he was surrounded. Though smiling upon him with the innocent sweetness of an angel, he knew that, at that moment, nothing would delight them so much as the shedding of his life-blood. In no way did he betray any of his suspicions. He labored to favor and deepen the delusion into which they had fallen, and under which they were laboring respecting himself, and, at the same time, kept from them all knowledge of his counterplot. He played his part of the intricate and delicate game with masterly skill. His simulated indifference to his mournful situation and affected hilarity had their desired effect. The chivalry felt confident that an officer so little influenced by the misfortunes of his country could not be formidable as an enemy, and would not be likely to undertake any hazardous enterprise. They were disposed to rest easy respecting the future. But they were deceived. They were defeated

at their own game. They were lulled into fatal negligence. At that very hour arrangements for the speedy and instant evacuation of Moultrie were being completed. The garrison, while its officers were occupying the attention of the rebels, was preparing every thing for a triumphant movement upon Sumter at an early hour of the night.

To deepen the impression that his gay and easy manners had made upon his unrelenting jailers, and to throw them still more off their guard, Major Anderson pretended to drink deeply, even to intoxication.\* Over this the brave chivalry chuckled with superlative delight. "He had placed himself in their power. He had virtually betrayed his government."

At an early hour of the festivities Major Anderson proposed returning to the fort. To this movement his entertainers objected just enough to keep up appearances. They were really pleased at his early withdrawal. It aided them in carrying out their concerted measures. To assure the conspirators that he was unable to manage any affair requiring skill and energy, he had himself assisted to his quarters, as if utterly unfit to take care of himself. The ruse took superbly. The rebel sentinels, girdling Moultrie with their bayonets, thought that, under existing circumstances, with perfect safety to their cause, they might relax their vigilance, and, like their superiors, indulge in slight excesses. They rationally thought that an officer under the neces-

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\* Taken from a letter of one who was present.

sity of being brought to his quarters could not be very dangerous. This was what Major Anderson anticipated. The coast was clear. The eye of the guard was withdrawn but for a moment, yet that moment was sufficient for the intrepid Major and his brave command.

In the festive chambers of the gay chivalry there was great exultation upon the departure of Major Anderson. As they both feared and respected him, they congratulated each other upon the certain, easy, and immediate occupation of Moultrie, and the degradation of the American flag. At early dawn the fort and its garrison were to be captured.

But, as soon as Major Anderson reached his quarters, he leaped to his feet, "clothed and in his right mind." He never was cooler, soberer, and more self-poised than at that grave period. Of his great powers he never had fuller possession than at that memorable hour. For once he had outwitted his shrewd adversaries. But not a moment was to be lost. While the "rounded aristocracy" were dancing, feasting, and drinking, he must act, and act promptly. Moments were rapidly flying, and the difference between the prompt employment of every one, and the loss of any, might include all the difference there is between the noblest liberty and the most abject vassalage.

"Every man to his post," shouted the Major, with a calm, clear, and steady voice, but with a flashing eye. Every man knew his duty and promptly performed it. Moultrie was soon evacuated. In the gloom and silence of the night the muffled oars car-

ried the guardians of liberty to their new abiding place. In a few hours—hours of exhausting toil and paralyzing anxiety—the “forlorn hope” of the nation was secure in Sumter. His friendly shelter was gained. Gratitude to God swelled every heart, and thanksgiving flowed from every tongue. The perilous enterprise was a glorious success. The entire garrison, with its effects, wives, and children, reached the fort without encountering the least opposition.

The new day, a Christmas morning remarkable for its historic associations, dawned in beauty upon a moving world. The Southern aristocracy awoke to a mortifying sense of their signal defeat. They beheld, with a bewildered stare, protruding eyeballs, and exasperated souls, the smoke of the burning Moultrie leisurely ascending to and obscuring the heavens. With deep chagrin and impotent wrath they saw the hated “Stars and Stripes” floating out in proud defiance over the walls of Sumter. It was too bad! They were inconsolable. Their curses, though unavailing, were loud, long, and deep. They readily realized the extent of the calamity that had come upon them. It seemed almost irreparable. To recover their lost ground, and secure the fugitive garrison, would require months of toil and millions of money, unless the cringing President, in obedience to his haughty Southern masters, ordered the gallant Major back to the fire-blackened walls of old Moultrie. Of this they had strong hopes. They knew that Buchanan was their supple tool. But yet they could not forgive the



Major for so superbly circumventing them, nor themselves for letting him off so easily. Their chagrin was fruitless; their wrath was ineffectual. To dislodge the Major at present was wholly out of the question. Their only expedient, if the accommodating President failed them, was to prepare for the assault of the fort. It was a bitter, *bitter* potion, but they had to take it.

In this act Major Anderson and his loyal band displayed the most heroic patriotism. To stem the fierce current of treason setting in against them with such vigor, required much more than ordinary courage. They might have very plausibly said: "We are a mere handful in all the hostile South. We can be crushed as easily as the moth. The Federal Government will not reinforce us. Resistance can be of no real advantage. It will only exasperate the rebels, and render them more bitterly hostile. We had much better yield without resistance to superior numbers, and save our lives." But they did *not* thus meanly speak; nor did they thus tamely act. They clearly ascertained their duty, and then promptly performed it. They felt that the very existence and honor of the whole country were intrusted to their custody. They, therefore, preferred dying any manner of death but the death of traitors or cowards. They preferred any other kind of infamy to the infamy of betraying their country in its hour of misfortune. At every risk, at any cost of life or suffering, they resolved to be faithful to the great trust reposed in them. While they could—until overpowered by the vast rebel

hordes—they purposed holding South Carolina for the Federal Government. They stood in the American Thermopylæ.

That the vast importance of Major Anderson's removal to, and occupation of, Fort Sumter is not appreciated by the masses is quite apparent to the careful observer. It was a most dexterous movement, but it was much more. It was stupendous in salutary results. It disconcerted the whole horde of conspirators, and unmasked the malignant character of their schemes. It was a bomb-shell thrown into the midst of their secret conclaves. It scattered the official traitors at Washington, and drove them from the cabinet. Had Floyd, Thompson, and Cobb remained in the cabinet during the remainder of Buchanan's term, the country would have been utterly ruined, and the South would have held the North helpless at her feet. That these despicable men, these atrocious traitors would have retained their places in the departments of the government, had Anderson remained in Moultrie, does not admit of a single doubt. Anderson's occupation of Sumter, without authority, was the cause of the withdrawal of that triad of traitors. Consequently, Major Anderson's bold and successful movement into Sumter saved the country from immediate and hopeless ruin.

Had not this occurrence taken the Federal Government out of the hands of these plotters of treason, they would have employed their powers and used their offices for its destruction. Of this there can be no doubt. But, fortunately for us, the mine

they were springing under the feet of the people for their destruction was discovered before it was set off. Major Anderson's skillful move upon the chess-board of events deranged the whole game the South was so ingeniously playing. A new *deal* had to be made. Holt, Dix, and Stanton, took the places of Floyd, Cobb, and Thompson. Buchanan was compelled, against his inclination, by the will of the people, to indorse Anderson's action and order his continuance in Sumter. The country was saved.

In the mean time Southern treason rolled on, widening and deepening in its seeming triumphs. The lethargy and weakness of the Federal authorities—if nothing worse—induced it to uncover, to some extent, its hideous features. The government, in the concluding months of Buchanan's dissolute Administration, seemed in collusion with the leading traitors. Its imbecile and corrupt head seemed to be wholly in the power and doing the bidding of those unscrupulous Catalines. For four years they shaped Buchanan's policy, and compelled him, by threats or promises, to yield to their insolent exactions. Though he felt that those political adventurers and desperadoes were his most congenial associates, and though he was indebted to them for his magisterial office and honors, yet he fretted under his restraints, and became occasionally restive under his load of infamy. Buchanan was not wholly insensible to the odium attaching to his extreme partisan course, and occasionally manifested that sensibility to an extent that created suspicion

and distrust in the minds of the aristocratic insurgents. They began to doubt the fidelity of their minion. They feared that through timidity he would desert their cause. He, alone, could cause them defeat. In his hands was the molding of the rebel future. No one could serve them half so well, or injure them half so much. But to prevent his desertion at the very moment he was most needed, and at the very moment success seemed ready to crown their efforts, they sought to inextricably involve him in the guilt of insurrection. If he were wholly committed to the side of treason, and publicly identified with those who were attempting to dismember the Union, no fears of his recreancy need be entertained. They would fetter him to the car of treason. But Buchanan appeared to hesitate. He dreaded the wrath of the people more than the infamy of treachery. Obviously his heart was with the traitors, if not with the treason; and he would have handed over to Jeff. Davis, the arch-repudiator of sacred obligations, his Capital, had he not blenched before the indignation of the loyal masses, and shrank, coward-like, from the vengeance of the betrayed North. For weeks he veered about from point to point, desirous to conciliate the treacherous South and disarm the vindictiveness of the loyal states. His conduct dissatisfied both the loyal North and disloyal South. Both alike execrated him. Both regarded him as utterly unworthy of confidence, while his degradation of his great office, and his betrayal of his great trust, had ceased to be a question. Had his courage been equal to his



devotion to the interests of the South, the North would have been ruined and the nation crushed.

The hesitancy and pusillanimity of Buchanan, while they disappointed the rebels, and robbed them of the hope of the peaceful establishment of their slaveocratic government, did not prevent the occurrence of the most startling events. The political elements of the nation were heaving and seething like a boiling caldron. The earthquake tread of giant Treason shook the continent from one extremity to the other. Society was convulsed as if in the awful throes of dissolution. The Southern mind was thoroughly demoralized, and the rebel masses reeled from the intoxicating effects of the new doctrines they had adopted. Men never lived so fast nor learned so rapidly as they did in the infantile days of the insurrection. The boy, by a mighty stride and with a giant effort, placed himself in the position and assumed the responsibilities of the man. These were strange, fearful times; and strange, fearful events rapidly followed each other.

The first scene in the bloody conspiracy was about to culminate. The South was most bitter in its denunciation of Major Anderson, and, in the most peremptory manner, demanded his return to Moultrie. Alarmed by the blustering menaces of the conspirators, Buchanan would have complied with their insolent demand had not the loyal men in the cabinet and the loyal people in the North taken a decided and menacing stand against it. The *virtuous* Floyd threatened to resign his seat in the cabinet if the demand of the South was not complied

with. To prevent such an irreparable calamity befalling the model Administration, the subtle President was about to dishonor the intrepid soldier by sending him back to that insecure fort, and where he would fall an easy prey into the vindictive hands of the rebels. In soliciting the concurrence of his loyal counselors, he first heard the muttering thunders of the storm of execration that would spend its fury upon him if he perpetrated so atrocious a crime. He abruptly paused. He shrunk back, appalled by threatening danger. It was safest to discard the South. Major Anderson was permitted to remain in Sumter, and the dishonorable Floyd was compelled to retire from the cabinet.

Nevertheless, Buchanan determined that the Major and his brave men should remain at the mercy of the insurgent hordes. He promised the leading conspirators that they should not be molested in their infernal work; that Major Anderson should not fire upon them unless attacked; that he should not be reinforced while he was the President; and that he should not be supplied with either military or commissary stores. Thus this bad, feeble man basely deserted the noblest of soldiers to inevitable destruction. No darker crime could blacken a nation's record or stain the soul of man than that act of treachery with which Buchanan wound up his mournful and infamous Administration.

At once the rebels commenced the erection of batteries with which to demolish Sumter and capture Anderson. Fort after fort sprang up around the Major, and within easy range of his guns. He could

easily have prevented them from constructing any works, had he been at liberty to act as loyalty, common honesty, and common sense dictated. But he was ordered to not molest the insurgents in their treasonable work. Not a gun was to be fired unless first attacked. He was compelled to passively look on while his enemies constructed about him on every hand the agencies of his destruction. To compel him to follow this line of conduct to advance the rebel interests was most infamous. There was nothing to justify such an order, but much to condemn it. By it the rebels were not conciliated, but inflated with insufferable arrogance. The Major's ready hands were tied by the imbecile and treasonable Commander-in-chief of the United States Army. He was necessitated to behold himself girdled with formidable fortifications, from whose embrasures frowned upon him guns of the largest caliber. The worse than inactivity imposed upon him by the occupant of the White House fretted him beyond patient endurance. He earnestly begged permission to open his guns upon the rebel works while under construction. But this could not be. It would have irritated the dear aristocracy, and taken from them the means of crushing the United States garrison, and hurling to the earth the flag of the Union. Not a hair of a rebel's head was to be harmed, unless self-preservation rendered it necessary.

Refused the poor privilege of preventing the rebels from constructing engines of war for his destruction, he implored the whimpering old man at Washington to so reinforce him that he could suc-

cessfully defend himself when assailed by the batteries in course of erection. To this just and reasonable request, enforced by the presence, tears, and entreaties of the Major's wife, a deaf ear was turned, while the suppliant was repelled by a stern, cold countenance. Buchanan had, by violating his oath of office, promised the leading traitors that, so long as he had the control of national affairs, no attempt would be made to suppress treason or interfere with their nefarious schemes. He kept faith with the conspirators, but betrayed his great trust. Like a hoary traitor, lost to all sense of moral propriety, Buchanan spent the last months of his corrupt and ignoble Administration in aiding and abetting the assassins of the country that made him all he was, except his imbecility and meanness. He tamely surrendered himself to the custody and control of the leading rebels with a heartiness of which the most cringing and accommodating vassal might well be ashamed. But he experienced neither shame nor remorse. He had sunk so low, and was so petrified by political recreancy, that he appeared absolutely emotionless. He became the supple minion of the Southern interests from choice and moral perversity. He outstripped the fleetest in the race of infamy. When the conspirators could use him no longer, and after he had contributed to their success to the utmost extent of his official ability, they contemptuously flung him aside as a worthless tool. To what extent Buchanan is justly responsible for the existence and character of the war that has desolated the fairest portion of the United States, never can be



fully known. Yet it is certain that the responsibility of no one man is greater than that of the ex-President. The more fully the preliminary steps toward the great rebellion are known, the more fully will his deep and awful guilt appear. To him the ghosts of the slaughtered thousands will say, "Thou didst it!"

But all this time—while sharing in the advantages of Buchanan's policy of neutrality—while the expiring Democratic Administration was lying supinely upon its back—the rebels were pushing their treasonable conquests with the utmost zeal in other portions of the cotton-growing states. To their bold aggressions the Federal Government was not inclined to offer any effectual resistance. Meeting with no opposition, the conspirators took fort after fort from the United States. To do this was not the least difficult. Not one of the forts was garrisoned with any thing like a full complement of men. In some of them were only a few worn-out, decrepid veterans, occupying them to have a home and to take care of the government property. Their boasted conquests were achieved over cripples—bloodless, and as equally without honor as without resistance. It was thus that Forts Pulaski and Jackson, in Georgia; Morgan and Gaines, in Alabama; Macon and Caswell, in North Carolina; Moultrie and Castle Pinckney, in South Carolina; Jackson, St. Philip, and Pike, in Louisiana, and others, were taken. The enormity of those acts, and the magnitude of those thefts, may be seen in the facts that these forts mounted nine hundred and thirty-five guns, and cost

the government for their erection, exclusive of their armament, five millions, seven hundred and two thousand, three hundred and thirty-seven dollars ! These treasonable outrages upon the property of the parent government were perpetrated at the command of the Governors of the several states in which they were located.

These trifling and discreditable successes filled the rebels with the most unbounded confidence in themselves and in their cause. They did not doubt their ability to vanquish any number of "Yankees." They entertained the most sanguine and extravagant hopes of the future. They conceived and cherished the most contemptible opinion of Northern patriots. They promised themselves the greatest success with the least expenditure of life and material. They did not dream that the loyal states would resist their claims "to the shedding of blood." The North had always yielded to the demands of the South, however extravagant, and always did their imperious bidding, however unreasonable ; and they expected to find the same Northern suppleness now. Indeed, they had promises to that effect. They could not persuade themselves that the North, when wholly in their clutches, would prove refractory. They felt confident, from the repeated assurances of its unprincipled leaders, that the great Democratic party would heartily co-operate with them. Of the final successful issue of their affairs they seemed to have no doubt. But it was not long until they began to modify their opinions. Their

sentiments of men and things were about to be revolutionized in the severe school of experience.

For the time being the insolence of the leading conspirators seemed to be on the increase. The period for curtailing their insufferable vanity had not yet arrived. They still thought and spoke of themselves as, *par excellence*, the ruling *caste*. Any opinion uttered in opposition to this vanity-flattering sentiment was proudly and coarsely scouted. They madly moved on in massive columns to compass their own ruin, as if going to a banquet. They were wholly occupied with the idea that the North was a pusillanimous and subjugated race. They could not endure any restraint or interference with their favorite schemes.

The *Star of the West* left the harbor of New York on the 5th of January. She was laden with commissary stores, ammunition, and two hundred and fifty men. General Scott, the Nestor of the republican court, determined to relieve the garrison of Sumter. It was purposed to secretly achieve this grand result. General Scott shrank with horror from the shedding of blood. Through secret and skillful movements he hoped to accomplish the former and avoid the latter. But, unfortunately for the garrison, the North abounded with secession sympathizers, copperheads, and vile-hearted rebels. Through foul and fair means they learned the destination and object of the out-going vessel. In a few hours after she had left her moorings the Charlestonians were informed, by the vilest of traitors, of the departure of the *Star of the*

West, of her destination, and of her purposes. This treachery was wholly unknown to the *loyal* Federal officers. While General Scott was congratulating himself on the probable success of his bold expedient to relieve the starving garrison, the people of Charleston were preparing to defeat the benevolent designs of the Northern vessel. The buoys, sights, and ranges of Charleston harbor were hastily removed, and every index to the channel obliterated. Captain McGowan's plan to enter the harbor and reach the fort in the night had to be wholly abandoned. Disappointed and baffled by the action of the traitors of New York and Charleston, he was compelled, before moving in, to await the approach of the morning outside of the harbor.

In consonance with the idea of being the absolutely dominant and ruling race, the *Star of the West*, without any armament, and loaded with unarmed men, when attempting to relieve the garrison of Sumter, was fired into by the rebels on the 9th of January, 1861. To the first aggressive shot she sent a noble answer, by unfurling to the wind the red, white, and blue of our national colors. From Morris Island seventeen guns sent their iron messages after the noble vessel. Then, totally ignorant of every thing but that the old, time-honored flag was assailed, the garrison nobly went to work. The artillerists were at their stations, and the great guns of Sumter were run out and made ready for action. But just as the signal to fire was about to be given, the roughly-handled *Star of the West* changed her course and moved out seaward. Had Major Ander-



son known the errand of the vessel that floated the colors of the Union, he would have scattered the battery of Morris Island to the winds, and Sumter would have been relieved. But not a word of the project had been communicated to him by the authorities at Washington. Hence his patient delay and seeming hesitancy. Had all the facts in the case been his, Morris Island would not have escaped with the impunity she did. But perhaps all was for the best.

In firing into this unarmed government steamer, the rebels committed a great mistake and a foul crime. Out of sheer wantonness they perpetrated this deed of wrong, unparalleled in enormity. In this case the Charlestonians acted as if there was no other power in the land but the Southern oligarchy, and no other soldiers in the country but those of the upstart Confederacy. They regarded themselves omnipotent. To themselves those shots from the battery of Morris Island were more fatal than to the *Star of the West*. The heavy boom of those guns, as their leaden thunder rolled out over the deep sea, and shook the hamlets on its picturesque shores, was the death-knell of their boasted ascendancy. The firing of those guns initiated a revolution destined to wipe out Southern institutions, and crush forever the Southern insolence from which the North had suffered for many years.

The firing into the *Star of the West*, carrying bread to the famishing garrison of Sumter, was one of the most barbarous acts of which insurgents, proverbially cruel, have been guilty. In the whole

history of European insurrections or revolutions, it finds no parallel, except in the horrid events of the French "reign of terror." It was an act of brutality alone congenial to the taste and nature of savages. By that deed the bread of common existence was snatched from the mouths of hungry women and children, as well as from the mouths of loyal soldiers. Southern chivalry, before any formal declaration of hostilities, ere it was known whether the government would yield to their claims or attempt to coerce them into obedience, resolved to extirpate that heroic garrison and its sagacious and intrepid leader by the slow process of starvation. They dreaded their loyalty and feared their courage. They seemed to prefer starving them into a surrender to defeating them in honorable warfare. To the shame, dishonor, and infamy of the vaunted chivalry of the South, let this be written and remembered. There and then a career of conduct was inaugurated as heartless and as cruel as it was unjust, unusual, and disgraceful. The want of common honesty and common humanity rendered them monsters of iniquity, and drew upon them more detestation and hatred than ever fell to the lot of mortals. The inquisitors of Spain and Italy were merciful when compared with the Southern torturers of the Federal prisoners. From the period that they maliciously smiled upon the pale, wan countenances of the hungry and disappointed mothers and children in Sumter, and scornfully laughed at the angry menaces of the fathers of those children, when the Star of the West was compelled to return to the

North without being able to deliver her cargo of subsistence, up to the end of the rebellion—throughout all those weary and awful years—they were the same unfeeling and hardened monsters, the same unfeeling tormentors of helpless men, taking the greatest pleasure in the agony of their victims. Their coarse, brutal inhumanity throws that of James the Second into the shade. Yet, after all this, and during all this, they claimed to be the only gentlemen in the United States!\*

The feeble stock of patience of the South Carolina rebels was about exhausted. The presence of the loathed Stars and Stripes, proudly waving over Sumter, constantly reminded them of their humiliating failure on Christmas morning, and of their liability to the punishment of traitors. They determined to remove that source of great annoyance. The old, time-honored flag, the whole history of which is glorious, must be lowered by their villainous hands, and trailed in the slime of treason. For the capture of Sumter the work of preparation had been completed. General Beauregard had been present, and personally superintended every thing. Now every thing was ready, and ready with his approval.

General Beauregard belonged to, and was a prominent member of one of the wealthy Creole families of the South. These opulent families constituted a social aristocracy of sugar, like the Virginia aristocracy of oysters, and the Carolina aristocracy of cotton. They spoke miserably defective French,

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\* See chapter in another volume on "Rebel Barbarities."

ostentatiously sneered at Bonapartism, and ardently adored the memory of the cruel Bourbons. They were great and dextrous speculators in negroes, coined millions of gold out of the sweat and *blood* of the poor African race, bitterly detested every thing of a Yankee or Saxon origin, and arrogantly claimed an affinity with the Roman races of the world. Intensely proud, and, like all democratic aristocracies, very ignorant and egotistical, they regarded themselves the natural rulers of the western hemisphere. They sanguinely expected, at some future period, to establish a Gallic empire in the Mississippi Valley, with a prince of Orleans or Burgundy enthroned in New Orleans, and a gay and gorgeous court fluttering about him. For the realization of those wild dreams of royal magnificence and princely opulence, the present conspiracy opened up to them the most flattering prospects. Since the English drove them, like beasts of burden, from Arcadia, they evinced but little or no interest in that which was transpiring about them, until the opening of the slaveholders' rebellion. For upward of a hundred years they have been in a torpid state. But from this long and profound slumber they awoke to a new and vigorous life. They ever before obeyed the Federal Government with reluctance, and submitted to its supremacy with menacing sullenness. But when the South sounded the tocsin of rebellion, they rose up *en masse*, and, throwing aside all reserve, declared themselves absolutely for the conspiracy and conspirators.

From this haughty but imbecile race of freedom-



haters sprang the great General Beauregard. In him centered all the virtues and vices that characterized the Creole families of Louisiana. He was proud of his descent, and gloried in his anti-republican peculiarities. In the fell conspiracy that spread itself over the whole South, he was one of the most conspicuous and energetic actors. Of the revolt of the South from the North he was ever one of the most ardent and persistent advocates. The idea of being under the rule of a plebeian President was insupportably galling to his foolish pride. He readily ran the risk of losing every thing, even life itself, rather than submit to such a necessity. To his inordinate vanity, to his erroneous notions of government, and the relation of one race to another, he was prepared to sacrifice every thing. To gratify his selfish inclinations he did not hesitate incurring the infamy and fate of treason.

He seemed destitute of moral principles, and had no scruples of conscience respecting the propriety of the means of self-gratification. A graduate from West Point, he attempted to deal a death-blow to the government that made him all he was as a scholar and soldier. Without the least twinge of conscience—rather with positive delight—he attempted to stab to the heart the parent that gave him military distinction, and that secured to him social and political influence. For his country he felt not the least affection. He regarded his patriotism utterly worthless—an incumbrance—unless it contributed to the realization of his ambitious projects. Than Beauregard no man within the

bounds of the United States was more aspiring or more unscrupulous in the choice of means to attain his object. His vaulting ambition and utter want of modesty would have led him to accept a crown and scepter with the coolness and satisfaction of one to whom they legally belonged. To rule the South as an absolute sovereign was his *beau ideal* of greatness, grandeur, and happiness. Jeff. Davis lay across his path to the chief seat of power. This made him the deadly enemy of the former.\* He assailed him on every fitting occasion, opposed his Administration, and took great delight in thwarting all his public measures. Beauregard paused at nothing that would advance his darling project.

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\*Immediately subsequent to his unexpected victory upon the Plains of Manassas, Beauregard was intent upon capturing Washington, besides killing the President and General Scott. But to such an action, for reasons best known to himself, Jeff. Davis was strenuously opposed. He feared, in the event of his success, the popularity of the Southern favorite. Davis could not brook a rival even in Beauregard. Indeed, the rivalry of any other general would have been borne with more patience.

Of the aspirations and wicked purposes of Beauregard, the following dispatch, written soon after the battle of the Plains of Manassas, will furnish a complete idea: "I shall cross," he says, "the river above Little Falls, on Sunday, at 2 P. M. Signal, red and white rockets from Turner's Hill. For God's sake, don't fail us! Fire the city at all points agreed upon. *Dispatch* Lincoln and Scott, as you suggest, and let the execution of our plot be perfect." This nefarious "plot" was frustrated by the capture of this dispatch and the *good Union man*—such only as the Capital fosters and contains—to whom it was addressed. The city of Washington would have been fired in scores of places, and the President massacred, had not this note fallen into loyal hands. This note breathes the malignant spirit of secessionism.

To make himself the first man in the South, and to acquire a controlling influence in state affairs, he expended thousands of money, and sacrificed thousands of lives. The elevation of himself was that alone for which he especially cared. Every person and every measure that did not contribute to this were unsparingly denounced. Every thing between him and the object of his ambition was ruthlessly crushed or harshly thrust aside. He affected the airs and claimed the powers of the daring Corsican. His energy was as tireless, and his industry as ceaseless, as his aspirations were boundless. He cared not for the outlay of time, means, ease, life, nor happiness, so he succeeded. Pompous and vaporizing, yet his more than ordinary abilities, and great application to his profession, rendered him a dangerous man in any public station.

He was popular with the South, but popular by accident. By some means he succeeded in securing the regards, and gaining the confidence, of the soldiers under his own command. Silent, haughty, and austere, he was naturally calculated to repel, rather than attract and win. But to win them to his person and secure them to his cause, he adopted the common soldier's mode of life, and shared with him in the hardships of the camp. To be the idol of the army was his first aim. Without its entire and hearty co-operation he could do nothing. In this he succeeded to a considerable extent. His name electrified the rebel soldiery, as the name of Napoleon once stirred the hearts of the French legions. He became a power in the South.

At one time the rebel army had more confidence in him than it had in any other chieftain. That his abilities, though not of the highest order, and his fervent enthusiasm, though arising from a corrupt source, entitled him to this preference, there can be no doubt. Though proud, vain, and cruel, he had the rare faculty of foregoing the gratification of his passions, when such gratification would have retarded his success. While inheriting the impulsiveness of the French Creole, he had the stolidness and self-command of the stoic, and Teutonic coolness, when *his* interest demanded it. Though an Italian in greedy thirst for vengeance upon an enemy, yet he had the ability to patiently and calmly await the occurrence of a perfectly convenient season for its infliction, if *his* affairs required the delay. He could readily and completely cloak his real feelings, and blandly wear a mask. He was a rare combination of the impetuous and deliberate in action. For weeks and months he could wait, crouching like the stealthy panther, for the appearance of his enemy; and then, with the ferocity of the tiger and the swiftness of the eagle's swoop, he would pounce upon him with the mightier force for having waited. He was an enemy not to be despised. If he could not command respect, he extorted fear and created alarm.

Such was the rebel general about to attack the brave, cool, and clear-headed Anderson. The former had laid his plans so well, and was permitted by the accommodating President of the United States to prosecute them so effectually, that failure seemed utterly impossible.



Sumter was girdled with strong and skillfully constructed fortifications. Seventeen forts and batteries looked out upon it with their huge black eyes. Of these, one was Fort Moultrie, previously evacuated and burned by Major Anderson. It had been laboriously repaired and greatly strengthened. Its walls were fifteen feet in thickness. It mounted eleven guns of the heaviest caliber. A portion of its armament consisted of mortars. With these hot shot were thrown into Sumter, and its woodwork set on fire.

Next in importance was the iron floating battery. It was anchored near Sullivan's Island, and commanded the barbette guns of Sumter. Constructed of palmetto logs, and sheathed with railroad iron, it was regarded impregnable. It mounted four of the heaviest guns that were in use. It required sixty men to work them. From this battery, Beauregard, its inventor, expected the vastest results. It was regarded one of the most formidable engines of war that ever floated in American waters.

Nearest to Sumter was constructed an iron battery on Cumming's Point. It consisted of a framework of pine logs heavily plated with railroad iron. It was covered with the same material. Its port-holes opened and closed with iron shutters of the heaviest character. It mounted three heavy Columbiads. It was both a novel and powerful battery.

Fort Johnston consisted of two large sand-batteries. Its armament was made up of mortar and siege-guns. On the southern extremity of Folly Island was Castle Pinckney. The armament of this

fort was thirty-one guns and several mortars. These were the most formidable of the rebel works, though but a small portion of them.

The rebels were ready to hurl against the lone Sumter the missiles of destruction from a thousand cannon. These various works were manned by *seven thousand soldiers*. Seven thousand rebels were thus pitted against seventy-five patriots occupying but one fort! The overwhelming magnitude of the rebel force did not, in the least, intimidate this handful of brave men. Deity and right were on their side. Theirs were the emotions of true men engaged in a good cause.

The eventful period at length arrived. For weeks the loyal North had been listening to hear the thunder of rebel artillery. The terrible crash and deafening roar had come. The first hostile gun fired upon the American continent for fifty years was then heard. The long and painful period of suspense was over. On the 11th of April, 1861, General Beauregard summoned Major Anderson to surrender his force and fort. This he courteously but firmly declined doing. His strong sense of duty to his country would not permit him to so act. He and his brave command preferred dying at their post to that of surrendering, without an effort to defend, it. The gloomiest, and yet the proudest, hour of their existence had arrived. Their situation was of the most perilous character. Their rations were nearly exhausted. There was no prospect of a timely supply reaching them. Even if they successfully withstood Beauregard's fiery attack, they

must go down before gaunt hunger, already clutching at their throats. But amid all these discouragements, this handful of men stood firmly, bravely, defiantly, and grimly around the old flag, awaiting in ominous silence the onset of the rebel myrmidons. Only *five* guns could be manned by the force at the Major's disposal. But those five guns *were* manned. The numerical disproportion in the guns of the belligerents was great. But in the hands of such men as Anderson commanded, those five guns proved a mighty power. This the assailants felt to their chagrin and sorrow. For nearly *forty* hours they held the seventeen batteries at bay, and compelled the assailants to sue for the cessation of hostilities.

At four o'clock, on the morning of the 12th of April, Beauregard opened his guns upon Fort Sumter. Fort Moultrie, as if to avenge its desertion by Major Anderson, inaugurated the great tragedy. Then was enacted one of the grandest scenes that ever transpired in North America. The incessant roar of the great-throated artillery was like the seven apocalyptic "thunders uttering their voices." The hiss, shriek, and crash of the iron missiles, as they swept resistlessly through the air, were terrific. The earth about the combatants trembled and quivered as if in the throes of dissolution. The unclouded sky was draped with dark volumes of sulphurous smoke. At night the heavens were brilliantly lighted and beautified by the blazing shell and red-hot shot that sped through the air on their errand of death. The discharge of cannon was

incessant. The moving, quaking earth, enveloped in the dense smoke of volcanic fires, illumined by the glare of lightning flashes, at the approach of the avenging Godhead, could not be much more awfully sublime and startling than the midnight scenes of the bombardment of Sumter. By no pen, however eloquent and skillful, can an adequate and complete idea of that event be imparted. To be fully appreciated it had to be seen.

With unflagging energy the patriotic band under Anderson, with lofty scorn and haughty defiance, hurled back upon the rebel works the agents of destruction. The iron hail from the well-served guns of Sumter went tearing, ripping, crashing, whizzing through the ponderous walls of Moultrie. Its walls were honey-combed. The debris of its shattered walls lay in unsightly heaps in and about the fort, while the wounded and dying covered the floors in every direction. Through every hour the battle increased in magnitude and severity. It looked as if hell had broken loose from its dark caverns, and was scattering its molten fires over the shrinking earth. Dismay and confusion prevailed every-where *but* in beleaguered Sumter. A tranquillity distinctive of the peaceful review of troops characterized that patriotic band.

The citizens of Charleston, proud and rebellious, were seized with the most distressing apprehensions, and filled with the wildest consternation. The bitter wail of agony rolled out from the sleepless city upon the deep gloom with which it was enveloped, as if it had been smitten with the bolt of Divine



vengeance. The house-tops were covered with eager, anxious, and weeping wives and mothers. Thousands of their loved ones were in the most imminent danger. Their lifeless and mangled bodies *might* be all that could be restored to them. The guns of Sumter, served by as true and loyal hearts as ever throbbed in the breast of man, were carrying anguish and desolation to some heart at every discharge. For Charleston it was pre-eminently a season of sorrow—all the worse for the uncertainty enshrouding the final results. But it was only “the beginning of sorrows”—the sad commencement of a most mournful end. Both the fault and the misfortune were their own. They would have it so. Nothing less than war would satisfy them. They loaded the first gun, and fired the first shot. Theirs were the first victims.

The deafening roar of artillery still continued. The exhausted braves of Sumter still stood sternly to their guns. From the flag-staff a rebel shot carried away the American colors. They had hardly touched the ground, when the intrepid Mr. Hart, of New York city, a volunteer, amid the balls flying thick and fast about him, ascended the flag-staff, with hatchet in hand, and *nailed* them to their place. This was a noble and heroic deed. He was not a soldier. Having accompanied the Major's wife from New York to Charleston, the rebel governor would not permit him to enter the fort unless he took an oath not to fight with the garrison while with it. Feeling that he could extensively aid the garrison when assailed in many ways besides that of fighting,

he reluctantly took the prescribed oath. Noble man! During the entire engagement he was laboriously employed in assisting the national troops. Besides gallantly keeping the flag aloft, he worked like a giant to extinguish the flames in the fort, kindled by the rebels' hot shot. He is worthy of the immortality secured to him by that brave and patriotic deed. The Jasper of the Southern rebellion, he will take his place with the many "Heroes of the War for the Union."

The second day's fighting was in progress. The previous night was spent by Anderson and his men in rest and quietude, for the want of light in the casemates of Sumter. These noble fellows, without efficient and powerful aid, without speedy reinforcements, could not, apparently, hold out much longer. They fought under the most trying circumstances and amid the most untoward and exhausting events. Never did men maintain the contest with such overwhelming numbers so long, so ably, with such fierce persistence, and inflict so much injury upon the enemy, as did this artillery corps. The interior woodwork of the fort was repeatedly set on fire by the hot shot from the rebel guns. As frequently was the fire extinguished by a portion of the garrison, with the intrepid Hart at its head, while the other portion fought on magnificently in the almost suffocating smoke. At length, however, the flames got the mastery of these overwrought men. The fire spread with great rapidity, and soon the whole interior of the fort was in a consuming blaze. All the woodwork was destroyed and the gates con-

sumed. To keep from suffocating in the dense smoke and heated air, these brave men had to lie down with their faces upon the ground, their mouths covered with wet pieces of cloth. Still the old flag waved over the fort in its old beauty and pride. Still the garrison did not surrender. Still the rebels kept up the bombardment to the utmost stretch of their power. The smoke was suffocating; the heat of the burning timbers was almost blistering in intensity; their rations were gone; the fire had cut off all access to the magazine; their cartridges were exhausted, and their guns, for the time being, were necessarily silent. But they were not conquered. In the intervals in which they could breathe, they took and manufactured their underclothing into cartridge-bags. With these they occasionally responded to the heavy firing of the rebels. They had sprung a mine under the fort, with which to blow it up, and go up with it, if the rebels should attempt an assault upon them. The inextinguishable fires of '76 burned upon their great souls, and supported them in their great struggle. To strike their colors to traitors was a calamity to be deferred to the last hour by such brave hearts. In the estimation of the most fastidious they would have been justified in surrendering long before they were driven to those extremities. But they did not so think. A different spirit controlled that command to that which placed Harper's Ferry into the rebels' hands without striking a solitary blow for victory. Major Anderson had not seriously thought of surrendering. He hoped to weather the storm of

flames from within, as well as the storm of iron hail from without.

But the flames rose higher and spread wider, while the heat and smoke became more unendurable. Their ravages had extended to every combustible thing in the fort. The whole heavens were darkened by the great volumes of ascending smoke, while the defenders of the fort were panting for breath. The day was wearing slowly but surely to a close. As the Federal guns gradually grew silent, the rebels augmented their fire to the highest point of severity. The Federal response became fainter and fainter. The garrison would fight awhile in the choking atmosphere of the fort, then lie down upon the ground to recruit their wasted energies. Yet no *white flag*, the symbol of surrender, of truce, was raised. This undaunted persistence exasperated the baffled rebels. They had promised themselves an easy and bloodless victory. Being thus kept out of the coveted prize, they rained shell and shot more furiously than ever upon the burning fort. Not one of our men had fallen. Their spirits were unbroken, and they were as defiant as ever in their hostility.

At this stage of the contest, Mr. Wigfall, a renegade Senator, from Texas, pulled across in a yawl from one of the rebel batteries to Sumter. He earnestly begged Major Anderson to cease hostilities and agree to a capitulation. He entreated some one of Anderson's men to go upon the parapet and raise the white flag. With this request no one would comply. All were disinclined to surrender. Getting permission to do so, Wigfall ran up and raised the



white flag himself. To this the rebels paid no attention, but made him and his white cloth a target. This exasperated the peacemaker, and, returning to the casemates, he cursed his associates for their stupidity. Thus from the rebels came the first and only proposal for the adjustment of the affair. They were weary of the strife, and heart-sick of the carnage. They found the courage and persistence of the patriots troublesome things. *The rebels asked for the contest to close.* Consequently the firing ceased. This is glory enough for our boys. After the heroic defense they had made, and offers of accommodation coming from the rebels, they could afford to surrender the shell of a fort.

Hostilities ceased at once. The great battle was over. The honor of the old flag was vindicated, and the conspirators taught a salutary lesson. Over all quiet reigned supreme. A Sabbath-like stillness succeeded to the terrific tempest that had raged for nearly two consecutive days. On the 14th of April those intrepid warriors, with numbers and courage undiminished, marched out of the fort with "banners flying, the drums beating, and with all the honors of war." The last act of these brave men, ere they left the scenes of their sufferings and glory, was to salute the Stars and Stripes with fifty guns. Soon all were on their way to join their loved ones, and receive the congratulations of their loyal fellow-citizens. Having reached New York, Major Anderson and command were received in the most agreeable and distinguished manner. Never were gallant soldiers greeted with more cordiality and

greater demonstrations of joy. Never to deserving men was a heartier welcome extended. Our country's outraged honor, with the courage and loyalty of her soldiers, had been effectually vindicated. For this they were accorded a nation's welcome and a nation's praise.

But how fared the proud and confident rebels, with the advantage of numbers and artillery all on their side? Did they feel that their barren victory compensated them for their prodigious outlay of time, money, and life? Did their thousands come off unscathed? Did none of their officers and men fall during the engagement? They asserted that not a man was lost. Can this be so in the nature of things? We think not. That we lost none in Sumter is easily accounted for. All the men were in bomb-proof casemates. These afforded perfect security from secession missiles. Besides this, they were few in numbers, and, consequently, more likely to escape. But the rebels had no such protection in Moultrie and the most of their forts and batteries. They were compactly massed in open fortifications. These men, thus crowded together, were wholly exposed to the bursting shell of Sumter. The idea that none of the rebels fell in that terrific artillery duel is preposterous. That great numbers fell upon those two awful days of iron sleet has been established as a fact beyond successful refutation. But how many were lost will, perhaps, never be known to us.

In harmony with their nefarious work, the secessionists inaugurated, at this time, the system of publishing false, unreliable bulletins of their battles. To

this vile and dishonorable system they have faithfully adhered. They have not, so far as is known, at any time, of any battle, siege, or skirmish, for the three past years of the war, published a correct list of their killed, wounded, and missing. To deceive the people and soothe their wounded pride, they have generally made their losses exceedingly small. Accordingly, at the attack upon Sumter they lost none. "Nobody was hurt." To confess the loss of any at the hands of so small a body of Federal soldiers, and especially as we lost none, was too humiliating, too galling to their foolish pride, to be tolerated for a moment. Their guilt and cowardice led them to dread the effects of an announcement of the truth upon the adherents of their wicked cause. So wretchedly defective was their cause that they dared not intrust it to truth, nor let the sad facts of a battle be known. Throughout those years of carnage and agony, they persisted in asserting, in the coolest and most insolent manner, that "nobody was hurt" in the bombardment of Sumter. But the bereaved wives and stricken children of Charleston can not believe in the harmless character of Sumter's fire. Many who went out to that engagement, long and anxiously looked for by loving hearts, never, *never* returned. They sleep where they fell, and are the first victims of treason.

In the capture of Sumter the Union cause has been vastly the gainer, while the Southern cause was equally the loser. Until this catastrophe occurred, we entertained but little or no hope for our country. It was feared that there was not patriotism

enough in the land to confront treason with a bold, determined, and unwavering front. Through this apparent want of patriotism the conspirators hoped to succeed. There were reasons for fearing that the people would hold so tenaciously to party lines and party traditions as to be hopelessly divided. Indeed, up to the capture of Sumter the future wore the most dismal aspects. The Federal Government, led on by a dreaming, visionary member of the cabinet, intent upon bringing back the South by magnanimity, was once disposed to quietly evacuate Sumter, and withdraw her troops from South Carolina. But the stern opposition of the loyal press, and the fierce howl of indignation that came up from the loyal masses, made the magnanimous government hesitate, and formed the first hopeful symptom of the future. Something was still wanting to call out and give direction to the thoughts and actions of the people. The capture of Sumter, the trailing of the national flag in the dust, fully aroused the people from their torpor, and completely broke the Lethean spell with which party politics had bound them. The people were Americans again. The masses were electrified and wholly awakened to a sense of their duty and danger. The attack upon and capture of Sumter saved us for the time being. These alarming and treasonable events made the people of the free States a unit in their purpose of attacking and crushing the armed rebellion. It produced the grandest spectacle ever beheld in the world. A whole people arose *en masse*, as if evoked from the earth by magic, for the vindication of their insulted



flag, and the defense of their threatened liberties. In the course of a day an army of patriots sprung into being, and surrounded the menaced Capital with its serried ranks. "Suddenly armed men spring from the earth, like the dragon's teeth of Cadmus, a shout of defiance rends the air, and the new-born rush on to the work" of saving the Union from the destroying clutch of its rapacious enemies. A nation in arms! This was the result of the capture of Sumter. Nothing else could have brought about so desirable a state of things. A whole people doffing the attire and laying aside the occupation of civilians, and donning the garb and taking up the vocation of soldiers, was, indeed, a rare and sublime scene! The overconfident South looked on, confounded and appalled. With alarm they beheld the fearful consequences of the hostile step that they had taken. The capture of Sumter gave them Virginia; but it also brought upon them an army of six hundred thousand patriots. Instead of distracting and dividing the North, as they had hoped, and of which they had been assured by Northern traitors, it aroused and united the North. No less an event than the attack upon Sumter would have been sufficient to prepare the people to vindicate their rights and severely punish treason. Had Mr. Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand soldiers a week previous to that event, he would not only not have got the men, but would have raised about his head a storm, the fierceness of which would have appalled him. But the insolence and open treason of the South removed every difficulty, and placed

immediately in his hands more troops than he could then employ.

Then, from the services of Major Anderson we have, as a nation, derived incalculable advantages. Upon those advantages we can not place too high an estimate. His evacuation of Moultrie, and occupation and defense of Sumter, are the two grand events that, in the providence of God, inaugurated our safety, and gave an assurance of future and final security.

Arriving at one of the Eastern cities, Major Anderson—he whom the people delight to honor—sent to Mr. Cameron, the Secretary of War, the following official report:

“STEAMSHIP BALTIC, OFF SANDY HOOK, }  
April 18, 1861. }

“HON. S. CAMERON, SECRETARY OF WAR:

“Having defended Fort Sumter for thirty-four hours, until the quarters were entirely burned, the main gates destroyed by fire, the gorge wall seriously injured, the magazine surrounded by flames, and its doors closed from the effects of heat, four barrels and three cartridges of powder only being available, and no provisions but pork remaining, I accepted terms of evacuation offered by General Beauregard, being the same offered by him on the 11th inst., prior to the commencement of hostilities, and marching out of the fort, on Sunday afternoon, the 14th inst., with colors flying, drums beating, bringing away company and private property, and saluting the flag with fifty guns.

“ROBERT ANDERSON.”

Thus closed the first engagement of this atrocious and causeless rebellion. The results were as honorable to us as they were disastrous to the insurgents.

The minds of the people were terribly agitated. The profoundest regrets for the necessity of going to war with their own brethren filled the hearts of the loyal portion of the Union. They could hardly persuade themselves that the South was wicked enough to make war upon the government. But, nevertheless, they were fully determined to expend every thing, if need be, in defense of the Union and Constitution. Never had such deep gloom settled upon a nation as that which then enveloped the loyal masses. They had been so long accustomed to profound peace that the idea of civil war was extremely terrifying. They were not cowards; but the contemplation of the desolating effects of such a war filled them with horror. They knew that a war between the North and South would be of the most sanguinary character. But as they had had no agency in bringing about the dire necessity of fighting, they determined to stand by the institutions of their fathers, and adjust their feelings and habits to the condition of things about them. As they were compelled to either tamely surrender their inestimable liberties, or endure all the horrors of civil war, they deliberately chose the latter. This was both right and noble. With solemn majesty they laid their all upon the altar of their beloved country. Living or dying, they were ready for the defense of the liberties transmitted to them by their illustrious ancestors. Nothing less than their unimpaired preservation would satisfy them. The idea of leaving their descendants in vassalage to an upstart aristoc-

racy was more torturing than the idea of losing all by war. Rather than that their children should be less free than themselves, they preferred seeing their country laid in ashes, and themselves buried beneath them. Such was the stern and lofty patriotism of '61.



## CHAPTER II.

ANDERSON.

FIRST in the fierce and terrible struggle for national existence, Major ANDERSON, like the Father of his Country, is the first in the hearts of the people. Standing deservedly high as an officer and as a man, upon him the highest estimate is justly placed. Under the most trying circumstances, he has signally proved his reliability in an hour of national peril, and demonstrated the superior order of his abilities. He grandly stood erect where others ignobly stooped, and gloriously succeeded where success, at best, seemed very problematical. Hence his memory deserves to be embalmed in the fond recollection of the people—the American people. History, if solicitous to compass its legitimate ends, could not be better employed than in transmitting to posterity a lifelike portrait of this great and good man. Then, to take a solitary step in this direction is the exclusive purpose of this paper.

Major Robert Anderson is a native of Kentucky, a state greatly distinguished for her patriotic statesmen, great orators, and brave soldiers. After spending his early youth in appropriate and useful employments at home, he was admitted into West Point as a cadet in 1821. He entered those classic

halls with the praiseworthy determination to appropriate to himself all the intellectual advantages that they could afford. Consequently while in the Academy he was no lounge, but was distinguished for his studious and regular habits. No portion of his time, nor any of his opportunities to acquire useful knowledge, were idly whiled away. In the fullest sense—in the best sense—he was a student, a model student. To his superiors he always paid the greatest deference. To no one was he ever discourteous in word or deed.

Having passed through the usual course of study, he graduated in 1825 with distinguished honors, and was at once made Brevet Second Lieutenant of the Second Regiment of the United States Artillery. Within the same year he was transferred to the Third Regiment of the same arm of the military service. In this regiment of artillery he faithfully served the government until 1832. At this time he was appointed acting Inspector-General of Illinois volunteers. In this capacity he acted till the close of the Black Hawk war. He then resumed his station and duties in the Third Artillery. In this regiment he was promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant in 1833. As First Lieutenant he acted up to 1835, when he was appointed Assistant Instructor of Artillery in the Military Academy of West Point. This was a laborious, responsible, and important station. Nothing more distinctly or clearly indicates the superior attainments and great abilities of this young soldier than this and kindred appointments. For the efficient discharge of the

duties of this office he was most amply qualified. Had he not been fully fitted in every essential respect for such a station, his scrupulous integrity would not have permitted him to occupy it. In this subordinate capacity he served until December of the same year, when he was promoted to the rank of full Instructor. While occupying this responsible station he rendered general satisfaction, and acquitted himself with the highest honors.

In November of 1837 he was appointed Aid-de-camp to General Scott. His appointment upon the staff of such an officer was no meager compliment to his character and abilities. Neither was it undeserved. With the greatest credit he served as one of General Scott's aids until 1838, when he was brevetted Captain "for gallant and meritorious conduct." In his military career he continued, without the least interruption, onward and upward, struggling with difficulties of sufficient magnitude to have crushed less resolute souls, performing the most gallant deeds, filling responsible posts with great fidelity and efficiency, and sharing in the approval and rewards of his superiors up to 1843. His entire course had been one of indefatigable industry and distinguished honor. But one purpose impelled him along life's rugged highway. He aimed to be a good and efficient soldier. He earnestly sought to serve his country to the fullest extent of his abilities. He was not content to simply put in his time and draw his wages. He aspired to so act, to so conscientiously conduct himself, that when age and infirmities necessitated his retirement

from active duties, he could look back over the past with pleasure and self-approval. Of this noble purpose he never lost sight amid all the changes and vicissitudes to which he was subjected. If any public man has ever succeeded in so noble and praiseworthy a purpose, he certainly has.

In 1843 he published his "Transatlantic French System of Artillery Tactics." This was not simply a translation, as the title would seem to indicate, but vastly more. The changes, modifications, and additions to which he subjected the old French system made his nearly a new and an original work. It was wholly Americanized. Of this popular and valuable work he is the exclusive author. With no one has he to divide the honors of so excellent and timely a production. Had he done nothing else, his "System of Artillery Tactics" was sufficient to secure him immortality.

With the most commendable zeal, conspicuous ability, and tireless persistence, he labored to impart a practical knowledge of this system of artillery tactics to the officers and men of the United States Army. In this he had the most complete success. The superiority of his system to all others was so conspicuous that it soon became the national textbook on artillery. To him, more than to any one else, are we indebted for the skill and efficiency of our artillery. Thus we are reaping the rich fruits of his patient toil when in the full vigor of manhood.

At the beginning of the Mexican war he was acting Major of his battalion. To no trustier officer could the command have been given. This he dem-



onstrated to the satisfaction of both friends and enemies. In the Mexican war, as in all others in which he took any part, he showed himself the educated gentleman, and proved himself the intrepid soldier. Victory attended his footsteps wherever he went, and triumph accompanied him against whatever foe he led his forces. At the hotly contested battle of Molino del Rey he fought most heroically, repulsing the enemy on every hand. While gallantly leading on his men, he received a severe and dangerous wound. For the time being he was laid upon his back. Thus, when speeding onward through the highest tide of success, he was rudely arrested by the calamities of war. He did not murmur. His wound was of the most honorable character. He had attracted the gaze and secured the approbation of the people. This fully compensated him for his sufferings. His chivalrous and deserving conduct on the sanguinary field of Molino del Rey was not overlooked by those who had both the power and the will to reward him. Consequently he was brevetted Major soon afterward. Of such an honor no one was more deserving.

Recovering from the effects of his serious wound, he re-entered and continued in the active service of the United States, till he reappears a prominent actor in scenes transpiring about Charleston, South Carolina. For thirty-seven years he had labored for his country. He was yet in the prime of his vigor. He was yet competent for the most active duties. At the bursting out of the secession epidemic he held the command of Major of the First United States

Artillery. Modest, brave, and unassuming, he passed through a long, laborious, and beneficial service without attracting much attention, until the war with Mexico. As he was quiet and unostentatious, his method of doing a thing was not likely to create much stir or excitement, except in his immediate vicinity. From principle, more than from nature, he was decidedly undemonstrative. He felt an insuperable repugnance to the usual methods of securing distinction. Alone, or principally in the approval of his conscience, he sought comfort and support. For the people and their well-being he ever felt the greatest concern, but for the changeful and unreliable sycophant he felt the most supreme loathing.

His patriotism was pure, elevated, cultured, and disinterested. No sordid element entered into its constituency. He was not an officer for the sake of wealth and honor, but to aid in supporting the honor and perpetuity of his beloved country. Many in the same profession, no more deserving than himself, and after a shorter period of public service, have been promoted to commands over and above him. As Major Anderson was wholly intent upon doing his whole duty wherever his country placed him, he had neither time nor inclination to make direct attempts to obtain a more lucrative and honorable position. He was ever more solicitous to meet the confidence reposed in him by his government, and contribute to the stability of his country, than to secure official advancement. He loved his country for its own sake, and he served it because he so loved it. In this important respect, he com-

pares most favorably with many others, but especially with the archtraitor Beauregard, with whom he measured swords at old Sumter.

His mental powers were more solid than showy—more efficient than brilliant. His was a giant but sedate mind. This and more was fully developed in his masterly defense of Fort Sumter. In executive efforts his abilities proved themselves to be of the first magnitude—of the highest grade. General Scott, not very apt to bestow praise where it was not deserved, and slow to do so even when honestly earned, declared that “Major Anderson’s protracted defense of Sumter was the most masterly affair in the history of the world.” This is no feeble eulogy, nor faint praise. It covers the whole field of past and present achievements, and places the hero of Sumter on the summit. The defense of Sumter, in its elements of greatness and in its indications of the highest order of generalship, has no parallel in the annals of the wonderful and stirring past. It was a giant’s power that held the savage hordes of rebels at bay for thirty-four hours. He was the American Leonidas disputing, with startling energy and consummate ability, the narrow pass leading from Southern despotism to American freedom. With remarkable self-possession, and with a force that sent the insolent foe reeling back, he threw himself, like a second Brutus, between the assailing enemy and our assailed inheritance. His peculiar situation required of him a lofty and sustained effort. That effort was put forth with a vehemence that told terribly upon the insurgents.

"His name belongs now to history; the rebellion has developed at least one hero. We do not believe that circumstances make men; they rather test and reveal their qualifications; they afford opportunities under which the weak and mean sink oppressed, and the cunning and unprincipled are enticed into treachery, while the good, the true, and the strong, masters of the situation, hew the rugged circumstances into shapes of honor and advantage.

"Poor, superannuated Twiggs, and others, whose treason will be forgotten under the fouler shadow of his, have perished by their circumstances, while Major Anderson, seemingly without an effort, in circumstances greatly similar, has secured the very heart of the nation, the tearful gratitude of the loyal, and the admiration of rebels. Circumstances did not make Twiggs a traitor; they only furnished an occasion for the development of treason already existing. Circumstances did not make Anderson a hero; they only lent the light in which his heroism was bodied forth, the atmosphere in which it was ventilated before the eyes of his countrymen. Without the life and breath of the circumstances, the flower of heroism might have 'blushed unseen,' and its 'sweetness, wasted on the desert air,' might not have rapt the grateful heart of the great republic, but in his inmost soul the meek and gentle Major would still have been a hero.

"Major Anderson came into view at a moment of intense national interest. We say *moment*, for the time in which Floyd and his comrades in crime were plotting treason and consummating robbery was pregnant, in every instant of it, with the fate of the nation. The cabinet, for the most part, was supine or false, the President asleep or doting, Congress disintegrating, the rebellion rapidly taking shape, and defiantly girding itself to resist or overthrow the government. The whole country held its breath, and waited, in agonized, silent suspense, for the man of destiny, the minister of Providence, to speak the word or dare the deed that would wake it up to the consciousness of its power, and give bold utterance to its struggling, half-formed thoughts. And this Major Anderson did."\*

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\* "The Methodist," of New York.



Than Major Anderson no military leader or public official has a clearer, fairer record—a record of which any nation, as well as any individual, might well be proud. From no ordinary soil, from no defective source, could those heroic fruits have emanated. Their fountain-head must have been of the most exalted character. In no single instance was he ever guilty of a departure from the right and truth, from what was honorable and manly. In his whole career as a public servant, there can not be found any impropriety of action. Every thing seems to have been done by him at the most befitting season and in the most befitting manner. He made no erratic or conjectural movements upon the chess-board of military enterprise. Between the peculiar and trying condition of things surrounding him and his actions amid those conditions, there subsisted perfect harmony. His well-disciplined mind and masculine judgment prevented him from falling into any serious error. Indeed, his judgment appeared almost infallible in its appropriate sphere of activities. He verged neither to the effeminate extreme of timidity nor to that of hazardous rashness. He always occupied or pursued a secure medium. His patient delays were fruitful of the most salutary results, and his energetic activity left nothing to modify or improve. He gallantly withheld his hand at the right time, and struck quick, heavy, staggering blows at the most appropriate period. From his sleepless vigilance the most dextrous foe could not beguile him. The most persistent and systematic efforts failed to entice him into a less cautious manage-

ment of his affairs. The rebels labored long and arduously, but in vain, to press him into a mode of conduct that would fix upon him and his government the guilt and stigma of inaugurating hostilities. When rebel exasperations goaded his subordinates into thinking that forbearance with their arrogance and treason ceased to be a virtue, his authoritatively but modestly uttered "*wait*" quieted every movement of impatience, and hushed into enduring acquiescence every restive feeling. Thus majestically he moved on amid his duties and trials—trials such as but few have ever experienced. That which Frederick the Great once said to one of his officers, we may say to Anderson, "Major, you are a General!"

Major Anderson is as excellent at heart as he is superior in head. The soldier has not superseded the father, the man, the citizen, nor the Christian. Upon all occasions he boldly professed his deep attachment to Christianity, and always demonstrated the validity of his discipleship by the rectitude and integrity of his whole life. He was the Havelock of the American army. His entire career has proved that the strictest soldier life is perfectly compatible with the strictest Christian life. His uniform conduct has taken from the soldier his excuse for living a life of irreligion. His religious life has silenced the military skeptic, should mantle the military reveler's cheek with the blush of shame, and proves conclusively the unjustifiableness of the gross impiety characteristic of the army of the United States. Indeed, Major Anderson has proved that a man is

the better soldier, and vastly more worthy of confidence, for being a *real* Christian. Would General Fitz-John Porter have so heartily co-operated with the slaveholder at the beginning of the war, and, at a subsequent period, so recklessly disobeyed the orders of his superior, and endangered the very existence of the army, to glut an unreasonable and unmanly malice, had he been a scrupulously conscientious Christian? We are fully persuaded that he would not have so acted. He carelessly took the fearful responsibility of entailing untold calamities upon thousands to gratify his dislike of the commanding officer. His mad jealousy transformed him into a moral monster, and while under its dominion he committed monstrous deeds. The Christian religion would have prevented such a sad act and its mournful consequences. Major Anderson's pure and evangelical piety would have prevented him from committing so terrible a deed. His deep, uniform religion is the secret of the unbounded confidence placed in him by the people. They felt that a foe to God is no true friend to man, and, also, that the reverse of this is true. When he fell upon his knees at the base of the flag-staff in Sumter, devoutly, with tearful eye and broken voice, offering thanksgiving to Deity for the safe arrival of his command at its destination, and earnestly asking His benedictions upon his future operations, his men must have felt the fullest confidence in his discretion and courage. So it is with all officers and men.

In the conviction that the pious and God-fearing are identified with any laudable enterprise, there is

great, tranquilizing, and reassuring power. This power is felt by the worst, as well as by the best, of men. Every-where, and amid all scenes of manly effort or human disaster and suffering, this silent witness of the potency of evangelical piety is seen, felt, and acknowledged. "We are wicked and don't pray ourselves," said a veteran of the Army of the Cumberland; "but *our* General prays, therefore we believe God is with us, and will help us." It was Cromwell's fervent piety and great faith that induced his troops to regard him invincible, and to follow him with the fullest confidence of success. In spite of the denunciations of his enemies, Cromwell's piety was the magnet that carried his "iron-sides" into every place that the interest of his cause rendered it necessary to enter. He was the champion of downtrodden and bleeding humanity. The Lord was with him and his praying troops; consequently, while they realized the supporting presence of Deity by a faith that glowed with the fire of enthusiasm, no serious calamity could befall them. It was this that made the troops of the Parliament an avalanche with which the royal army was crushed.

Nothing did more to secure to Commodore Foote the confidence of his men and his triumphs, than his real, living, deep, and uniform piety. His legions were fully persuaded that he was all that he professed to be, and more. Hence, they cheerfully consigned themselves to his custody and control, and became as pliant in his hands as the tender twig of the plant.



Had not Major Anderson been one of the most devout men, as well as one of the most skillful officers, he could hardly have held his command so firmly together, nor hurled it with such destructive force upon the overconfident foe.

Then we conclude that the highest adorning, the brightest ornament of Major Anderson's character is his deep, fervent, and uniform piety—his living faith in God. This divine principle shone in his heart, a mighty motive in his life, "the source of all his morals and the inspiration of all his charity, the sanctifier of every relationship, and the sweetener of every toil," augmented and imparted character to his soldierly and social qualities. From this decision many of his fellow-officers may wholly dissent. But their dissent will not make it the less true. The military chivalry of Charleston ridiculed his religion, and laughed to scorn his confidence in a beneficent Providence. But their haughty sneers had no effect on him, nor did their scoffs neutralize the charms with which his piety invested his character in the estimation of the millions of Christian patriots. Evangelical piety is so rare in the officers of our army, that, when found to exist in any one, it is the more to be prized, and appears to greater advantage. Indeed, to be religious amid the almost universal irreligion of one's associates, as was the case with Major Anderson, argues the presence and possession of more than ordinary strength of mind, conscientiousness, and fortitude. Any person can be religious, in form at least, when to be so is to float with the popular current. But to be truly and

deeply religious under the peculiar class of circumstances surrounding Major Anderson requires no ordinary effort and no ordinary powers. The task was great, but he accomplished it. Like the Pharos of ancient Egypt, his piety stood out prominently and brilliantly, exerting a salutary and an elevating influence upon all who came within the wide circle of his movements. As his sincerity has been assailed, and the purity of his motives impugned, we repeat that there is every reason for believing that his piety was both deep and genuine. His fervent trust in God was part and parcel of his very existence. Like Abraham of patriarchal times, he never staggered in his faith at any of the providences of Deity, however obscure or mysterious, and shrank not from any burden laid on him by his allegiance to Christ, however weighty or unpleasant. His religion did not expend itself in the punctilious observance of empty ceremonies, but it extended throughout his entire being, and modified all his passions and appetites. It molded him into a most genial, urbane, and compassionate man. It imparted to his spirit a winning gentleness, and chastened down his ambition to a most judicious extent. It stripped him of all that might repel, while it left him in possession of a courage and probity, such as distinguished and sustained the early martyrs of the Church. He was a rare, good man—a great soldier.

Equally conspicuous was his *modesty*. With dread he shrank from public observation, while the congratulations and applause of a grateful people seemed to inflict upon him more pain than they

gave him pleasure. This was not affectation. He abhorred pretenses of every kind. As frank as he was brave, he could not conceal the fact that the great applause of the people annoyed and afflicted him. He felt that he did not deserve such public honors. He felt that he had simply done his duty, nothing more, and consequently merited nothing but the approbation of his conscience.

In this excellent respect he differed widely from most public men. Were it not for the glory and historic fame that attend brilliant achievements, but few would hazard so much as is risked upon the battle-field. But pure patriotism and a profound sense of duty led Major Anderson to hazard every thing when his country's life was endangered and assailed. Since the days of the immortal Washington, we have not seen Anderson's superior in all excellent respects. Jackson was brave, prompt, and irresistible in the attack of an enemy; Taylor was cautious, shrewd, heroic, and successful; Scott towered head and shoulders above his cotemporaries in mental and martial abilities—grand in his onset, devoted to his whole country, and the embodiment of honor itself; but Major Anderson added to these excellencies of the chieftain the rare excellencies of the modest Christian. What McLean was as a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, Major Anderson was as a military officer. To find in *him* a man there was no necessity of using the lantern of Socrates.

The instinct or intuition of the people is never at fault when permitted to arrive at its own conclu-

sions. These instincts and intuitions led them to believe that Major Anderson was a great and good man. To the control of these convictions they surrendered themselves without the least reserve. They have had no cause for reversing their decision, nor reason to regret their course. In no subsequent act has Major Anderson shown himself unworthy of the applause offered and the trust reposed in him. His promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General was hailed with delight by the whole loyal populace. This appointment was an earnest of the future, and an assurance that the hero of Sumter would still be in the field battling with treason. Had his physical abilities been equal to his other qualifications for this high station, to-day he would be the man of the people, the sustaining center of the distracted country, around whom they would have enthusiastically rallied. But the prolonged anxieties, excessive toils, and great sufferings that he underwent and experienced while in Sumter left him but a wreck. His health was gone; his constitution, hitherto excellent, was forever broken, and he was necessitated to retire from active duties. This necessary retirement filled the loyal people with universal regret and sorrow. They knew him; they could trust him. They felt that the country was deprived of the services of one of its best generals and truest subjects. In the van of struggling freemen he had stood for many weary months, the physical result of which was ruined health. Though compelled to retire to the quietude of home, he is not forgotten. He lives in the



hearts and shares in the sympathy of the people, as no other living man. His name will live in and adorn the pages of history beside those of Washington, Lafayette, Marion, Bolivar of South America, and Paoli of Corsica.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE OFFICERS OF SUMTER.

THE results of associated effort are the *indices* to the character and capabilities of the individuals constituting that association. This is so, whether the results are noble or ignoble, elevating or degrading, praiseworthy or censurable. Of the many thousands composing the Revolutionary Army we know but little; yet there is no doubt that they were men of the truest patriotism and soldiers of the highest order, and that each one did his duty earnestly and efficiently, whether an officer or a private. Our free institutions are the invaluable results of their patriotic daring and doing. On our liberties, the monument of their activity and suffering, are inscribed the excellent qualities of their characters, and the grandeur of their conduct. That they were men of the purest type and highest style is legibly written upon the sum total of the results of their blended efforts.

Applying this principle to the officers under, and associated with, Major Anderson at Fort Sumter, no difficulty will be encountered in determining their individual characters, or in ascertaining their capabilities. It can be easily discovered whether they were cowards or heroes, patriots or traitors. The

defense of Sumter was not a defense that ordinary men or poltroons would have conducted. But few in numbers, the defense of Sumter required every one to be a champion of no ordinary proportions or abilities. Such champions they proved themselves on that great occasion. This, then, clearly entitles them to a conspicuous place on the historic page and a large share in our affectionate remembrance.

The defense of Sumter was masterly, even wonderful, displaying the noblest elements of character and the best qualities of head and heart. In all that is great, grand, and ennobling, it ranks with the defense of Thermopylæ by the Spartan band led on by the unconquerable Leonidas. A handful of men, but every one a host within himself, stood up undauntedly against a large, fanatical, and sanguinary army. So bravely, so persistently, did this small garrison fight its formidable foe, when every thing but its courage was against it, that it excited the admiration of universal man.

That the deeds and endurance of these officers deserve such a position as that which this paper would assign them, no true and loyal man, at all acquainted with the facts distinctive of that event, will question. Their patient endurance of close confinement to the narrow limits of an isolated fort, month after month, putting up with the coarsest and scantiest fare, bearing the insolence and audacity of the rebels while girdling them with powerful batteries for their ultimate destruction, and the enduring of other annoyances, entitle them to rank first and highest among the great, the true, and the heroic that have

distinguished themselves in the American wars. They deserve to stand with the dauntless Brownlow, the true and inflexible Johnson, and the faithful Carter. They deserve the highest commendations for their unyielding fidelity amid general defection and the strongest temptations, and for their manly efforts to defend the flag that so many were betraying.

Such are human nature and human infirmities, that, to some extent, the public recognition and appreciation of success and manly action are essential to the cheerful continuance in well-doing. The best and most disinterested patriots are the stronger and more energetic for knowing that their efforts are appreciated, and that the public is disposed to award them their just and faithfully earned dues.

Then, in conformity with what is conceived to be legitimately due to these brave men, a brief but accurate pen-portrait is given of the life, character, and deeds of the officers of the immortalized Sumter.

#### CAPTAIN DOUBLEDAY.

Captain ABNA DOUBLEDAY is a native of New York. A graduate of West Point Military Academy, he was early and thoroughly trained in military tactics as a profession. Standing high in his graduating class, he proved himself the inheritor of more than ordinary abilities.

Captain Doubleday is the fortunate possessor of a superb person. His form is symmetrical. His face is full, round, and flushed with vigorous health. His forehead is prominent, deep, and broad, and of a decidedly intellectual cast. His eyebrows are massive



and projecting, from beneath which there peers out two bright and sparkling eyes. His nose is of the Roman type, with large and expanding nostrils. His lips, though full, are so compressed together when his countenance is in repose, as to immediately suggest the idea of the firmest resolution—a most inflexible will. His chin is slightly projecting, tolerably square, but handsome. His jaws are wide and heavy, an index to his great powers of endurance. Altogether his is a striking and an attractive face. His appearance is more than that of an ordinary man. That he is more than an ordinary man his whole career, up to the great period of which we are writing, affords the most conclusive proof. He is one among a thousand.

By his fine abilities and the thorough discipline to which they had been subjected, he was prepared to fill his post with the greatest credit to himself and advantage to the government he served. He entered the army of the United States about *nineteen* years prior to the secession of the haughty South. At the beginning of our national troubles he was acting as senior Captain of the First United States Artillery, stationed at Fort Sumter. No position of that grade was more honorable or responsible at that critical period. His previous manly and soldier-like conduct is clearly inferable from the great trust reposed in him at this momentous season. As the United States authorities are not afflicted with the infirmity of promoting unmeritorious officers in the regular army, it is but just to conclude that Doubleday had richly earned all that was bestowed upon him. He had

merited the confidence and secured the respect of the Lieutenant-General. General Scott never intentionally ornamented the shoulders of imbeciles and incompetents with the insignia of authority. Years of patient and arduous toil had preceded his attainment of the captaincy in the artillery service. Thus a fine opportunity to detect his character and abilities was afforded those responsible for the efficiency of the Union forces.

Consequently, Doubleday's promotion to the captaincy of the First United States Artillery was no meager compliment to his capability and fidelity. He proved himself equal to the command with which he was intrusted. To meet its responsibilities at this grave emergency required the very highest order of executive ability. Not only inflexible courage, but every other excellence ever distinctive of the military chieftain was needed. The First United States Artillery was the only corps in Sumter, and he was senior Captain of that corps. To it he imparted much of his own unconquerable spirit.

When Fort Sumter was about to be attacked, Captain Doubleday proved himself equal to the great occasion. He shrank not from the burden laid upon him, but met and bore it along with the most exemplary heroism. Like an Alpine peak in the mountain storm, he stood unmoved and stern amid the tempest of iron hail that swept about him.

The ominous boom of cannon was heard in the distance. The exciting play, with unequal actors, had begun. Ex-Senator Chestnut fired the first shot from the Mt. Pleasant battery. It was the opening

gun of the rebellion. Its reverberations still thunder through the land. It was the opening of the sluice-gates of desolation. They never dreamed of the fearful war they were inaugurating, or the ruin they were bringing upon themselves.

To this first gun of the rebellion Captain Doubleday promptly replied from Sumter. He threw the first shot in the suppression of the insurgents. Then was fought that splendid artillery duel that made the world stand aghast, and resulted so gloriously to our arms. Then transpired the opening scenes of one of the most terrible wars, distinguished for its magnitude and mighty results, that was ever waged by a people. Then was displayed that audacious bravery and sublime courage alone distinctive of Americans.

Captain Doubleday was ever present where duty summoned him and where the danger was the greatest. As an officer and patriot he covered himself with glory upon the walls of Sumter. He failed in no instance to do his duty, and heartily seconded the plans and efforts of his superior. He came out of the contest uninjured, but greatly distinguished as an officer. The government at Washington promptly recognized his great deserts by promoting him to a much higher and more responsible command. As one of the heroes of Sumter he has been awarded the position that he so richly deserved. He is a Brigadier-General of volunteers. As such he has more than met the expectations that his conduct at Sumter authorized the people to entertain.

## CAPTAIN SEYMOUR.

Captain TRUMAN SEYMOUR, like Captain Doubleday, is a native of the State of New York. He was born in Albany, the splendid capital of the Empire State. In no better nor in any more chivalrous State could he have been born and reared. It is distinguished for its earnest morality, creative industry, tireless energy, great inventive genius, and flaming patriotism. In Captain Seymour these and kindred traits of character are quite conspicuous. In all respects, up to this writing, he has proved himself worthy of his native State. In every element of true manhood he stands out prominently amid the masses of that populous portion of the Union.

In person, he is tolerably bulky, stout, muscular, and wiry. He is capable of great and prolonged effort. His powers of endurance, as his military career under Scott in Mexico, under Anderson at Sumter, and under McClellan before Richmond, fully proves, is truly wonderful. At the bombardment of Sumter he was about in his prime, as he was nearly thirty-five years old.

His countenance is both pleasant and impressive in expression. Upon the beholder accustomed to men and things, his general appearance always makes a most favorable impression. His manners are affable and courteous; his manly frankness wins the esteem and secures the respect of all who know him. About him is none of that pretentious haughtiness and unbending arrogance that is so frequently distinctive of West Point graduates, and serves to



distinguish the pretender from the gentleman, while it repels all that deserve to be attracted. As is always the case with men of real courage, he is as unassuming as he is brave and loyal.

His physiognomy is rather of the Andrew Jackson type, but without Andrew Jackson's severity of expression. His eyes are of medium size, black, piercing, and brilliant. Through them his manly soul looks out upon the world, and discovers to the observer all that passes within. His eyes, like his soul, are utterly incapable of duplicity. For no quality is he more distinguished than his uniform frankness. He is always as open and genial as the May morning. He has a decidedly logical cast of mind. He excels in the study of numbers, but does well in any department of literature. He acts with deliberation and moves with caution, when caution is necessary. His deeds may not always be brilliant, but they will never lack the elements of substantial utility.

In 1842 he entered West Point as a cadet. While in this school his faculties were developed, polished, and directed into a military channel. In 1846 he graduated with distinguished honor. Soon after completing his course of study he entered the military service of his country. He was one of the young heroes who accompanied and so signally aided General Scott in his triumphant progress through Mexico. He stood in the front ranks of the distinguished soldiers of that war. At the battle of Cerro Gordo he gallantly won for himself the *brevet* rank of First Lieutenant. At the fiercely fought and stubbornly contested battle of Contreras,

he and Lieutenant Brannon led the van of the attacking corps. How bravely this attack was made and how gallantly it was sustained the history of the Mexican war will ever bear honorable testimony. Throughout that entire war he maintained, by the most gallant deeds and desperate fighting, the high position into which he vaulted at his first battle.

At the close of the war with Mexico, Lieutenant Seymour returned to West Point Academy, where he spent some time as instructor in drawing. For this important post he was admirably qualified. He had a steady, skillful hand, and a keen, accurate eye.

But at length he was invited to a more active and hazardous field of toil. The Indians of Florida, under the leadership of Billy Bowlegs, had become restive, and were committing serious depredations upon the citizens of that State. It was necessary that they should be arrested in their marauding expeditions and taught a salutary lesson for the future. Lieutenant Seymour, with others, was selected for this important work. After prosecuting an active campaign of some length against the Indians, in compliance with orders from head-quarters he resumed the dull routine of garrison duty. In this military department he faithfully served his country and earned the office of Captain.

With the rank of junior Captain he found himself associated with Major Anderson in Fort Sumter, when the rebellion broke out into open hostilities. Here he ranked next to Captain Doubleday.

He was among the bravest of the small but brave band who manned the guns of Sumter. With anx-

ious and hopeful eye the loyal States looked to this heroic garrison. Nor did they look in vain. They were not disappointed. Their expectations were more than met in its gallant bearing. On the memorable 12th and 13th Captain Seymour showed that he had not degenerated from what he was on the plains of Mexico, nor from what his noble ancestors were on the Revolutionary fields. He fought his guns with the greatest gallantry and efficiency. Possessing rare physical powers, he was ceaseless in his efforts to render the defense of Sumter worthy the character of American soldiers. His efforts were not ineffectual. Even when the continuance of hostilities was rendered impossible by the great conflagration in the interior of the fort, he strenuously opposed raising the white flag, the emblem of surrender. He still hoped to extinguish the flames, resume hostilities, and finally annihilate the rebel batteries. He seemed to prefer perishing in the flames to that of surrendering to the insurgents. This was not to be wondered at. To resign freedom of action, and even life itself, into the hands of the rebels, was no agreeable affair to contemplate, much less to realize. To him the humiliation of surrender seemed too great for human endurance. Chagrined and mortified when summoned to surrender his guns, by which he and his men had so nobly stood, he yielded with sullen reluctance as the tears started to his eyes. His soul was as unconquerable as the fiery souls of his ancestors of Revolutionary notoriety. He proved himself an American soldier. His having fought in Sumter is sufficient in itself to assign his name a

permanent place in the annals of the brave, the great, and the patriotic.

But his heroic career did not terminate at Sumter. He did not feel at liberty to retire to private life on the fame he had already earned. It was not for glory that he exerted himself, though glory accrued to him from his exertions. His life of activity had just been fully inaugurated. He entered, with glowing enthusiasm, into the struggle going on between despotism and liberty, slavery and freedom. He was found wholly on the side of liberty and freedom. There was no likelihood of mistaking his sentiments and purposes. For his brave and princely conduct at Sumter he was promoted to the command of a Brigadier-General of volunteers. This honor was worthily bestowed, because nobly earned. He was not, as too many were, elevated through political interest or political trickery. He had merited his honors. No one ever more worthily wore the *single star* of the Brigadier-General. He felt at home and easy in his new position, because he was every way qualified for such a responsible situation. He was not one of those aspirants to military distinction who had nothing of the General but the tinsel and trappings to commend him to such a command. In every essential he was a General.

In the Grand Army of the Potomac he was assigned a command. He was associated with the young and popular McClellan. Whether this was fortunate or otherwise, we are not prepared to say. At once he entered upon the prosecution of his great duties. He was ever found at his post, careful



of all the wants of his men, and labored incessantly for the promotion of their efficiency. In all this he succeeded most admirably. His was one of the best drilled, the most decorous in deportment, and efficient brigades in the Army of the Potomac.

He was one of those whose valor, deeds, and sufferings have rendered the James River as illustrious as the Rhine. He bravely fought at Fair Oaks, and other subsequent battles, until the great retrograde movement for the change of base commenced. Then, for six days and nights, without any repose and but little food, he was in his saddle, encouraging his men, rallying them to the unequal contest, holding them steady in the deadliest fire; and at length, when weary nature was about giving way, and after passing through the severest campaign of which we have any record, in connection with other generals, defeated the rebels at Malvern Hill.

To General Seymour and his noble band of veterans this was an awful period. It will never be fully known what they endured and through what they passed. Though the Union cause seemed to be desperate, through the unjustifiable and timid delays of the General-in-chief, yet he fought and struggled on as if the rebel hordes were being defeated at every point. It was heroic conduct like his, not the skill of the commanding General, that eventually saved the army from ruin and the nation from destruction. It was such Generals, with their brave commands, that were exposed to the dangers, endured the hardships, and did the fighting of that terrible retreat,

while McClellan was always at a safe distance from the enemy, and in a comfortable and secure retreat.

To appease his intense hunger and to sustain nature, General Seymour, on the *seventh* day of terror, carnage, defeat, and want, plucked the wheat from the stalk in the field, and ate it! And yet, amid all this, more the result of incompetency and blundering than the fruits of rebel valor and numbers, he never thought of ultimate defeat or of giving up in despondency. Such a General can not be conquered, and deserves immortality. Of such a General we may well be proud. Of such a General, his future may be expected to be as great and glorious as his past has been noble and heroic.

#### FIRST LIEUTENANT TALBOT.

Lieutenant THEODORE TALBOT is a native of the District of Columbia. Though a native of a *slave* territory, where slavery has long existed in its most barbarous and disgraceful forms, and where it has ever been supported by the most barbarous laws, he remained uninfected with the secession virus. He knew no North, no South. He was a citizen of the United States. To the whole country he was loyal; upon the whole of his country he bestowed his affection. Of his country, as a whole, he was justly proud. Into no sectional strife could he be induced to enter. It was from his country, as a whole, that he derived his importance and life its charms and value. He was too wise and too patriotic to knock from under him his only support, and, with the millions of American citizens, sink into contempti-

ble insignificance. His patriotism was far, very far, in advance of his local interests. He felt fully persuaded that he could not improve, but would seriously impair, his condition as a citizen, by herding with the negro-holding traitors. He was altogether in the right. With two dissimilar and discordant governments on this continent, we would become contemptibly weak—the subjects of foreign derision, if not of foreign outrage. Every other nation, however petty and contemptible, presuming upon our feebleness consequent upon our disintegration, would insult us upon the least pretext, and resort to extortion upon all occasions. But our *unity* will insure honorable and courteous treatment; or, at least, fear of our power will deter them from infringing upon our national rights. The unjust, unkind, and even cruel manner in which the European aristocracy is treating us while struggling for national existence, is an indication of the foul and unfeeling treatment that would be received from these rapacious oppressors after our country would be divided. Than this no greater calamity could befall any people. Therefore, to the perpetual *unity* of America Lieutenant Talbot devoted himself with promptness, energy, and constancy.

Lieutenant Talbot entered the service of the United States about *thirteen* years previous to the malignant attack upon Fort Sumter. He was in command as senior First Lieutenant of the First United States Artillery. This was both an honorable and a responsible position. He filled it with distinguished ability.

Lieutenant Talbot was with the chivalrous band of Sumter from the first. With it he patiently passed through the trying ordeal preceding the bombardment of the fort. Instead of murmuring at his apparently hard lot, he gloried in having such an opportunity to exhibit his ardent devotion to the "Stars and Stripes." His was not a paltry nor selfish soul. In his heart of hearts he took in the whole people, East and West, North and South. He was fully alive to the magnitude of the occasion, and was ready to offer himself as a victim to appease the demon of discord. He remained unappalled by the dark cloud of danger that overhung him and his brave comrades, and stood, calm and self-possessed, ready for any work.

Hence, a few days before the bombardment of Sumter he was sent, by Major Anderson, to Washington for such instructions as the exigencies of the case demanded. In due time he arrived at the Capital. He saw and had an interview with the President. Having been furnished with all necessary instructions, he returned to his post of danger and duty. He was eager to aid his companions in arms in the last and trying hour. But he was doomed to bitter disappointment. The Confederate authorities of Charleston would not permit him to re-enter the fort. He was confined within the limits of the villainous city of Charleston. He was compelled to be an idle spectator of the deadly struggle in which Sumter was engaged. As the various departments of the government at Washington retained concealed traitors, the rebels at Charleston were in-



formed of the nature of his instructions before he had left the Capital. As those instructions laid upon the rebels the necessity of taking Sumter by violence, if at all, or else to back down from their proud and defiant position, they determined that Talbot should not be permitted to take part in the defense. They detained him in Charleston, contrary to all justice, that they might the more easily crush the handful of men in whose custody reposed the honor of the old flag. This was a flagrant outrage!

Numerous as were the rebel assailants, they seemed to dread the addition of a single man to the small garrison. Their treatment of Talbot was both infamous and cowardly. Their having permitted him to leave for Washington necessitated them, by every honorable consideration, to permit him to regain his companions. But the rebel authorities, in consonance with their first movements and established axioms, did not hesitate to do any thing that would advance their nefarious cause. They stooped to the ignominy of violating one of the laws of civilized warfare to keep from the heroic garrison a single man! A cause needing such execrable conduct must necessarily be essentially bad. And so it is. Their actions were not in the interests of humanity, but were for the permanent oppression of the poor of the human race. They arrayed wealth against poverty, and intelligence against ignorance. They desired to make no other use of their riches and intelligence than to oppress and bind in chains the unfortunate! The greatest scourges of the human

race, their conduct is the most infamous. And this is Southern chivalry !

It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that they detained Lieutenant Talbot in Charleston during the attack upon the fort, and necessitated him to helplessly look on while myriads of rebels were crushing his associates in arms. Poor fellow ! This must have been one of the severest ordeals through which he ever passed. To be powerless to aid his fellow-soldiers, while they were stretching every nerve and exerting every power to save the fort, must have been trying, indeed, to his brave and patriotic heart. Hours seemed prolonged into days, while the intense agony of that period appeared as if it would never, *never* terminate.

But he lived through those hours with the hope of being able, at some future period, to wipe out the insult and avenge his unjustifiable detention. In his devotion to his country, and in his determination to fight the secessionists to the last, he grew desperate. They had hoped to make a friend ; they made an implacable enemy. His ignoble imprisonment soon terminated. With the brave garrison, whose gallant fighting deserved a better issue, he was graciously permitted by the magnanimous rebels to return to the loyal States. To the loyal States he returned with but one purpose animating his indignant soul. That purpose was, to expend his days and powers in grappling with the demon of treason until it was throttled.

## FIRST LIEUTENANT DAVIS.

Indiana, one of the States most distinguished for the numbers, enthusiasm, and valor of the troops sent out to strangle the dragon of rebellion, gave birth to and claims the allegiance of Lieutenant JEFFERSON C. DAVIS. He is a "Hoosier" by birth, culture, tastes, and attachments. *He is a self-made man.* He commenced his military career by entering the ranks of the Second Indiana Regiment of volunteers, during our war with Mexico. He was simply a humble *private*. His conspicuous courage, his close application to the study of military tactics, and his energy in every thing pertaining to military duties, soon won the respect and secured the confidence of his superiors. His rare abilities and great enthusiasm soon raised him above the position he occupied when he left home. His whole career in Mexico was distinguished for the deeds and characteristics most distinctive of the great warrior. So high did he stand in the estimation of the officers from his own State that, through their joint recommendation, he received the appointment of Second Lieutenant in the Regular Army. His assignment to this command affords the most conclusive evidence of his excellent qualities and superior endowments.

But though the Second Indiana Regiment was extensively made up of such men as Jeff. C. Davis, of whom we shall subsequently speak, yet the history of its Mexican campaign is not very enviable as represented by certain military characters. Jefferson

Davis of Mississippi, the first President of the Southern Confederacy, was commander of the brigade of which the Second Indiana was a part. *He charged it with cowardice.* The stigma of cowardice clung to it in spite of every effort to vindicate it from so grave a charge. For a long time many believed it. General Davis at that time stood high for integrity and ability in the estimation of the American people. In political circles of the Democratic school he wielded an influence far in advance of his deserts or capabilities. A Southern cavalier, he was deemed incapable of slandering a whole regiment. For a number of years these considerations gave character and the coloring of truth to this charge.

But never, as subsequent events have proved, has a charge been falser or more malicious. A braver regiment than the Second Indiana was not in the army that invaded Mexico. The history of many of its members, and the uniformly daring conduct of Indiana troops during the rebellion, give the *lie* to Davis's charge of cowardice. Upon him a dark, malicious, and definite falsehood has been fastened, from which he can not relieve himself. If cowardice was at all exhibited upon the gory field of Buena Vista, the commander of the brigade must have been the only guilty one. On that memorable occasion he became disconcerted, lost his presence of mind, and, by his blundering and *defective* orders, threw the troops into such a position that they could not help themselves, and were liable to be cut to pieces. Had the Mexican lancers been at all enterprising, but few of his brigade would have escaped.



The charge of treachery can be more easily fixed on Jeff. Davis than that of cowardice upon an entire regiment. Of American soldiers there never was a regiment of cowards, nor the majority of any regiment. To suppose so is plainly preposterous. If the field and general officers are brave and competent, the great majority of every regiment will fight, and fight nobly. It was the misfortune of the Second Indiana to be in Jeff. Davis's brigade. He attempted, and for a while succeeded, in fixing upon it the infamy with which he himself should alone have been covered. Such is now the general opinion.

That the regiment of Indiana volunteers in which J. C. Davis served as a private was not made up of poltroons, subsequent events have fully proved. Though the charge of cowardice has been often repeated and as often refuted, yet its best refutation is found in the subsequent conduct of its officers and men. No regiment of that war has a nobler, grander, prouder record than the Second Indiana. Brigadier-Generals Rousseau, one of the heroes of the bloody battle at Shiloh, Nathaniel Kimball, the hero of the battle of Winchester, and Lovell, of the rebel army, were Captains of that slandered regiment when in Mexico. Colonel William L. Sanderson was also one of its Captains, Colonel B. F. Scribner was a Sergeant, Lieutenant-Colonel Osbourne was a Captain, Major W. E. Spicely was a Captain, Major D. C. Thomas was a private, Captain J. Barrell a Lieutenant, and Captains William Abbott and John Hungates were also privates, while Lieutenants Pennington and McCoy occupied a similar position in the

Second Indiana; and last, though not least, General Jeff. C. Davis, as already stated, was a private in this regiment. Can any other regiment, or any other two regiments, point to so many distinguished officers and say, "These men once formed the rank and file of our old Mexican regiment?" We doubt it. The like of this has never before nor since occurred. It is without a parallel in the history of regiments. Yet this regiment was branded with cowardice! Cowards rarely rise above the surface of things; much less likely are they to rise to distinguished positions. Thus, then, the real courage of this Indiana regiment, and the courage of the subject of this paper, is fully and substantially vindicated.

Though Jeff. C. Davis has a name similar to that borne by the President of the insurgent government, yet in nature, in principles, and in honor, they bear no resemblance to each other. The former is devotedly loyal; the latter is rotten with disloyalty. Jeff. C. Davis is nobly fighting for the integrity of the whole country; Jeff. Davis is meanly fighting for its dismemberment. The former is infinitely above the meanness of treason; the latter is mantled with the infamy of the blackest treason. Davis of Indiana has covered himself with the glory of the patriot-soldier; Davis of Mississippi has covered himself with the odium of a leading conspirator. The one has given his all for the salvation and perpetuity of his native land; the other has devoted his all to compass its overthrow and ruin. A braver, truer patriot or more competent officer, for his years, than Jeff. C. Davis never wielded a sword or held a command.

At the desperate engagement of Sumter he was not behind the best in ardor and daring. Conspicuous throughout the contest, he moved amid the whizzing balls and hissing shell with the intrepid coolness and self-possession of a veteran. The honor of Indiana and of the Federal Government proved secure in his hands. He fully satisfied the people, and delighted the loyal, whose interests he represented and whose rights he defended. He showed that he was much more than an ordinary man, with more than ordinary powers.

Toward the close of the bombardment, and when Sumter was wrapped in flames and filled with stifling smoke, General Wigfall presented himself with a flag of truce. After being admitted through an embrasure, he signified the pacific nature of his mission, and assigned as a reason for his conduct that he saw that Sumter's flag was down. "Oh, sir, but it is *up* again," replied Lieutenant Davis. As the cannonading continued, Wigfall asked that the flag he held in his hand might be raised by some one upon the ramparts. "No, sir," fiercely replied Lieutenant Davis, "we do n't raise a white flag. If you want your batteries to stop, *you* must stop them." Nobly answered! Finding that Lieutenant Davis was not the man to flexibly yield to his desires, Wigfall went in search of Major Anderson.

The high position to which he was elevated after the siege of Sumter affords the clearest evidence of the great estimate placed upon him by those in authority. He was immediately promoted to the rank of Colonel of a volunteer regiment. As such he

acquitted himself in the most masterly style, and earned for himself new distinctions. He was the first Federal officer who succeeded in taking any considerable number of rebel prisoners. In an engagement with the insurgents of Missouri, he succeeded, by promptitude and ingenuity, in capturing hundreds of them. This success not only placed in our hands prisoners of war equal in numbers to those of ours held by the rebels, but inspired the loyal heart with new hope and courage. It lifted the dark clouds that had so long curtained in the loyal Missourians, and let in the warm light of promise for the future.

Jeff. C. Davis, though springing from the lap of humble life, is one of the rising commanders of the American army. Though but thirty years old, and commencing his military career as a private, he is a Brigadier-General. But few in the history of our country have done so well; none have done better. A military star of the first magnitude, brilliantly shining in the galaxy of the brave, he bids fair to stand at the head of the list of the great and renowned—he promises to take the place and perform the deeds of the veteran Scott.\*

But eventually a cloud overcast his brightening prospects. It was hoped by his friends and the friends

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\* In his official report of the battle of Chattanooga and his march to the relief of Knoxville, General Sherman pays the following high compliment to General Jeff. C. Davis and his division, (they accompanied him to Knoxville):

"I must," says Sherman, "award to this division the credit of the best order during our marches through East Tennessee, when long marches and the necessity of foraging to the right and left gave some reasons for disordered ranks."



of the country that it was only a cloud, a temporary cloud, and that it would be brushed aside by the just decision of his superiors in command. It was his misfortune to be under the command of Major-General Nelson. To appreciate the facts in the case, it must be known what General Nelson was at the head of the division. He was as much distinguished for profanity, rudeness, and the harsh treatment of his subordinates, as he was for reckless courage upon the battle-field. He was regarded the most stern, rigid, and needlessly severe disciplinarian in the whole army. When commanding men, he knew nothing but the inflexible execution of his will, whether arbitrary or otherwise. Had this been all, he would not have been so obnoxious to the anger and resentment of those who had it in their power to injure him. But he carried with him into the field the savage harshness, cruel severity, and intolerable tyranny distinctive of the navy when he was young. He practiced the theory of severity that he had learned by bitter experience when a midshipman on board a man-of-war. He bore down upon his subordinates in the army as he had been borne down upon when in the navy. He introduced into the ranks of the volunteer soldiery the brutal tyranny of a man-of-war. He regarded all below him as so many machines, whose sole business was to obey him with automaton tameness and exactitude. Less than this did not satisfy him, but justified him, in his own opinion, in resorting to the severest measures to secure a blind and passive obedience. This he would have at any cost. This tyrannical disposition, in

connection with excessive irritability, was the sole cause of his great misfortune. He seemed to forget that any body had sensibilities or rights but himself. Had he treated his subordinate officers like men with the sensibilities of men, he would now be at the head of his corps, and a blessing to his country. But in attempting to do with others what he did not do with himself, he foolishly threw away his life. He sought to strictly govern others; he utterly failed to govern himself. Though brave to a fault and inflexibly loyal, he carried into all he did the most irritating insolence. He was imperious and violent in temper, brutally rude in manners, and utterly wanting in respect for the feelings and rights of those of inferior rank. Though cringing and docile to his superiors, he was relentless in the persecution of those who fell under his ban, and untiring in dogging those for whom he felt any dislike. So whimsical were his tastes and so varied his humor, that it was utterly impossible to tell what would please or offend him. While his unhappy subordinates might be congratulating themselves as entitled to his approbation through assiduous effort, the storm would be gathering to burst upon their astonished heads. No one knew when to expect commendation or censure. Well-doing was as likely to bring down his wrath upon them as evil-doing. He appeared determined, at all events, to continually curse, bluster about, and abuse the officers and men under him. The wonder is, not that he was shot at all, but that he was borne with so long and so patiently. It was his admitted loyalty and heroism that saved him from the bullets

of his own officers. Though singularly amiable in the social circle, he was strangely despotic as an infantry officer.

On the 29th of September, 1862, General Jeff. C. Davis shot him in the region of the heart. He died in half an hour after the infliction of the wound. The circumstances that led to this sad affair were simply these: General Davis had been appointed to organize the militia of Louisville into a brigade. A few days antecedent to this fatal occurrence, Davis came to Nelson to make arrangements for arming his men. On being asked how many men he had enrolled, he replied, "About twenty-five hundred." "*About* twenty-five hundred!" Nelson exclaimed in anger and derision. He became very indignant that an officer in the Regular Army should be in doubt about the number of men under his command. General Davis assured him, in the most respectful manner, that he designed making out an accurate list of his troops ere he drew the arms, that he only then sought to learn when and where arms could be secured, and that he was not yet done enlisting men in his brigade. These statements, instead of satisfying General Nelson, as they would have done had he been a reasonable man, appeared to exasperate him to an unaccountable extent. He flew into a towering rage. He cursed General Davis in the most infamous style. While treating him in this very uncivil and discourteous manner, General Davis demanded that he receive the treatment due from one gentleman to another, and from one general officer to another. This just and reasonable de-



mand, for the making of which there would have been no occasion had Nelson been a gentleman, threw him into paroxysms of anger. As General Davis preferred his request in the modest language and with the calm demeanor of a gentleman, Nelson seemed to conclude that he would tamely bear any insult and indignity. He became more abusive than ever. The storm which had been evoked, instead of abating in the least, acquired a greatly augmented force. The interview was ended by Nelson ordering General Davis, in the most absolute terms and unequivocal language, to report himself to General Wright at Cincinnati, threatening him with instant arrest if his orders were not carried out to the letter. But this General Davis did not do ; he determined to remain where he was, and seek redress where he was so egregiously wronged.

On the morning of the 29th, in the presence of Governor Morton of Indiana, and many distinguished officers and civilians, General Davis called again on General Nelson, respectfully asking an explanation of the treatment he had received at the hands of the latter. General Nelson glared on him with protruding eyeballs of fire, his cheeks all aglow from the passions kindling within him. After a moment's pause, he said to General Davis, "Do you mean to insult me, you puppy?" He then approached him, and slapped him in the face with his open palm ! By this act Nelson designed showing Davis the profound contempt with which he regarded him.

General Davis made no reply, but his face was



awful with the lividness of the mingled emotions of rage, indignation, and shame. It is said by those present that his appearance was positively frightful. Obtaining a pistol from General Gibson, he followed General Nelson as he was going up to his room, perhaps for his weapons, and shot him through the chest. He fell into the arms of a friend near by, exclaiming, "I'm a dead man!"

This is the sum and substance of the whole affair. General Davis had committed no crime at all, much less one justifying the harshness and flagrant injustice with which Nelson treated him. Without the shadow of a cause he was dismissed from his command, and grossly outraged in the presence of his friends and other officers. After being struck in the face, as if he were Nelson's slave, it seemed worse than death not to resent the foul affront. Indeed, it is highly probable that his fellow-officers would not have suffered him to have continued in the army had he not signally avenged the outrage. He would have been universally despised for his pusillanimity, and every insolent upstart would have been thrusting his fist in his face. The stigma of cowardice would have attached to and degraded him wherever he would have gone. Self-preservation impelled General Davis to perpetrate that fearful deed, if naught else. The crushing odium of having tamely submitted to such a bitter and public insult would have followed him like a fearful graveyard specter. The public and peculiar circumstances under which the last insult was given greatly increased its intolerable enormity. To be

able to *live* at all in any kind of peace, with any degree of satisfaction and honor, it was essential, in the public estimation, and in the estimation of General Davis and the military code, that General Nelson should *die*! To this dire necessity was he driven by the inexorable circumstances with which he was encompassed.

Though we utterly condemn, as highly immoral and unnecessary, all such deeds, yet, if ever mortal is justified in taking the life of another, General Davis had such justification. It seems to be the general opinion—the opinion of the world and the army—that he could not have done less, and retained his self-respect and the respect of others. It is true that this view of the subject excludes the ideas and solemnities of an eternity with future rewards and punishments. But it is, never theless, the view of those who give laws to irreligious society and shape the destiny of men in general. No one desirous of succeeding in a martial career dare despise that opinion. This is unfortunate, but nevertheless true. While no one but the friends of Nelson censured him, all deeply deplored the apparent necessity of such a course of action.

In striking General Davis in the face, and heaping upon him the opprobrious epithets of “puppy” and “coward,” General Nelson appears the haughty, insolent, unfeeling tyrant—not the magnanimous General that he could well afford to be. At this last interview he had the opportunity of earning more glory and renown, by making General Davis honorable amends, than that earned in all his previous

victories. But he let himself down to an infinite depth, and smote the already injured soldier in the face! The whole affair is to be deeply deplored. Yet General Davis should not be condemned too severely, while General Nelson's tyranny should not pass unreplicated. General Davis committed a great moral wrong; but the extraordinary circumstances leading to its perpetration may extenuate his guilt, though they may not excuse the crime. His provocations were of the most intense character. It is evident that the public, whose stern voice necessitated him to either take the life of Nelson or sink forever beneath the odium of cowardice, will not be very harsh in its judgment of the guilt attaching to the deed.

Since this unfortunate event General Davis has done good service to his country. He is among the few officers who are always at their posts. No Brigadier-General stands fairer with his superiors, nor shares to a greater extent in the confidence of his men.

#### SECOND LIEUTENANT HALL.

Lieutenant J. M. HALL hails from the Empire State. Amid the grand and beautiful scenery of the majestic Hudson he was born and reared. No doubt but what these impressive and natural surroundings had much to do in imparting character and vigor to his versatile intellect. The least impressible are often extensively affected by these charming agencies. Consequently, the mind actively alive to the varied beauties and continued loveliness of nature can not easily escape being molded by them. From

under these benign influences, young Hall did not emerge without bearing their specific and distinguished traces.

To as lengthened and laborious a service of his country as that of most of his associates at Sumter Lieutenant Hall could not lay claim. Though only three years in the employment of his government, he displayed military talents of a very respectable order, wanting only time for their full development. His patriotism was ardent, his courage unshrinking, and his zeal inextinguishable. These traits of character stood out prominently at the siege of Sumter. To the infirmity of fear, like Lord Nelson, he was an entire stranger. He proved himself equal to his command and the great occasion that summoned him to stand by the guns of Sumter. Though holding an inferior rank, his conduct, his deeds, on those memorable and historic days, were of no inferior grade. His name and that of Sumter, with their histories, will be inseparably associated together in the annals of America and in the recollection of posterity.

#### CAPTAIN FOSTER.

New Hampshire was nobly represented, at the opening battle of this great and atrocious rebellion, in the person and deeds of Captain J. G. FOSTER. He was in command of the Engineer Corps. He must have differed widely from the Revolutionary sons of New Hampshire if he did not fill a prominent place and enact honorable deeds at the tragedy of Fort Sumter.

That he fully sustained the previously earned rep-



utation of his native State for courage, sagacity, and patriotism, his great actions throughout that awful period fully attest. He demonstrated his fitness to be one of those who stood with intrepidity betwixt our government and its fanatical destroyers. He promptly performed his whole duty, and firmly maintained his country's rights in its hour of trial, humiliation, and betrayal. Honor pointed out but one course for him to pursue, and that was, to stand or fall, live or die, with the freedom or enslavement of his native land. He preferred defeat or death beneath the "Stars and Stripes," to success beneath the "Stars and Bars." He felt that he could endure any thing better than the infamy of deserting his colors when they most needed his assistance and fidelity.

His rare devotion to his country, when defection was the rule, fidelity the exception, has carved for him a name upon the pillar of patriotic fame that will live, and favorably influence the masses, as long as patriotism finds a home in an American heart.

#### FIRST LIEUTENANT SNYDER.

Associated with Captain Foster in the Engineer Corps was G. W. SNYDER, First Lieutenant. With three others of this immortal band, he was a native of New York. He had been but five years in the military service of the United States. His brave deeds during the siege and bombardment of Sumter secured for him the most honorable mention. He laboriously aided in placing the fort in the best de-

fensible state. The Engineer Corps had much to do, and but little to do with. Yet where they lacked they created material, and, by ingenious expedients, accomplished that which was regarded difficult or impossible. Lieutenant Snyder was one of the most laborious and energetic men in the Engineer Corps.

#### SECOND LIEUTENANT MEADE.

The last in command on this illustrious and immortal list is R. K. MEADE, Second Lieutenant of the Engineer Corps. He is a son of the "Old Dominion," once so enthusiastic in her devotion to the *whole* country, but now covered over with the disgrace of the blackest treason. A few of her children, educated at West Point at the expense of the government, have remained faithful to the old flag. Among these we may place young Meade. Though we know but little or nothing of him beyond his connection with the heroes of Fort Sumter, this is sufficient to assign him an imperishable place in the catalogue of those whom the people delight to honor. With him we close our pictures of the officers of Fort Sumter.

#### THE BOYS OF SUMTER.

History furnishes no parallel to the stubborn and heroic defense of Fort Sumter. In all that imparts immortality to an event, and displays the magnitude of the human powers of endurance, the defense of Sumter stands out conspicuously and alone. Its gloomy grandeur, its stout resistance, its serene pa-

triotism, and the fierce and unflinching bravery of the whole garrison, constitute it one of the most remarkable events recorded in the annals of the whole world. Not only the officers, but the *privates*, were heroes. They manifested more than ordinary elements of character.

But *eighty* men constituted the defensive force of Sumter, but they *were* men. Of these, *fifteen* belonged to the garrison band. Yet these *eighty* men grappled *thirty-four* hours with *seven thousand* rebel soldiers and *seventeen* forts and batteries! This was more like a battle of the gods than a battle of men. The First United States Artillery must necessarily have been composed of more than ordinary men—of more than ordinary soldiers. They proved themselves capable of doing and suffering for their country to the utmost extent of human ability. Not a murmur fell from their pale, parched lips. Protracted hunger did not enfeeble their patriotism nor impair their courage, though it weakened their bodies. They endured and fought with a persistence that finds an existence only in the bravest and truest hearts. The palmiest days of ancient chivalry furnish no more illustrious examples of heroism than those furnished by this garrison. Their devotion to the old flag, beneath whose ample folds they had stood so long and patiently, was as inflexible as fate itself. There was Roman valor displayed; ay, *American* valor. From this event other nations will draw illustrations for their histories and ornaments for their literature. No more to Marathon, Plataea, Salamis, or Pharsalia will authors resort exclusively

for examples of intelligent greatness and heroic daring, or for gems with which to adorn their pages. For the future, North America will furnish most of the intellectual mines, opulent in precious ores, in which the orator, historian, and poet will delve. In our history, from the siege and bombardment of Sumter to the conclusion of the great rebellion, will be found illustrations of the best and worst—noblest and most abject—passions of the human heart. The magnanimous and loyal Lincoln will be contrasted with the selfishness, treason, and unholy ambition of Jeff. Davis. The intrepid conduct of General Rosecrans will shame the sneaking treason of General Joe Johnston, indebted to the United States for his education. And so of all the others. Then our officers and *privates* will stand out prominently in all the patriotic and martial excellencies ever distinctive of man. The great extremes occupied by the Union and rebel armies will exhibit, on the one hand, the noble light to which well-directed efforts will raise a people, and, on the other hand, the fearful depths of infamy into which their unbridled passions will lead them when permitted to have the ascendancy.

Of these patriots, of whom the best and truest may well be proud, are the well-tried "Sumter boys." Considering the great extent of their doings, the extent and severity of their sufferings, and the full proof that they have given of their loyalty, it is not to be wondered at that they should be assigned so conspicuous a place in the hearts of the American people. It is not to be wondered at that



upon them public honors have been so lavishly bestowed. It is not to be wondered at that they were greeted with tears of gratitude and received with rare cordiality when they landed at New York. They were infinitely worthy, for they were our battle-scarred heroes. They are a portion of the class of Americans to whom President Lincoln paid so pointed and valuable a compliment in his annual message to Congress. In both the War and Navy Departments desertions had been numerous among all grades of *officers*. So great was the defection among the "shoulder-strapped gentry" that it was difficult to tell whom to trust or whom to fear. Those enjoying easy berths and receiving large salaries became traitors by the score; "but," said Mr. Lincoln in the message already referred to, "in no instance, not even in Texas, when deserted, betrayed, and sold by the hoary traitor Twiggs, had a common soldier, a private in the ranks, deserted his colors!" No higher compliment could have been paid to any class of men. Not having been educated at West Point Military Academy, the hotbed of bad morals and loose principles, but taught at home by honest and loyal parents, these privates were ignorant enough to be true to their country; they did not know enough of villainy to be traitors. Such were the men intrusted with the honor of our flag—with the very life of the nation. That trust was faithfully kept—was nobly met. Had the rebellion depended upon the privates of the Federal Army it would never, *never* have had an existence. The infamy of betraying the flag, and of originat-

ing the rebellion, belongs not to the poorly-paid, badly-fed, and hard-worked privates, but to the well-paid and highly honored officers of the army!

During the bombardment of Sumter "the boys" escaped all injury, with one exception. A piece of a shell struck Sergeant Kearnan, an old veteran of the Mexican war, on the head, and felled him to the ground. Regaining his senses, he was asked if he was much hurt. "No," said he, "I was only knocked down temporarily," and resumed his duties and cheerfulness. Thus they all fortunately escaped.

To the brave "Sumter boys" we owe a deep debt of gratitude. They saved us from hopeless dishonor. They taught us how to resist insolent treason. In our grateful hearts their memories should live with perennial freshness. High upon the pyramid of fame should their names be inscribed in imperishable characters. Our gratitude to them should be as constant and as conspicuous as their services to our country have been of substantial benefit. All honor to the "Sumter boys!"

## CHAPTER IV.

## BALTIMORE.

THE swiftness with which the seceding virus spread throughout the slaveholding states was both astonishing and alarming. Defection from the Federal Government was the rule of the South, fidelity the exception. It was feared that but few, if any, would escape the ravages of this Southern plague. Upon nearly all its deforming spots could be seen, and in the majority its perverting power could be detected. Its alarming premonitory symptoms were appearing in every direction.

Even the border states, whose decided interest it was to remain faithful to the Federal Government, were seething with the foul spirit of insurrection. The events then transpiring, and the condition of things then distinctive of the Federal Government, did not in the least tend to dampen their ardor nor restrain their treasonable conduct. Its strange and stupid inactivity during the ignoble close of Buchanan's more ignoble Administration, was mistaken for the omens of cowardice or the feebleness preceding dissolution. The insurgents pretended to believe that the old government was rapidly disintegrating, and lacked the ability to prevent so sad a catastrophe. Proud and confident

of their ability to meet any emergency that might arise in the progress of the rebellion, they acted as if convinced that no effort sufficiently potent could be made to save the Union or to vindicate the government's authority over the seceded states.

Hence, they gave loose reins to their passions, while, at the same time, their insolence grew insupportable. They treated every patriot with the most galling contempt and insulting arrogance. None but ardent and blustering rebels were permitted to enter their select circles, and in none but those attired with the infamy of treason was the least confidence reposed. None were welcomed to their august assemblies but those who could pronounce the secession shibboleth.

This Southern malady daily grew into greater proportions, until it culminated in the bombardment of Sumter. The conspirators were infatuated with their inglorious success at Charleston. They promised themselves future triumphs over the loyal citizens in the coming strife, attended with as little difficulty as the taking of Sumter. They professed to believe that the people of the loyal states were cowardly and hopelessly sordid. Incapable themselves of treating an enemy with magnanimity, they mistook our forbearance for cowardice, and our efforts to conciliate as evidences of pusillanimity. They coolly closed their eyes upon the most prominent facts, and hurried to conclusions that nothing but insanity could warrant. The whole South—that portion of the Union cursed with African slavery—expecting but feeble resistance and an easy victory



over the imbecile North, glowed and fused with the most intense enthusiasm. They were in the finest spirits. They had every thing in luxuriant abundance. They could not think of ever wanting any thing in the future. The rich spoil of desolated Northern cities would afford them an endless supply of the elegancies of life. They deemed it unnecessary to enlist soldiers for a longer period than six months.\* The great future spread out before them decorated with the most bewitching colors, and lured them on with the most enchanting promises. To honor, triumph, glory, and opulence, every thing—including the Butternuts of the North—seemed to invite them. To the control of these delusions they surrendered themselves without the least reserve.

A hint from any one that serious resistance might be encountered from the North, or that they might be defeated, elicited the most incredulous sneers. An expression of the least apprehension of danger was silenced by insolent denunciation, and all ideas of fear were crushed out of the doubting by the most arrogant dogmatism. That the groveling and shrinking North should have the hardihood or effrontery to offer any serious impediments to the triumph of the chivalrous South, was regarded as most preposterous. Such a suggestion was received with the derisive laugh of the overconfident and self-sufficient foeman. It was only in the sunny South that the heroic spirit of the Revolutionary

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\* This was the policy of the rebel Secretary of War. He expected to see the North humbled or crushed within six months.

sires existed. This was forever settled. From it no one dared to recede.

Consequently, through the heated Southern brain floated the most gorgeous visions of future empire and power. These visions appeared to have an astonishing element of reality. The Southern chivalry regarded themselves the ruling *caste* of the United States. With President Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand volunteers to quell the revolted States, the grandees and public functionaries prodigiously amused themselves. Over it they were quite merry. From the bogus President to the lowest officer the jeering laugh went rapidly round. They had not the least idea that Lincoln could command the services of half so many men. They believed their cause too decidedly popular in the North to apprehend danger from a response to such a call. They looked with a kind of disdainful pity upon the efforts of the Federal Government to sustain its authority and suppress the rebellion. These polished official dignitaries contemplated its resistance to their encroachments more with contemptuous commiseration than with the deadly hatred with which they subsequently did. They regarded it so nearly extinct that it did not deserve hatred.

They expected, consequently, to occupy the Federal Capital within a month after the fall of Sumter. Of the purpose to take Washington the rebel Secretary of War publicly boasted. Jeff. Davis promised himself and supple minions the rare pleasure of chanting the *Te Deum*, as conquerors, in one of the metropolitan churches. Indeed, to accomplish this

ambitious project, at one period, he seemed to have the fairest prospects. The traitorous South had been for months, if not for years, preparing for such an achievement. To prevent its occurrence the North was almost wholly unprepared. The Federal Government had but few soldiers and few arms. The South, through the agency of the *virtuous* Floyd, had stolen the most of our arms, with most of the ordnance stores. The Capital was at the mercy of the conspirators. Ordinary enterprise would have put them in possession of it, in spite of any resistance that could have been made, a few weeks after the capture of Sumter. A few dextrous movements and a little energy would have made President Lincoln and cabinet fugitives from the seat of government, or prisoners in the hands of the insurgents. We shudder in thinking of the proximity of this catastrophe—how nearly our Capital was gone! Why they did not then take it is a problem that the future alone can solve. One thing, however, is self-evident: *God was with us.*

But the oversanguine insurgents, rendered careless by their previously uninterrupted successes, permitted the auspicious moment to pass unimproved. President Lincoln, through the activity of the loyal sons of the North, was daily deferring to a still more remote and indefinite period the capture of Washington. The loyal states were hurrying to the threatened Capital thousands of citizen soldiers. Regiment after regiment wheeled into line of battle, girdling the seat of government with gleaming bayonets. In a few days the myrmidons of Davis would

find foemen worthy of their steel, ready to receive and dispose of them. This the rebels greatly feared, and, as the narrative will show, meanly, brutally sought to prevent the resort of volunteers to Washington. The attempt, too, as will be seen, was in perfect harmony with the malignant character they had established.

One of the first states that responded, in well-equipped and well-furnished regiments, to the urgent call of the President, was old Massachusetts, the cradle of liberty and the Revolution. Her sons manifested as much eagerness to preserve our liberties unimpaired as did their fathers to secure them. The old Puritan love of freedom revived in all its youthful vigor when the sullen boom of Sumter's cannon rolled along their sea-girt shores. The old flag, insulted and dishonored by the rebels, called out the strongest expressions of attachment, and around it were thrown strong arms for its defense and vindication. Away they hurried to the scenes of danger and glory. On the 19th of April, 1861, the Sixth Regiment of the state of Massachusetts, *en route* for Washington, reached the city of Baltimore.\* Hastening on to place their bodies between the menaced Capital and the menacing conspirators, the members of this brave regiment were suddenly arrested in their movements by the traitors of the Monumental City.

Then, in the streets of Baltimore, transpired scenes

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\* This regiment was commanded by Colonel E. P. Jones, of Pepperell, Massachusetts.



sufficiently enormous to blanch with indignation every patriot's cheek, and crimson the traitor's with the deepest blush of shame. Here transpired scenes so revolting to humanity, so dishonoring to man, and so unworthy the least remains of patriotism, that the wildest excitement and profoundest consternation ensued, while men knew not what calamity would next befall them. They wrung from the wrath-paled lips of the betrayed North a universal howl of execration. Loyal men every-where, on hearing of those scandalous deeds, almost lost control of themselves. They grew furious with rage in contemplating the enormity of the crime. Its atrocity finds no parallel in the history of civilized or savage nations. The cold-blooded butcheries of the Austrian tyrant, Haynau, become respectable when compared with the butcheries of Pratt Street. None but secessionists could have become sufficiently cruel, or so lost to all sense of honor, as to perpetrate such a damning outrage. Upon the city of Baltimore, with her monuments to liberty and the champions of freedom, this murderous assault upon peaceable citizens, *in transitu*, is a bitter, biting satire of more than Juvenal severity.

These dishonoring events occurred on the anniversary of the inauguration of the sanguinary and protracted struggle for American independence. Just *eighty-six* years previously the patriot soldiers of Massachusetts were massacred in the streets of Lexington, precisely as they were murdered upon the streets of Baltimore. The blood of both parties, on both occasions, was shed by the minions of des-

potism, the heartless vampires of human freedom. These two events, giving epochs to the age in which they occurred, are equal in enormity. Between the despotisms concerned, however, there is a striking difference, but it is decidedly in England's favor. The despotism whose minions shed the blood of the patriots of *Seventy-six* is vastly more respectable than the despotism whose brutal minions shed the blood of the patriots of *Sixty-one*. The former perpetrated those crimes against humanity to defend and perpetuate an old and established form of tyranny; but the latter imbrued their hands in the best American blood to destroy one of the best governments that ever existed, and to set up a new and infamous tyranny—a tyranny to be supported by the wrecks of oppressed humanity.

For several days the city of Baltimore had been in the wildest commotion. The vile sediment of the city had risen from the bottom to the surface of society. "The human vermin, barbarous in the midst of civilization, heathen in the midst of Christianity," vegetating in the worst pollutions, living in the foul cellars and filthy garrets of Baltimore, had crept out of their horrid dens at the command of treason, and grew into terrible importance. All respect for law and order was laid aside. The lawless multitude surrendered themselves to the control of the most reckless passions. Vast and angry crowds surged and swept along the avenues of the city like the waves of the storm-tossed ocean. They were alike insensible to shame or reason. To honor and decency they were utter strangers, and of the

conduct becoming men they knew as little as the cruel Afghans know of the benign principles of Christianity.

The recent passage of a few Federal troops through the city had highly exasperated the leading secessionists of Baltimore. They had sworn to prevent its recurrence or perish in the attempt. This could be done only by violently resisting all legal, rightful authority. But for this they did not care, nor did they shrink from incurring such a fearful responsibility. Alone upon making Baltimore a stronghold of treason were they intent, and alone for this did they care. For carrying out their nefarious scheme they commanded the services of the huge and terrible mob that then held the city in awe. The leaders of this motley horde of villains had received their full instructions. The works of treason were in progress and about to culminate. The mob was in motion. A Confederate flag, the symbol of treason and piracy, carried by a secession leader, an *affiliated* "Plug-ugly," was the rallying point of the desperadoes enlisted in the service of the chivalrous conspirators. Wherever that symbol of treason waved, there centered the strength and *beauty* of secessionism. The savage yells of those who had gathered about it frightened the people, and rendered both day and night hideous. Unarmed as the patriots were, their horrid imprecations upon the Federal Government and its friends alarmed them to a considerable extent. They were helpless and in the hands of fiends. The cruel threats of those fiends compelled many worthy and loyal citizens to seek



safety in flight or in concealment. Numbers who had lived for years in affluence were necessitated, to save themselves from outrage or death, to leave their homes on foot and penniless. It was an awful period, such an one as no other city ever realized. These were Baltimore's darkest and most miserable days.

The mob, as destitute of principle as of kindness, encouraged and patronized by prominent officers and *wealthy citizens*, was in the ascendant, and had things its own way.\* Anarchy reigned in frightful mood. Terror was the prevailing emotion of every loyal citizen. They knew not at what moment they would be immolated to appease the demon of secessionism. They could not expect any mercy at the hands of the ungovernable rabble, incited to deeds of blood by their reputable employers, and urged on by those claiming high social distinction and great respectability. They knew that if their persons and property were respected it would be because of the wholesome dread that these murderers still entertained of the old government. But through the false idea that it must inevitably succumb to the Southern rebellion, this last, lingering restraint was fast fading away. With every returning hour their insolence and cruelty increased. With every recurring day they became more of secession fiends and less of loyal subjects. Their savage insubordination had reached

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\*A very respectable lady, who was living in Baltimore at the time of the slaughter of Massachusetts volunteers in her streets, states that *gentlemen* of wealth and position, who came into dinner from the riot, openly boasted of the money they had scattered among the rioters, to stimulate them to kill the defenders of their country.



its highest point. All respect for God and the rights of man had been laid aside as a great deformity—a weakness. They determined to strike quick, heavy, and indiscriminate blows for the Confederacy—for the cause of treason. They resolved to arrest in their incipient beginnings the efforts of the government at Washington to defend itself from the aggressions of treason. Those who had already gone through Baltimore to defend the Capital were only hooted, anathematized, jeered, stoned, and altogether most villainously treated. But by the advice and with the consent of the secession aristocracy of the city, the Plug-uglies and other degraded hordes determined upon adopting toward all other passing volunteers a more summary and severe process. Lincoln's recruits must be stopped at all hazards. If nothing else would turn back the patriotic tide so strongly setting in upon the Federal Capital, they *must* be massacred on the streets. The work they had undertaken had to be performed.

Such were the feelings and purposes of the secessionists and their degraded tools, when the Sixth Massachusetts arrived at Baltimore, on the 19th of April. For the last forty-eight hours the rioters had been multiplying by the thousand. They were impelled by the most unholy passions. Through the influence of artificial stimulants that *genteel* secessionists knew so well how to apply, these men were rendered frightful furies. They acted as if hell had disgorged, from its red-hot throat, its most malicious and abandoned inmates. Wild, fierce, and cruel, they seemed fair and full representatives of the new

Confederacy struggling into being amid the whirling debris of anarchy. The depot at which the Sixth landed was surrounded by this maddened, yelling multitude. Foaming and glaring tiger-like, they were preparing to spring upon their prey. The like was never seen on earth, because never had so wretched a cause demanded such wicked supporters. These were found in this mob.

As soon as the Massachusetts Sixth appeared upon the platform of the depot, they were greeted with furious howls, missiles, and the foulest epithets. Leaving the depot,\* the mob surrounded them, hurling at them scorn, taunting them with the most opprobrious names, and assailing them with brickbats and paving-stones. These outrages were patiently borne by our patriots. But that very patience greatly exasperated the mob. Its leaders earnestly sought a collision with the soldiers. Many of the assailants were armed and determined to provoke them to retaliation, to have a pretext for their wholesale slaughter. During the prevalence of this terrible storm the Sixth formed in a solid square, with its officers and the Mayor at its head, and pressed on vigorously toward the Washington depot. But while passing along Pratt Street the storm of passion broke out more violently than ever. A shower of stones, pieces of iron, brickbats, and other things, fell upon them. Numbers were severely injured,

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\* Accounts differ in regard to the numbers of the regiment that were attacked. One authority says that "but two car-loads" were assailed.

while some were felled to the ground. The secession miscreants hurriedly snatched from our fallen men their fire-arms. At this juncture a pistol-shot from a window killed one of our men. The ruffian who perpetrated this crime was immediately shot by the comrade of the fallen hero. This was the signal for the general onslaught of the rioters. They discharged their fire-arms into the midst of the crowded ranks of our troops. Up to this time our soldiers had the courage to endure all their assaults in silence and without resentment. But the attack had gone beyond the point of further endurance. They must defend themselves or be butchered in detail like cowards. Already some of their number were stricken down in death, or disabled with wounds. By the advice and with the consent of Mayor Brown, who was with them in their terrible passage, they wheeled and fired a steady volley into the ranks of the rebel assailants. Several of them fell, either killed or wounded. This appeared to rouse their fury to the highest pitch.\* Again the soldiers were fired upon by the crowd, and from the windows of dwellings. With suitable vigor the intrepid *Sixth* returned the insurgents' fire. It told severely upon the rebel horde. They were driven to this desperate mode of self-defense and self-preservation

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\*At this stage of the fight, a *gray-haired* man, in his shirt-sleeves, rushed out from his shop-door into the midst of the troops, wrested a gun from the hands of a young soldier, and killed him with the bayonet! Such was the demoniac spirit influencing the Baltimore secessionists.

by the insurgents themselves. It proved efficient. The insurgents, coward-like, could not stand this rough and energetic handling. They did not expect it. They had been taught to regard the Yankees as poltroons, whom nothing could provoke into a manly fight. They found the reverse of this to be painfully true. With *ten* of their number killed and *thirteen* wounded, the rebels were content to leave our brave men alone. The blood drawn from them so cooled their ardor and so depleted their courage, that they hurriedly fell back and followed our triumphant men at a respectful and perfectly safe distance. Thus our first victory was gained.

It is self-evident that had not the Federal soldiers defended themselves in this determined manner they would have been decimated or utterly destroyed. For so doing they deserve the highest praise, instead of severe censure. Had they tamely submitted to their murderers, as some maintain they should, they would have deserved and shared in the contempt of every patriot. They endured those outrages until they discovered that that endurance only emboldened their assailants, and that it would be death or dishonor to endure longer. They were right. They had volunteered to fight their country's enemies. Enemies more brutal, dangerous, and malignant than these could not be any-where found. To rid the country of such vermin, such foes, was doing the country one of the greatest services. As these Baltimore marauders were the avowed enemies of the government, the only fault



with which our volunteers may be charged is, that of withholding their fire so long. But they acted their difficult part in this tragedy nobly and heroically. The frightful scenes through which they there and then passed were more trying to their martial qualities than the awful carnage and fearful din of the battle-field. But their courage and patriotism were equal to the strange and trying circumstances with which they were surrounded.

At length they reached, tired, thirsty, exhausted, the Washington depot. But they had left on the way *two* killed and eight wounded, one mortally. The bloody contest between freedom and despotism—equal rights and privileged classes—was thus opened with the most gloomy auspices. The future was unusually dark and threatening, but they nerved themselves to meet that future with becoming manhood. It was clearly seen that the struggle was to be one of no ordinary intensity and bitterness, and that liberty could be sustained and perpetuated only through a desperate and bloody conflict of arms. From the contemplation of this appalling picture no patriot shrank for a moment. They were determined to boldly grapple with the waves of rebellion as they rolled, in desolation, over the land.

But the victims had not all escaped. Others were to suffer from the malignant spirit of secessionism. To the illustrious Sixth was attached a brass-band of twenty-four members. With their musical instruments they occupied a car by themselves from Philadelphia to Baltimore. By some unaccountable blunder, or through intentional malice, the car occu-

pied by the band was switched off at Canton Station. Consequently, instead of being the first to pass through, they were left in the rear of all the others. Here the musicians remained, patiently awaiting the tardy movements of the engineer and conductor. But these public functionaries never appeared. Hours passed away, yet no one came to their relief, or to give them the necessary directions.

After the repulse of the mob by the Massachusetts Sixth, many of its most ferocious members returned to the Canton depot. Here they found the members of the band, wholly unarmed and unable to make any defense. Howling like fiends from the pit, these secession demons fell upon them with a shower of stones, iron spikes, and other missiles. A number of them were severely wounded, and their instruments were bent, bruised, and rendered perfectly useless. Some of these villains leaped upon the top of the car, and, with a bar of iron, broke a hole through the roof. While this was going on, others were seeking powder with which to blow them all up together. It was a terrible ordeal. They had no means of self-defense; no help was near; their condition was unknown to their friends, and all hope of rescue deserted them. Finding that an appalling death awaited them if they remained in the car, they hurriedly leaped out amid their foes and ran for their lives with the greatest speed. Assailed by a shower of stones, they bravely fought their way through the crowd of fiends. They ran at random. Being strangers in the city, they knew not which way to go. Shelter from the bruising,

mangling missiles of their assailants was what they sought. But where to find it they knew not.

They pressed on, however, with the secession blood-hounds at their heels. Hurrying along one of the streets, a rough-looking man sprung out before them, exclaiming: "This way, boys; this way." This was the first friendly voice that they had heard since they landed. They paused not to ask questions, but unhesitatingly followed their strong, rugged guide. He conducted them up a narrow court, at the extremity of which they found an open door, through which they rushed. Here they were met by a powerful-looking woman. She grasped them by the hand, and hurried them up the stairs. The last of their number, just as he entered the passage, was knocked senseless by a stone thrown by a satellite of Jeff. Davis. He was instantly caught up by the lady who had so cordially welcomed and generously sheltered the others, and carried in her arms up to his comrades. "You are perfectly safe here, boys!" said the noble woman. She then proceeded to wash and bind up their wounds and bruises.

Having completed this generous service, she procured them an abundance of nourishment, of which they were in great need. Then she had them remove their uniforms and put on citizens' clothes. Equipped in ragged coats, torn trowsers, and blaize jackets, they started out in search of the immortal Sixth Regiment. In these citizens' clothes they were in no danger of an attack from the mob. They were perfectly disguised. Having learned the particulars of the brutal attack upon their comrades,

they returned to the house at which they had been so humanely treated. They found that their clothes and battered instruments had been carefully tied up and sent to the depot of the Philadelphia Railway. To this depot they were advised to immediately go, and get back to Philadelphia as speedily as possible. This they readily did. They felt that they could trust the good sense and take the advice of their benefactress. She had saved their lives. She had endangered herself by the rescue of strangers. She was entitled to their confidence as well as to their gratitude.

Noble woman! It was quite evident that she did not belong to the aristocracy. It was evident that contact with the vile institution of slavery had not hardened her heart, nor transformed her into a monster, as was the case with thousands of others. She belonged to the laboring class. Her heart was whole; she yet had some humanity. Again I repeat, Noble woman! Her deeds will be recorded by the side of the most heroic achievements of women. Had not these unarmed musicians found that asylum, they would have all miserably perished at the hands of the secession vandals. She and her noble husband interposed a helping hand, and generously saved them.

In Baltimore fell the first of the thousands of victims to Southern pride and Southern imbecility. Andrew Rollins and Keenan were murdered outright upon the spot. Asa Needham, Michael Green, D. B. Tyler, E. Calvin, H. W. Danforth, Wm. Patch, and three others were more or less severely wounded.



Several of these subsequently died from the injuries received. These are the noble fellows who first felt the cruel *animus* of hated secessionism. Their sad fate forcibly symbolized the mournful destiny awaiting the loyal portion of the United States if the conspirators were successful. For nothing could we hope, for every thing had we to fear, if we resisted not.

As the first sacrifice offered to the greedy Moloch of secessionism, the names of these young heroes should be chiseled high upon the Colossus of national fame. They baptized and rendered more sacred with their life-blood the cause with which they were identified and that is so dear to us. Their names stand first upon the long list of martyrs for the liberty of our country—victims of the Medusa of African slavery.

Massachusetts was not insensible of the magnitude of the event, nor indifferent to the claims of her fallen heroes upon her sympathy and public recognition. The intelligence of the brutal butchery of her children filled her with the greatest gloom, and aroused in her citizens a spirit as fearfully grand in its purposes as that which gave us the sublime history of Bunker Hill. The patriotism of the great Bay State was thoroughly set on fire by the terrible scenes of Pratt Street. With the warm, fresh blood of her murdered sons she wrote the sure destiny of the Southern Confederacy. She would not rest from her exertions until all who sympathized with the spirit that murdered her citizens were exterminated or reduced to befitting subjec-

tion. The blood of these volunteers, sprinkled over the rich soil of their native state, produced an army of giants. It was an unfortunate day's work for the rebellious South.

The state government hastened to take charge of and perform the funeral obsequies for her martyred volunteer soldiery. Governor Andrew wrote to the Mayor of Baltimore in the most touching strains, and as pathetically lamented the mournful death of these young men as if they had been his own sons. Mayor Brown was requested to take special care and preserve the bodies of the noble dead in ice, and send them forward to Boston with the greatest tenderness. Massachusetts profoundly mourned for her dead patriots, and showed her attachment to their memory and her appreciation of their valor by the magnificent manner in which she deposited them in their last resting-place. Tens of thousands honored the memory of these murdered patriots by following their bodies to their sepulcher, and mingling their tears with those of the bereaved and stricken families of which they had been members and ornaments.

One of the two patriot soldiers who fell at the hands of the secession mob of Baltimore was a fine-looking, delicately-reared, but spirited lad of about *eighteen* years. After receiving his death-wound, a noble Union lady had him carried into her superb residence. To all his wants she kindly, tenderly ministered while he lived. She did all she could to fill his mother's place, and the young hero felt the bitterness of dying from home much mitigated by

her presence, kindness, and smiles. Thus he was consoled in his last hours by her delicate attentions, and lulled into his last sleep by the sweet memories of the scenes of his childhood's home.

"What induced you, so young, so tender, so delicately reared, to leave your mother and your home?" asked the kind lady of the dying soldier.

He looked up into her face; the old fire came back for a moment into his death-dimmed eyes; the deep color returned to his pallid lips; and, raising his feeble arm, pointing to the flag that he saw, waving on an adjoining building, through the window, whispered, "The 'Stars and Stripes' brought me here!" Nobly, bravely answered! His patriotism was of the purest kind. The brave spirit of the Warrens, Putnams, and Starks animated his soul, and impelled him to the scenes of martial strife. The Stars and Stripes were the symbol of all that he held dear and desirable. He felt that his home and wealth, without freedom and honor, would be a burning curse. To aid in perpetuating that freedom, and to secure that honor, he forsook the delicacies and endearments of home and followed the flag of his country! Young as he was, no regret at his early death fell from his lips. He felt that it was glorious to die in such a cause, assailed by such enemies. Such are the men, their courage, their patriotism, and their devotion, to whom the nation intrusted its life and its honor.

Those who remained of the Sixth Massachusetts, having reached the Washington depot, entered and occupied the cars, and were soon whirling away to

the beleaguered metropolis. Thus ended this fearful tragedy. Our troops were safe, and at an early period their bayonets gleamed around the National Capital.

But quiet and security, with the escape of the Sixth, did not return to Baltimore. The city was wholly in the hands of the savage mob. It had tasted the luxury of power, and determined to enjoy its good fortune. The horrid spirit of anarchy surged through the unfortunate city like the waves of an angry sea. The numbers and violence of the secession mob continually increased. The dawn of the *twentieth* found the heaving and excited masses greatly multiplied. They were worse than ever. The taste of loyal blood on the previous day had imparted the keenest edge to their appetites. Their reckless lawlessness had grown into gigantic proportions. Yielding to their wicked impulses, they were intent upon mischief, bloodshed and pillage.

At an early hour on this morning the secessionists assembled in great numbers at Canton Station, in the suburbs of the city. Their aspect was threatening and their mien defiant. They were awaiting the train from Philadelphia, on which they expected a number of Federal soldiers. When the train arrived, on ascertaining that it carried no troops, they fired upon the engineer and detained the cars. The passengers were compelled to alight; then, entering the cars themselves, they necessitated the engineer to carry them back to Gunpowder bridge. Here they commenced the work of destruction. The bridge was immediately set on fire, and they howled



around it till nearly consumed. From thence they proceeded back to the Rush River bridge. This fine and costly structure shared the fate of the one already mentioned. From thence, with the shrieks of furies, they returned to Canton, and burned the splendid bridge at that place. To prevent Federal troops from passing through the city, they destroyed the finest improvements in its immediate neighborhood, and isolated themselves from the commercial world. But those engaged in the work of desolation had no interest in the commerce they were destroying. They were not likely, therefore, to suffer from the ills they were bringing upon the city, as they had nothing to lose.

While these things were transpiring without, events equally revolutionary in tendency, and destructive of all order, were transpiring within the Monumental City. They were preparing, under the leadership of Marshal Kane and the Police Commissioners, for darker deeds and greater villainies. From all directions secessionists were flocking into the city, and rallying beneath the secession standard. Fully armed, they entered the city in pairs, squads, and companies; as infantry and cavalry they thronged the streets of the doomed place.

But they knew not the reasons for their conduct. Consequently, they were the more dangerous, and the greater were the apprehensions of the loyal. All they knew about the matter was, that it was said Maryland was invaded by the "mercenaries of Lincoln," and that the existence and the honor of the state were alike endangered. Hence, without being

able to comprehend the situation of affairs or assign a reason for their conduct, they felt it to be their duty to stand by their commonwealth. Their lives, and especially their negroes, were believed to be in great danger. This was enough. Their hot blood was up. Their local prejudices, stronger than life and bitterer than death, held them in bondage more abject than the bondage in which they held their slaves. To the blind control of these prejudices they fully surrendered themselves. They were dangerous in proportion to their unreasoning ignorance and the strength of their peculiar notions. From their presence the worst was to be apprehended. Designated by secession badges upon their breasts, there was no mistaking the *animus* with which they were filled and by which they were impelled. Eager to display their courage, they brandished their guns, pistols, and knives in the faces of the people.

Night now curtained in a vast, angry, and unmanageable multitude. It proved a period of intense anxiety. It was feared that, taking advantage of the darkness, the unscrupulous, poor, and rapacious thousands composing the mob would unbridle their passions and indulge them at the expense of the quiet and loyal citizens, that the city would be fired, and that indiscriminate robbery would be committed. But, fortunately for Baltimore, there was a sufficient number from the country, vastly above the commission of such deeds of rapine, to restrain the more unprincipled and turbulent. Thus special acts of crime were prevented.

That night of horror at length ended. The dark

covering for the deeds of villainy had disappeared. The light of the *twenty-first* revealed the city still in the possession of the secession mob. Its numbers had been augmented during the night. The excitement had risen to an unparalleled high. The respectable leaders of the mob, to be seen only in the background of the picture, employed every means to stimulate the fiery natures of the marauders. In the hands of nearly all secessionists deadly weapons were to be seen. They were armed as if about to be assailed by hordes of barbarians. Yet they were the only barbarians to be feared. All the buildings along the railways were supplied with muskets, pistols, and even small cannon.

How these arms had been secured, or where they came from, occasioned the greatest wonder to the loyal people. But subsequent events clearly solved the problem. For such an event the leading secessionists had been preparing for months. At their head was Mr. Kane, Marshal of the city and head of the police. He employed his great office to advance the insurgent cause, and degraded himself into a drudge of the South. He industriously accumulated arms and ammunition to be employed against the Federal Government.\* He was deeply

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\* Marshal Kane occupied the City Hall as his office as Marshal of Police. After our troops took the city they examined this building and found deposited in it the following articles:

Two six-pound iron guns, two four-pound iron guns, one-half tun assorted shot, one-half keg shot for steam-gun, one hundred and twenty flint-muskets, forty-six rifles, three double-barreled shot-guns, eight single-barreled shot-guns, nine horse-pistols, sixty-five small

involved in the revolt of Baltimore. Few darker, more malignant, and more unscrupulous men have appeared upon the surface of society during our national troubles than Mr. Kane. He was the guiltiest of the guilty—the worst of the many bad, bold men identified with the Southern rebellion. In the estimation of the loyal he was the most odious of men.\*

The Sabbath morning was employed in enlisting, organizing, and drilling companies, to be hurled against the troops of the Federal Government. While this was taking place the crowd grew denser and the excitement ran higher than ever. Its intensity swept every thing before it.

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pistols, one hundred and thirty-two bullet-molds, eight dirk-knives, five swords, eight kettle-drums, one lot of screw-drivers, twelve old muskets, twenty-five Minie muskets, forty-six Hall's carbines, forty-eight thousand percussion-caps, and thousands of cartridges, with other things essential to the outfit of an army. Many of these things were labeled, "From Fort Sumter to Col. Kane." The best of these arms and some of the ammunition were recognized as part of those taken from the baggage-car of the Sixth Massachusetts on the 19th of April.

\* The following incident will illustrate this: General Cadwallader was passing through the camp, at Fort McHenry, arm in arm with the traitor, Marshal Kane. As they passed a squad of the Third Battalion of Massachusetts Infantry, Orderly-Sergeant Starr called out, "Three cheers for the General, but none for Kane!" The General demanded, "Who did that?" To this inquiry Sergeant Starr responded promptly. Then General Cadwallader asked if there were any others in the squad who indorsed the call, when every man stepped to the front! General Cadwallader had Starr arrested, but was compelled, by the popular indignation that the deed excited, to release him. The boys of Massachusetts remembered the 19th of April and Kane's infamy.



The secessionists expected that the New York Seventh, a brave, superb, and splendid regiment, that was on its way to Washington, would attempt to pass through the city on that day. Its appearance was awaited with the most savage impatience. The spirit of lawless secessionism had grown to be so fierce, confident, and insolent, that had the Seventh attempted to pass through Baltimore, it would have been assailed on every hand, from every direction, and by every species of weapon. It would have been girdled with a terrible fire. But it would have cut its way through, and piled up the rebel dead upon the streets by scores. It was amply prepared to grapple with a force vastly larger than itself. It was excellently drilled; it was composed of the best and bravest men from the great city of New York. It would have gone through, or left every one of its members dead upon the streets of the city. The frantic, undisciplined horde of secessionists knew this, yet it proposed attacking the formidable Seventh upon its arrival. The mob hoped to crush it by the sheer weight of numbers. Hence, these demons in human form impatiently awaited the news of the arrival of this bold and fearless regiment. Fortunately for Baltimore, it was ordered by the way of Annapolis.

As these secession malignants had cut the wire of the telegraph to New York, they knew but little of what was transpiring in the outer world. This fact, with the exaggerated rumors that floated from lip to lip, almost maddened them. The uncertainty with which every thing outside of the city was

enshrouded imparted to them their fiercest impulses. They imagined a thousand things that had no existence but in their excited minds. They were swayed by the creations of their own fancies to a greater extent than by the events occurring about them.

The police deeply sympathized with the secession rioters. Indeed, they formed a prominent part of the disorderly masses. Kane would do nothing to allay the storm, but every thing to foment it. He publicly expressed his sympathy with the rebels, and openly avowed his purpose to advance their interests. Thus the great mob had all the authority for its conduct that it wanted. The police and the chief of police were with it.

Despairing of rescuing the city from the hands of the mob while there was reason to expect the passage of Federal troops through it, Mayor Brown and a committee of citizens left Baltimore for Washington, in the midst of the wildest tumult. They immediately called upon and had an interview with the President. They urged him to select some other route for the transportation of troops to the Capital. After mature reflection, Mr. Lincoln agreed that, for the present, no more troops should pass through the city, though he positively refused to relinquish his right to do so whenever he thought it best.

While these important negotiations were pending in Washington, the mob was carrying every thing with a high hand in Baltimore. Intelligence reached the city that three thousand Pennsylvania troops were at Pikeville, fifteen miles off, and that they

were going to pass through the city on their way to Washington. This intelligence stirred the foul masses to the utmost depth. The city presented a scene as wild, frightful, and tumultuous as if being sacked by a victorious army. Under the direction of Marshal Kane hundreds were sent out to meet and repel the "Lincoln invaders." On horseback, in wagons, in carriages, and on foot, the belligerents pressed out upon Pikeville and the obnoxious three thousand. On arriving at Pikeville they found that the disturbing element had gone—their victims had once more eluded their vigilance, and escaped the terrible death with which they were threatened. This anomalous state of things was explained by a dispatch from Mayor Brown in Washington to Marshal Kane in Baltimore. To spare needless bloodshed, and to save the city from ruin, the President had ordered the three thousand back to Harrisburg. This, with the agreement that no other troops would, for the present, be carried through Baltimore, left the mob without an excuse for its continuance, and stripped it of its source of power. The excitement began immediately to subside. As there was now no fuel to feed the fire, the flames naturally died out. A comparative calm immediately followed the great storm that rocked the city to its very center.

The prudence, foresight, and magnanimity of Mr. Lincoln saved the city from a fate, the contemplation of which induces a shudder, and the people from inevitable ruin. It necessarily required a great effort on his part to consent to have his authority

ignored and trampled on while attempting to save the government with which he had been intrusted. But the effort, however galling to the feelings of the Chief Magistrate, was put forth in a manly way. Nor did he suffer in the confidence of the people by the act. He could await his time to curb the restless and malignant spirits of Baltimore. Though he relinquished the route through Baltimore, he did not relinquish his design of placing the Capital of the nation upon a secure war footing. Troops were rapidly collected about Washington, and the purposes of the secessionists were frustrated and their plans defeated. The President's self-denial has borne ample fruit of the most agreeable character. Maryland has been kept in the Union, and has nobly aided in the work of suppressing the rebellion. Had harsh measures been adopted, as at one time seemed probable, she would have been lost to us, and utterly ruined by being made the theater of war. To the noble forbearance of Mr. Lincoln is she indebted for her security and prosperity. Though the surrender of the right of the nation to pass through one of her cities cost him much, yet his conduct in that critical hour will be regarded as the most magnanimous of his whole life, and remembered with affectionate gratitude. He spoke to the storm, and it was hushed into quiet. He temporarily relinquished a single right, and thus saved many others to the whole future.

The mob that had ruled in and came near ruining Baltimore had distinguished indorsers. From prominent official and aristocratic citizens, with greater



secession proclivities than courage, these worse than homicides received efficient aid and comfort. For their atrocious work they were warmly eulogized and liberally compensated. These refined and dastardly traitors would not murder Federal soldiers themselves, but they rewarded and protected those who did. The *former* were the real murderers, the villainous instigators of the crime; the *latter*, their tools, ready to serve any master who paid them well. From the deep, damning guilt of these infamous deeds never will those proud, fierce, soft-handed, and hard-hearted men escape. It will cling to them like a haunting specter—like a threatening ghost. That which aggravates the offense to the greatest extent is, the most loyal and innocent were the greatest sufferers. Baltimore may again grow prosperous in commerce, and finally become great in wealth and intelligence, but, nevertheless, the inflexible finger of History will point her out as the only city in which the patriots of *Sixty-one* were massacred. She never can wholly recover from the odium of murdering, in cold blood, the defenders of our only hope, the Union.

Of Baltimore patriots can never think as favorably as they did before the occurrence of that horrid event. They see the bleeding, mangled, and insulted bodies of their brethren surrounded by an unpitying, jeering, and yelling mob of Baltimore citizens. This dishonoring and frightful picture can not be concealed nor obliterated. A few Northern things, such as the infamous Vallandigham, the traitorous Pendleton, and the dirt-eating Cox, the persistent wooers

of the Southern Duleinea, may contemplate the tragedy of Pratt Street with indifference, or even with agreeable emotions, but it is the reverse of this with every *man* and every patriot. The fierce exasperation produced by the reign of terror in the Monumental City will not wholly subside for years. It transformed citizens into avenging soldiers by the thousand. After the events of the 19th of April, Pennsylvania herself offered more than the number of volunteers called for by the President. More than a million of men sprang to arms, ready to march upon Baltimore and lay her in ashes. This was not to be wondered at. The crime of which she was guilty was of such unparalleled turpitude, and of such appalling proportions, that the most stolid could not contemplate it without experiencing the deepest and most varied emotions. It is not to be wondered at that the rallying cry for a while was, "Through Baltimore, or over Baltimore!"\*

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\* This feeling is forcibly represented by the following scene said to have taken place in New York:

Colonel Wilson's "Union Battalion of Zouaves" met in Tammany Hall. Of the battalion there were 861 men present. The men were ranged round the hall three deep, with Colonel Wilson and the officers in the center of the room. They were armed with long knives, revolvers, and Minie rifles. Colonel Wilson, with a drawn saber in one hand and the American flag in the other, addressed his men amid deafening cheers. Then he called upon all to kneel and swear with him. After administering the oath of fidelity, he said that he would lead them through Baltimore, and that they would march through it or die. At this they all arose with a tremendous yell, flung up their hats, and brandished their glittering knives amid prolonged and frantic cheers. He then denounced death to Baltimore traitors and Plug-uglies, and said they would leave a monument of

The indignant masses could hardly be restrained from taking signal vengeance, at once, upon the blood-stained city. But soon the better feelings of their natures gained the ascendancy, and conducted them to more rational and humane conclusions. They knew that the secessionists were alone guilty of shedding innocent blood, and that the majority of her citizens were loyal to the Federal Government and true to freedom, but that they had been, for the time being, overpowered by the mob that treason had called into being. They pitied the many loyal who had been involved in such guilt by the folly and wickedness of the disloyal few. The storm of indignation swept harmlessly by, succeeded by the profoundest grief for the victims of secession cruelty.

The loyal people of the North beheld, with alarm, the existence of such a nefarious spirit in the insurgents as the sanguinary events of the 19th of April, and kindred days in Baltimore, exhibited. They were not long in arriving at the conclusion that the rebellion must be immediately crushed out, or that they must forever bid adieu to the inheritance secured to them by the blood of their ancestors. There was no hesitancy in regard to the course to

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their bones in the streets of Baltimore. Amid yells of "Death to Plug-uglies!" he illustrated with his sword how they would hew their way, and said, though he should be the first one slain, he had but one thing to ask—that his men should secure his name and avenge his blood. He asked them to swear that they would do this, and as the Colonel moved around, shouting to them to swear, they responded, "Blood," "blood," "blood," and, "We swear." It was both a grand and terrible scene.

be pursued. They vastly preferred the loss of their lives and their property to the loss of their liberty.

Throughout that fearful week the insurgent flag waved over and disfigured the dishonored city. But these flags became eloquent champions against the treason of which they were the offensive symbol. The infamy of their presence became insupportable to the loyal citizens. They determined to trail them in the dust.

But while these citizens were gathering strength for the struggle with treason that was being inaugurated, and were accumulating arms and ammunition, the great General Butler, at the head of a thousand brave men, in the deepening twilight of the closing day, unexpectedly marched into the heart of the city and took her government into his own hands. By neither party was General Butler expected. The secessionists were taken wholly by surprise. They were overwhelmed with consternation. They knew that the awful day of reckoning had come. They were not ignorant of his inflexible severity. What could they do? They were disorganized, and the most of them were quietly enjoying the fruits of their plundering. Resistance was out of the question, while submission was utter ruin. The bold and insolent rebel was suddenly changed into a cringing and sneaking coward, alone anxious to save his neck from the halter he had placed around it.

General Butler was master of the city in an hour after he had entered it. It was a bold adventure with only a handful of troops, but entire success

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vindicates it from the charge of hardihood. The rebel triumph was short-lived. The symbol of treason quickly disappeared from the whole city, and the good old flag resumed its accustomed place in the city of Baltimore. When given to the breeze its appearance was hailed with shouts and tears. The rebel efforts to secure the control of Baltimore and its commercial advantages proved the death of secessionism in Baltimore. Since then the powerful hand of the Federal Government, on the ruin of which the rebels had been congratulating themselves, and that, in its supposed weakness, they had treated with so much contempt, has kept the monster down. Baltimore soon became a loyal city, with the exception of the wealthy, foolish, and ignorant few. Her citizens are perfectly satisfied with their experience of the few days of rebel rule. They are perfectly contented to remain under the sheltering folds of the Stars and Stripes. To General Butler, more than to all others, are we indebted for the present *status* of Baltimore.

## CHAPTER V.

## ELLSWORTH.

NOTHING seems truer than that "death loves a shining mark." Though none are spared, or wholly escape its ravages, yet the most gifted often fall the earliest, and those who bid fair for useful lives droop the soonest. To us this is inscrutably mysterious. Like the best and most delicately flavored fruit, the first matured, the most talented are frequently the speediest in making the circle of human life. Often the most gifted, the most patriotic, and the most chivalrous are nipped by the frost of death just as they appear to enter upon a successful and distinguished career. The instructive and elegant writer is the first of his class to lay down his pen forever. The eloquent statesman, true to his constituents and devoted to the weal of his country, vacates his seat in the legislative halls when his country most needs his service. The drone and the demagogue remain, feeding, vampire-like, upon the national treasury, until they grow gray with years, and notorious for greediness. The brave and fearless soldier upon the field of battle is generally the first to fall, because foremost in assailing the enemy. Such a soldier was the subject of this paper. Colonel Ellsworth had hardly attained to his majority when he went down at the head of his regiment.

Colonel ELMER E. ELLSWORTH, a citizen of the State of New York, was born in Mechanicsville, April 23, 1837, of poor but respectable parents. Unable to give him wealth, they bequeathed to him that which was infinitely better. They diligently instilled into his young mind the truest and most manly sentiments, and deposited in his heart germs of the most manly principles. This was the most valuable of legacies—vastly better than gold or silver. They prepared him to successfully play his part of the life-drama in this great, cold, heartless, and fickle world. They taught him how to avoid the breakers of Scylla and the rocks of Charybdis. To his future the lessons of his parents were every thing.

Of the early years of this distinguished young man comparatively little is known. Yet it is certain that in these budding seasons the full foundation of his subsequently developed powers was laid. In this fresh and vigorous period the seeds of truth were sown that yielded so superior a harvest. That these early, important, and shaping years were not lost nor thrown away, as is too often the case, there can be no doubt. He was under the guidance and shared in the solicitude of a mother all alive to the upright conduct and success of his future.\* From under her

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\* He held his last interview with his parents at the Astor House, just before leaving with his regiment for Washington. It was a touching scene.

"I hope God will take care of you, Elmer," said his mother, as she pressed him to her heart for the last time.

"He will take care of me, mother," the Colonel replied. "He has led me in this work, and he will take care of me."

powerful and molding hand he could not have come without receiving profound and salutary impressions.

At a suitable age he was sent to the common school of the district in which his parents resided. This was the only school to which he was sent. It was, however, the best of its class. Here the primary branches of an English education were taught. From it young Elmer emerged to launch out upon the active and busy world. His student days were ended thus early, but not the progress of his education. This rapidly went on.

While attending this school he did not rise above his associates of ordinary ability. He did not distinguish himself by hastily mastering his lessons or outstripping his classmates. In the ordinary routine of study he plodded slowly, surely, and contentedly along. What he then learned was durably retained, and proved of the greatest utility to him in after years. It gave him a fulcrum on which to place his lever.

But there were noble things, honorable and excellent deeds, for which he was distinguished quite early in life. To his parents' control he was submissive to a most notable and commendable extent, while under their roof, and ever afterward he reverentially listened to their counsels. His bold and adventurous spirit never betrayed him into the least insubordination or insolence. So hearty and cordial was his acquiescence in the parental sway, that the good and discerning regarded it as portending an illustrious career. So true is it that submission to parental control precedes all success in



life, it is not strange that those who knew him should so regard this distinguishing trait of character. The blighting mildew of Heaven rests upon the insolent, insubordinate, and unloving son.

At an early period he became a voracious reader. While other boys of his own age were squandering much of their time in worse than idle amusements, young Ellsworth would be found poring over the pages of some instructive history. With the greatest avidity and the highest pleasure he perused all the books he could command relating to wars, insurrections, revolutions, and kindred subjects. He never wearied of such labor. His zeal in the pursuit of knowledge was quenchless, and his ardor irrepressible. Even at this period he moved along as a conqueror. In this way he stored away in his capacious mind that knowledge which was of the greatest value to him in the line of duty to which he was subsequently called. It proved to be his burnished armor in the great conflict of life. He always wore it with unsullied beauty.

A little later in life he became passionately fond of athletic games and amusements. With the agility of the leopard, he possessed great muscular strength. His body was of faultless symmetry, and of an excellent hight. Its evident structure, his every movement, and the acuteness of his sensibilities, conclusively demonstrated that he was designed for a life of vigorous activity. Indeed, all his tastes ran in this direction, and he was most at home in that where he could be most active. At this period he fully surrendered himself to the custody and control

of his natural aptitudes, and was never more delighted than when engaged in sports or games requiring a quick eye and a supple limb. In these exercises he far outstripped all his associates, which gave him a marked ascendancy over them. While these health-giving amusements kept him from being drawn into practices "that drown men's souls in perdition," they also developed his physical capabilities to the greatest extent. In this manner he acquired the ability to endure that beneath which many others would have sunk down exhausted. Ordinarily to fatigue he was an entire stranger. Like the charity scholar of Brienne, he continued fresh and vigorous while his companions in effort were panting from fatigue and exhaustion. Thus nature, as if predetermined to place him in a commanding and responsible station in the unknown future, requiring the most masterly powers, was preparing the young athlete for the great struggle in the presence of a gazing world, before which he was so soon called to appear.

Like all truly noble minds, he always espoused the cause of the weak and oppressed. His manly, frank, and generous nature would not suffer him to coldly look on when the feeble were abused. In all instances, and on all such occasions, he proved himself the champion of right and humanity. It is the cowardly alone who bully and outrage the weaker party. The man of true courage, like young Elmer, scorns the perpetration of so mean an act. With the deepest loathing Ellsworth turned away from such as would stoop to the commission of so das-

tardly a deed. He inaugurated his generous career by placing himself between the brutal school-bully and the timid, shrinking scholar. This was an excellent work. From this auspicious beginning he never swerved for a moment throughout his eventful life. From his benignant countenance the despairing drew the inspiration of hope, and the tenderness that beamed from his mild blue eye kindled confidence in the sinking soul. The clouds of discontent were scattered by the wave of his genial hand.

As his parents were in but moderate circumstances he determined to take care of himself at a period when most young men have not thought of such a thing, and when but few are preparing for it. As his proud, independent nature could not brook the idea of an indebtedness to others for the comforts of life, he resolved to supply his own necessities, and shape his own destiny. This brave act was in perfect accordance with the brave and magnanimous deeds of an entire lifetime. Had he, at this early period, sunk into the indolence of a dependent, the picture of such mental and moral splendor, executed by himself soon after the inauguration of the rebellion, would be wholly wanting in the national picture-gallery. But he launched out upon the turbid and agitated life-stream, and the picture is there.

Having acted for a short time as clerk in a dry-goods store, he selected the art of *printing* for his future vocation. For this purpose he entered a printing establishment in Boston, the old Puritan city. Here he pursued his business with his usual ardor and avidity. In this employment he found

the means for developing both his mechanical skill and mental powers. No means at all calculated to fit him for the great contest upon which he was about entering were neglected. To become opulent in knowledge and benevolent acts seemed the height of his ambition.

Having labored for some time in Boston, westward he bent his buoyant steps. In the great West a wider and more inviting field for the employment of his rare powers presented itself to his enthusiastic mind. With a light and cheerful heart he entered upon the prosecution of his mission to the Western people. As a printer he toiled on until a more important, useful, and congenial channel of human activities opened up before him.

Conscious that his present pursuits repressed his ardor, and hampered the development of his tastes, he sought a position in the Regular Army. He had keen military tastes, strong military talents, and powerful military aspirations. A soldier was his *beau idéal* of a man, and to be a successful soldier in the defense and support of a republic was, in his estimation, the acme of felicity. He intensely desired to secure distinction as a patriot. He felt that for no profession was he so well qualified by natural endowments and inclination as for the profession of arms, and that in no way could he serve his beloved country so well as when in the army.

For the realization of his manly aspirations he applied to the War Department, but he applied in vain. It was a most unfortunate period in which to prefer such a request. Profound peace prevailed at



home and abroad. For an increase of officers no special necessity existed. Besides this, the favorite South could furnish more than a sufficient supply for this department. But as Ellsworth could be of no use to politicians or political aspirants, and as he lacked powerful friends, as well as wealth, to impart character and give emphasis to his petition, he failed to be admitted into the army. The most formidable difficulties lay in his way and around him. Almost any other man would have dismissed the subject forever from his mind. But young Ellsworth did not so act. He carefully measured his difficulties, and determined to remove them one by one till all were gone, if it required years to complete the task. Though he ceased to apply for the situation, he labored to be worthy of it, and to make friends by a manly course of conduct sufficiently powerful to secure him the distinction after which he was in pursuit.

As a temporary barrier separated him from his darling profession, he commenced the study of law at Chicago.\* In this effort to rise above his lowly condition, he was so fortunate as to secure the instruction of one of the most distinguished lawyers of the city, if not of the entire West. He set about

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\* This portion of Ellsworth's life "was a miracle of endurance and fortitude. He read law with great assiduity, and supported himself by copying in the hours that should have been devoted to recreation. He had no pastimes and very few friends. Not a soul, besides himself and the baker who gave him his daily loaf, knew how he was living. During all that time he never slept in a bed—never ate with his friends at a social board."—*Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1861.

the prosecution of his legal studies with the greatest vigor. Dry, difficult, and patience-trying as the study was, he pressed on in it with all the fervent enthusiasm of an ardent and intrepid nature. His fiery energy readily carried him through its most intricate parts. He did not pause to bemoan the severity of his task; but, ascertaining its nature and extent, he pushed through it with the force of an all-conquering will. On no occasion, and for no pretext, would he permit other things to divert his mind from his legal studies. The great secret of his marvelous success, as it is the secret of the success of all great men, was, he did with all his might whatever his hands found to do. He knew how to persevere until actual success crowned his honest efforts.

Eventually becoming identified with and the head of a local military organization in Chicago, he engaged once more in the study of military tactics. No employment was more congenial to his nature and more agreeable to his tastes than this. He was a soldier by intuition, as Benjamin West was an artist. Circumstances favoring it, Ellsworth could no more avoid being a soldier than young West could refrain from painting in his father's garret, after being supplied with all the appliances of his beautiful art.

While in this company Ellsworth's military tastes and aptitudes were greatly strengthened and extensively developed. He succeeded where others would have failed under similar circumstances. He became a thoroughly disciplined, a well-drilled soldier. He took the greatest pleasure in being exact and

expert in his military evolutions. He soon distanced all his associates. He was the first in military knowledge in the city. He labored and studied with the assiduity of one who had presentiments of the future demands to be made upon such attainments. To a leadership in these things he was unanimously assigned. To his guidance all who had the least aspiration after military accomplishments readily submitted themselves. Thus he was gradually gaining the position for which nature had so amply endowed him.

During this period of incipient soldiering, Ellsworth conceived the grand idea of forming a Zouave company, after the original Algerian Zouaves.\* Preparatory to the reduction of this novel conception to practice, he prepared himself for the work by the careful and thorough study of the Zouave tactics. Unaided by a living preceptor, he found it a Herculean task, but he performed it. That which rendered the labor of preparation the more arduous and perplexing was the work of remodeling and adapting the manual to our state of society. By his hand the Zouave drill was modernized and improved. He was not simply an imitator, but an originator. Prepared to carry out his favorite project in a creditable manner, he raised a Zouave company without difficulty. To the drilling and disciplining of this company he marshaled all his powers and gave his undivided attention.

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\* Ellsworth organized the United States Zouave Cadets in Chicago on the 4th of May, 1859.

Having completed the drill of the original company in the Algerine tactics, he enlarged it by numerous additional recruits. His solicitude for the discipline of the new members of the company was as intense as ever. He brooked no restraint, succumbed to no difficulties, and yielded to no impediments while prosecuting this great work. At length he was satisfied with his achievements as a tactician.\* With the most agreeable emotions he contemplated the superstructure that rose into beautiful being under his skillful hands. In the grandest proportions before him stood the monument of his military genius and industry. He reared it by the dint of ceaseless toil. It had gone up slowly, but surely. His Zouave battalion was perfect in the Zouave drill. To the rare credit of making and commanding finished soldiers he could justly lay claim. His battalion was an honor to any place. This the citizens of Chicago deeply felt. To Captain Ellsworth they were grateful for furnishing such an ornament to their city. Of this worthy feeling they furnished many striking and distinct indications. They were justly proud of their Zouaves. The precision distinguishing their evolutions,

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\* "He drilled these young men for about a year at short intervals. His discipline was very severe and rigid. Added to the punctilio of the martinet was the rigor of the moralist. The slightest exhibition of intemperance or licentiousness was punished by instant degradation and expulsion. He struck from the rolls at one time *twelve* of his best men for breaking the rule of total abstinence. His moral power over them was perfect and absolute. I believe any one of them would have died for him."—*An intimate friend of Chicago.*



the unusual flexibility characterizing their movements, the skill with which they handled their arms, the intricacy of their drill, with the wonderful completeness of the whole, surprised the most stolid, and drew from the masses the most enthusiastic laudations. To Chicago Captain Ellsworth presented a military organization of which her citizens had no reason to be ashamed, nor for whom they had to apologize.

But this was not the end of this Zouave company. Its fame and the fame of its skillful and intrepid chieftain had spread throughout the whole United States. With simply hearing of their wonderful exploits and remarkable adroitness the people were by no means satisfied. They asked to see for themselves. They sought to derive both pleasure and profit from the achievements of this military prodigy, and to award him the applause justly his due.\*

In response to the urgent calls from abroad, Captain Ellsworth, little more than a beardless stripling, instead of a gruff, stern, severe, and aged tactician, as many thought, in triumph traversed the whole country, exhibiting the drill and tactics of his Zouaves in most of the principal cities in the North, East, and West.† His progress through the country was a perfect ovation. Wherever he and his company appeared the greatest enthusiasm prevailed.

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\* At the United States Agricultural Fair Ellsworth's company of Zouaves took the premium colors.

† "The unique and jaunty dress of the Chicagoans, their quick and strange evolutions, their masterly precision and unanimity of

Every body was pleased—all were delighted. So great and general excitement had not been created for many years. Had they been conquerors from the field of martial glory, returning to their homes, they could not have produced a greater commotion nor secured greater applause. The like had never been seen. They were welcomed by the wild shouts of the men, and greeted by the smiles of the fair ones wherever they appeared. Their performances were regarded wonderful, and the perfection of their drill exceeded any thing of which they had ever dreamed. In their whole track they left the people stirred to the profoundest depth and mad with military zeal. This was the great forerunner of the martial fires that subsequent events kindled upon the altars of the entire nation.

In winding up their interesting tour of exhibition they performed at the "White House," to the great delight of President Buchanan, the government officials, and the *elite* of Washington. From the gay Capital of the Federal Government they returned to Chicago, delighted, renowned, and covered with martial glory!

In this remarkable trip with his Zouaves through our principal cities, his capacity for command, his

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drill, attracted general admiration from the public, and won golden opinions for Colonel Ellsworth."—*A New York Journal*.

Escorted from New York to *West Point*, they gave an exhibition of their skill before Governor Banks, *Jeff. Davis*, and *Colonel Hardee*. The journal already quoted from says, "Colonel Ellsworth's name will go down to posterity as the *founder*, in this country, of the popular Zouave drill."

self-possession, his personal courage and dignity were displayed on a wide and grand scale. His acquisition of a national military reputation in times of profound peace, without having ever seen our Military Academy, while both young and obscure, singles him out from among the masses as an extraordinary young man. Such was the conviction of all who knew him. In his tour through the states he had left a deep and ineffaceable impression upon the minds of the people.

From this military tour there emanated permanently beneficial results. So many years of uninterrupted peace had made us an unmilitary people. Hardly an active patron of the art of Mars was to be found in the whole land. Even the ordinary state militia parades had been discontinued as an annoying custom. We were accustomed to dream of perpetual peace. War in this rich and happy land was deemed utterly impossible. It was confidently asserted that the temple of Janus would never be opened in America. Yet at this very time the storm of secessionism, soon to burst upon the people like a clap of thunder in a clear sky, was gathering up its energies for the terrible conflict. The people needed just such an awakening as that given them by Captain Ellsworth's military exhibition. The new condition of things about to transpire, and their safety from the demon of treason, required a stimulus of this energetic character. Young men could easily be found that had never witnessed a military movement or military pageant of any kind. All were alike ignorant of military

tactics. The hot pursuit of wealth and political distinction led the citizens to ignore their utility. As the result of this state of things, no people could have been less prepared for an emergency calling for the use of arms than were the citizens of the free states.

But the passage of Captain Ellsworth through our midst opened up a new era among us. The military ardor of the people was aroused, and their martial fires kindled anew. Companies of Zouaves were immediately formed in all the principal cities of the whole country. With Captain Ellsworth an extensive correspondence was kept up from various portions of the country. To all who applied to him he furnished the basis of drill and organization. Within a few months the martial spirit of people arose a hundred *per cent.* above what it had been for years. In all conscience, we were badly enough off at the beginning of the Southern rebellion; but had it not been for the salutary effects of the labors of Captain Ellsworth we would have been comparatively helpless and at the mercy of the conspirators. But the effects of his blazing flight through the land was the formation of *nuclei* of disciplined troops, around which rallied the patriots of the country, eventuating in one of the most formidable armies that ever fought a battle or vanquished an enemy.

Immediately subsequent to this tour, Captain Ellsworth resumed the study of law in the office and under the supervision of Abraham Lincoln, of Springfield, Illinois. For the young student this



was a most fortunate event. At this time Mr. Lincoln was but little known beyond the limits of his Congressional District, of which he was once the Representative in Washington. But those who knew him intimately knew him to be a man of superior abilities, and a lawyer of more than ordinary attainments. Shrewd, eloquent, *honest*, and clear-headed, to confuse or defeat him was one of the most difficult tasks falling to the lot of man. This fact many learned amid a state of things that will not permit them to easily forget the lesson. Mr. Lincoln was as much distinguished for his inflexible integrity, as he was for his great self-possession and amiability. Moral propriety was his guiding star, and in the path penciled out by its light he ever walked. In rich abundance he inherited the rare faculty of shaping the emotions and controlling the convictions of the masses. He was a natural, competent, and reliable leader. In whatever he engaged he was generally successful. To the control of his great abilities men readily consigned themselves, just as the people confided to him the keeping of their country. He who rose, by his own unaided efforts, from the lowliest condition of life to the Presidency of this great country, was certainly capable of helping others up the steep of life.

Under the tuition and guidance of such a man Ellsworth placed himself with the most sublime confidence. From such a relation with such a genius he could not but be greatly benefited. Of Mr. Lincoln becoming President of the United States he did not even dream when he entered his office as a stu-

dent of law. The future greatness of his generous patron had nothing to do with the seeking of his instruction and friendship. But as subsequent events have shown, Ellsworth could not have placed himself in a better situation to secure the assistance required for the ultimate attainment of his great object. He shared in the instruction, and secured by his virtuous life the friendship and esteem of one who had the will, and subsequently acquired the power, to aid him to the fullest extent of his laudable aspirations.

While in Mr. Lincoln's office Captain Ellsworth distinguished himself for his patient industry and close application. His whole deportment was admirable and highly gratifying to his generous preceptor. He rapidly won upon his regards, and Mr. Lincoln took the liveliest interest in all his affairs. The prospective President beheld in the stripling student the material for an efficient and powerful public functionary. He busied himself in projecting schemes for Ellsworth's advancement, and resolved upon his promotion to some suitable station if within the range of his ability.

Captain Ellsworth continued in Mr. Lincoln's office until after the Presidential election. Then, having completed the usual course of reading, he passed a very creditable examination, and was formally admitted to the bar for the practice of law.

During this period of preparation for the legal profession, Ellsworth, instead of squandering his spare hours in dissipation, or prostituting his rare powers to the gratification of his passions, kept those

passions under, and redeemed his moments of leisure and relaxation in writing out a theory of military organization for the whole country. This was a stupendous work. Discriminating and careful beyond his years, for his country's security he engaged in the prosecution of a work, about which young men rarely think, much less attempt to bring it about. Captain Ellsworth had the gravity and mental maturity to be found generally among those of riper years. With a wonderful self-forgetfulness he devoted himself to the advancement of that which was national, grand, and valuable. The work was well done. He wrote with ease, elegance, and perspicuity. Taking into the account his limited educational facilities, the distinctness, force, and compact brevity of his language are something wonderful. His utterances are the pure, beaten gold. He explains and illustrates the evolutions of infantry, artillery, or cavalry in words as clear, pointed, and forcible as the most accomplished writer.

He had hoped to complete his theory and bring it before the War Department for its action. But in this he was destined to disappointment, as in other expectations. The work still remains in an unfinished state, a monument of the genius of its author.

His intimate relations with President Lincoln induced him, impelled by the expressed wish of the President, to forego the completion of his favorite scheme. At this time, with the most encouraging prospects of receiving it, he was induced to apply for the situation of the first clerkship of the War Department. But in this, though Mr. Lincoln had

his heart fixed upon it, he was again disappointed. The Secretary of War, Mr. Cameron, had at an early period promised this clerkship to one of his own special friends. To the expressed wish of the President the inflexible Secretary would not yield. He was intent upon taking care of his own friends, regardless of the engagement of Mr. Lincoln, or the fate of others. The President's promise to Captain Ellsworth was nothing in the Secretary's opinion. The former could afford to break it, but the latter could not. Such was Mr. Cameron's logic. Though disappointed on every hand, Ellsworth did not despair. He hoped on—hoped ever. His aspirations could not be repressed.

The President *elect* was ready to repair to the National Capital. Captain Ellsworth was one of the few select friends invited to accompany him and his family. This Ellsworth did. He was an agreeable member of the civil escort. Brimful of life, and always enjoying a fine flow of spirits, he largely contributed to the comfort and pleasure of the Presidential *cortège*. His sprightly wit and agreeable humor greatly increased the pleasurable-ness of the trip, and made him quite a favorite with the whole party. Always cheerful and happy, he did much to shed the sunshine of happiness upon all with whom he associated. The eminent part that he sustained while with the Presidential party on its way to the Capital will never be forgotten by those who composed it.

As Baltimoreans threatened the life of Mr. Lincoln, it was deemed expedient for him to attempt to



reach Washington *incognito*. This was done. From Lancaster City Mr. Lincoln and a few reliable and special friends traveled through Baltimore to the Capital in the guise of foreigners. As Mrs. Lincoln, family, and others of the escort were left to follow after in the regular train, her mind was the prey of the most torturing apprehensions. She knew the fearless courage of her distinguished husband; that he rather courted than shunned danger, and that he had reluctantly consented to resort to such questionable means to escape the dangers of the mob. She was fearful that his disguise would prove ineffectual and lead to his recognition, arrest, and final assassination; or that, if the disguise proved complete, his imprudent valor would lead him into some indiscretion serving to identify him, and bring upon him the very evils designed to be avoided by this expedient. That was the most anxious and painful period of her whole life. To all the charms of society, to the respect and honors paid her, she was perfectly indifferent. From the contemplation of the monstrous fate that she conceived awaited her husband, no ordinary occurrence could divert her mind. Had not the ever-cheerful and buoyant Ellsworth come to her partial relief at this trying conjuncture, the sad sequel of such a powerful tension of her mind for so long can be more easily conjectured than described. With an intuitive knowledge of the human heart and its mysterious workings, Ellsworth succeeded in partially diverting her mind from the one painful thought that engrossed and haunted it like a specter. The deep

sadness had partially disappeared from her countenance, and the usual luster had partially returned to her eye. Ellsworth stood amid that saddened group like the brilliant light-house generously throwing its beams athwart the stranding reef. His post of affection was maintained until the tidings of the President's safe arrival at the metropolis was authoritatively announced. Then joy sparkled in every eye and beamed from every countenance. No one was happier than Ellsworth, because his friends were happy. He had accomplished a noble work. He had contributed to the aggregate of human bliss. He was a benefactor of his race. As a reward for his unselfish conduct his memory is embalmed in the grateful hearts of his associates.

For the second time Captain Ellsworth enters the Capital of this great Republic. Though a rising man, but few, if any, thought that within a few brief months he would be one of the most popular men in the nation, and that millions of patriotic lips would tenderly pronounce his name with affectionate enthusiasm and honest applause. But so it was. He had begun to gather the rich harvest of the seed he had sown with so much labor and suffering. Fortune was generously emptying her cornucopia into his lap. The luxuriant fruits of his tireless efforts and heroic self-denial were flowing in upon him.

The President was inaugurated. The inaugurating ceremonies, of unusual pomp and splendor, had transpired. The Cabinet had been constructed. The difficult and annoying business of filling the various offices, and of accommodating the myriads of office-

seekers, was rapidly dispatched. In amazement Ellsworth looked upon the unscrupulous greed and unblushing intrigue of the hungry multitudes who sought to thrust themselves into offices of responsibility and honor. Of the most sterling integrity himself, he could hardly credit the evidences of corruption every-where about him. He had formed too high an estimate of human nature, and now the dark scenes of political villainy were opening up before him. For the first time he got a glimpse of the gigantic scale upon which fraud is carried on in the Capital of the Federal Government. He sighed as he beheld the terrible struggle to secure the spoils of office. He was astounded and disgusted. He feared that the love of country was an emotion to which American office-seekers were utter strangers. He trembled for the future of his country.

As he was disappointed in the promised clerkship of the War Department, Mr. Lincoln prevented his return to Chicago by appointing him a Second Lieutenant in the Regular Army. But with the intrusion of a civilian into their exclusive circle the "regulars" were extremely dissatisfied, and professed to be disgusted. As he had never been a charity scholar at West Point—as he had not sponged upon the government for four years—they determined to compel him to resign by mortifying and annoying treatment. As an *outsider*, coming with schemes of reform, he could not be tolerated for a moment. Such was the harsh, discourteous treatment received from these courteous and polished West Pointers, that his sensitive nature sank under it, and a severe

fever ensued. Yet he did not suffer them to strip him of his honesty and honors.

But hardly had he got his *epaulets* adjusted to his youthful shoulders when a wider and more congenial field of action spread out invitingly before him. The shrill notes of intestine war were growing louder and coming nearer the Capital. The bugle clanged out over the land in thunder-blasts. The attitude of the insurgent South was alarmingly threatening. Sumter had fallen, and the Capital was menaced. Only a few companies of regulars could be commanded, to prevent the insolent foe from taking the Capital. These were insufficient. The South had her organized thousands. We had but hundreds. Mr. Lincoln called for volunteers to fly to the rescue. Foremost among those who responded to the urgent call was Elmer Ellsworth. Resigning his commission in the Regular Army, he offered his services to the President as a volunteer, proposing to raise a regiment from the Fire Department of New York. For this great work he was immediately commissioned Colonel of volunteers. At once he repaired to New York, and in an incredibly brief period he completed the formation of a regiment of one thousand and ten men. Within twenty days he arrived at Washington with his regiment, thin, hoarse, flushed, but contented and happy. His men were the best of the Fire Department. They were vigorous, muscular, and thoroughly inured to toils and hardships. Fearless, brave, and patriotic, they were the best men for the emergency that called them to the Capital. In a



brief period than any one else he brought a regiment of patriotic hearts and courageous arms to steady the ark of government, then jostled by Southern arrogance and traitorous rapacity.

Many derided as error and scoffed as fanaticism the idea of transforming the rude, wild, and hardened New York firemen into drilled and disciplined soldiers. But Colonel Ellsworth's signal success closed the mouth of the objector, and forever settled the question. When he crossed over to Alexandria his was the best-drilled regiment at Washington. Perhaps the majority who might have undertaken the enterprise would have failed. But Colonel Ellsworth appeared peculiarly fitted for such a work. "His great efficiency as a disciplinarian, his power of command over his men, his unquestioned valor, and the extensive information he had acquired in the field of military operations and modern tactics," qualified him to succeed in just such a situation. His ability "to win esteem, to exact a prompt and willing obedience, to inspire with unfaltering confidence all with whom he came in contact," far exceeded that of most men, and is the secret of his achievements as an officer. Thus he controlled and molded the Fire Zouaves into expert and excellent soldiers. In his masterly hands they became a pliant and yielding mass, whom he could have hurled, with the force of an avalanche, against the insurgents. Brave, disciplined, possessing great powers of endurance, with the gallant Ellsworth at their head, they were capable of going where none but the truest, the best, and bravest could have gone.

Reaching Washington at an early period, his was the first regiment sworn in for the war. Until this causeless rebellion was crushed, or until they fell at their posts, they had volunteered their services to their country. Ellsworth did not wait to ascertain if such a step would be popular, but, seeing the danger with which the government was threatened, he sprang to its relief with the bound of the lion upon his prey.

Upon the evening of the 23d of May a new class of circumstances began to gather about him. Up to this day Colonel Ellsworth had been connected with, and engaged in, the *peaceful* and bloodless aspects of war. He had not yet grappled with the bitter and furious enemy. Now the scenes were about to change, and the theater of activities shifted to the Virginia side of the Potomac. His abilities as a Colonel were about to be subjected to a new test, and a severe ordeal awaited him. On to-morrow he and his braves, in all likelihood, would measure their prowess with that of the vainglorious rebels. On to-morrow he might undo in one hour the work of an entire lifetime. On to-morrow his hitherto strange, checkered, and adventurous career might be brought to a speedy close. He keenly felt all this. He was not insensible to the character and effects of his first active movements. His massive chest heaved with new and stirring emotions. The eve of an expected battle is always a solemn season. He and his laborious staff fully realized the grandeur and magnitude of the work before them. It was no pageant they were going to witness. It was the

stern reality of war they were to feel. They knew neither the strength nor character of the enemy they were likely to meet. Myriads of secession minions might fall upon and scatter them as the wind scatters the chaff. These contingencies were not ignored by, nor did they intimidate, the young Colonel. This was the great preparation day for the transit of the troops into the "sacred soil" of Dixie. Most minutely he superintended the preparation for the forward movement. Besides this, when at leisure, he chatted in the most lively and agreeable manner. He was the life and soul of his companions in office and arms. After the work was done, and every thing in readiness, he called around him his men in the deep twilight of the closing day, and delivered to them a brief, spirited, and stirring speech. "Now, boys," said he, "go to bed, and wake up at two o'clock for a sail and a skirmish."

When the camp was silent he began to work. He wrote many hours, arranging the business of the regiment. He finished his labors as the midnight stars were crossing the zenith. As he sat in his tent by the shore, it seems as if the mystic gales from the near eternity must have breathed for a moment over his soul, freighted with the odor of amaranths and asphodels. He wrote two strange letters—one to her who mourns him faithful in death, one to his parents. There is nothing braver or more pathetic. With the prophetic instinct of love he assumed the office of consoler for the stroke that impended. Upon the first of these letters no eyes were permitted to look but those for which it

was originally intended; the latter became the property of the public. Thus he wrote to his parents:

"HEAD-QUARTERS FIRST ZOUAVES, CAMP LINCOLN, }  
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 23, 1861. }

*"My Dear Father and Mother:* The regiment is ordered to cross the river to-night. We have no means of knowing what reception we shall meet with. I am inclined to the opinion that our entrance into the city of Alexandria will be hotly contested, as I am just informed that a large force has arrived there to-day. Should this happen, my dear parents, it may be my lot to be injured in some way. Whatever may happen, cherish the consolation that I was engaged in the performance of a sacred duty; and to-night, thinking over the probabilities of to-morrow and the occurrences of the past, I am perfectly content to accept whatever my fortune may be, confident that He who noteth even the fall of the sparrow will have some purpose even in the fate of one like me. My darling and beloved parents, good-by. God bless, and protect, and care for you. ELMER."

Nobly, grandly spoken! This was the last, noble outgushing of a nobly filial heart. Alone for his parents he manifested concern and felt anxiety. He paused in his career of glory to prepare their hearts for any calamity that might befall him in the future. He sanctified the twilight hour of his last living day in renewing the assurances of his deep and abiding love for those who nurtured him, and in furnishing them with a remembrance of the closing scenes of his brief but brilliant career. He wrote as if surrounded by the most peaceful scenes, so tranquil his spirit, so calm his mind. Yet he wrote like one who had a dim but impressive presentiment of his coming fate. At least, he felt that the "sacred soil" would not likely be reached without the shedding of blood, but of the special manner that blood was



to be shed he had no very clear or distinct conception. This he did know, that if there was fighting and danger he would be in the midst of them.

Early on the morning of the 24th of May Colonel Ellsworth's regiment was embarked at the Navy-yard for transportation to Alexandria. This was accomplished in as brief a period as it was practicable to move so great a body of men. No accident occurred to disturb the easy progress of the invasion of Virginia. At an early hour the regiment, with its beloved chieftain, reached its destination. It was before Alexandria. A man-of-war was anchored in its vicinity to cover its landing, if assailed by the rebels. Its debarkation at once commenced. Each Zouave was eager to be the first to tread the soil of the "Old Dominion." Consequently they were not long in effecting a landing. Calm, thoughtful, sedate, Colonel Ellsworth stood upon the pier, watching the landing and formation of his troops into line of battle. They were sweeping, in a few minutes, through the streets of Alexandria as conquerors.

Upon the appearance of the Federal forces the rebels precipitately fled. They did not fire a solitary gun. There was to be no battle. The occupation of Virginia promised to be bloodless. Up to this time every thing had gone on as well as any one could have desired it. Satisfied that they had, even then, full possession of the city, Colonel Ellsworth, with a small squad of his men and a couple of his friends, started for the telegraph office. It was very important that rebel communication with Alexandria should be entirely cut off. This he had

in contemplation in his movement upon the telegraph office. But on his way thither he espied a rebel flag proudly waving from the principal hotel of the city. To him, his men, and his government it was a gross insult. The haughty insolence it discovered was intolerable. "That flag must come down!" exclaimed Ellsworth, in tones that left no grounds to mistake his purpose. In an instant he had resolved to remove it with his own hands. Soon he and three others, consisting of a chaplain, a correspondent, and a Zouave, were on their way to the offensive and defiant bunting. They reached the hotel just as the sleepers were emerging from their bed-rooms. On ascending the stairs, Jackson, the proprietor of the house, was encountered descending to the lower story. Questioned respecting the person responsible for the flying of the flag from the house-top, he professed entire ignorance of the matter, claiming to be only a boarder. As they were all strangers in Alexandria, neither of them recognized in this professed boarder the relentless Jackson, the secession keeper of the Marshall House. He was then on his way to get his well-loaded gun.

The symbol of treason was reached. Colonel Ellsworth tore it down with his own hands, wrapped it about his body, and the party began to descend. Reaching the second flight of stairs, Jackson, grim with malice, confronted them with a double-barreled gun, loaded, as was afterward ascertained, with slugs. Quick as the flash of an eye, ere the movement could be fully realized, he raised his gun and discharged the contents of one of the barrels into the

heart of poor Ellsworth! He fell heavily forward, faintly murmuring "My God!" then expired!

Immediately Jackson turned the other barrel upon Francis E. Brownell, a Fire Zouave. Seeing his imminent danger, with his own gun he knocked that of Jackson aside, and sent a ball whizzing into his malicious face. He was dead by the time he reached the floor; but, to make sure of his prize, Brownell pinned him to the floor with his bayonet. The death of Ellsworth was partially avenged. A most terrible retribution followed swiftly upon the commission of so atrocious a crime. Brownell has earned immortality by so promptly retaliating upon the murderer of Ellsworth. The people of the whole country appreciate so brave and noble a deed, and have given him most substantial testimony of their high regards. His name is deservedly coupled with the name of Colonel Ellsworth. The history of the latter would be incomplete without the relation of this brave act of the former. As he could not save Colonel Ellsworth's life, he nobly avenged his death.

This Jackson, the brutal and lying assassin of Ellsworth, was a model member of the chivalry of which the South has boasted so much. Besides this, he was a leading secessionist. His hatred of all who did not, like himself, bow down and worship the Southern *beast*, was savage and intense. A natural tyrant, and strengthened in his disposition by the institution of slavery, he could not bear to witness the exercise of the manly rights inherited by all and guaranteed to all by the Declaration of Independ-

ence. Like all secessionists, he was devoid of principle, cruelly malignant, and fiercely vindictive. His espousal of the Southern cause and his devotion to Southern interests transformed him into an unpitying monster. Upon the accursed altar of African slavery he cheerfully immolated every humane and manly sentiment. Insolent, cruel, and tyrannical, he was a most befitting tool to advance the fell schemes of the haughty slaveocrats. His heart was turned into gall, he was lost to all sense of common decency, and his sole delight consisted in torturing all who did not cry with him, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Cold, fierce, and unrelenting, he is a fair type of what devotion to the Southern cause will make of a man. It poisons the very fountain of life. It turns man into a savage, bloodthirsty animal, and makes him the greatest enemy of the human race. Of Jackson and kindred secessionists it may be said as Paul said to Elymas, "O, full of all subtilty and all mischief, thou *child of the devil*, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?"

Neither was this secession monster of recent origin. For him to be natural was to be a secessionist. Several years previous to this he gave strong indications of the desperate deeds of which he was capable, and for which he was preparing himself. He was prominent amid the awful scenes which disgraced Virginia in the days of the John Brown raid upon Harper's Ferry. Too cowardly to attack the old hero in a manly way when alive, with a ghastly smile he cropped off his ears when dead,



after the malevolent Wise had hung him. As trophies—trophies bloody, and such as in which none but the most villainous could take pleasure—of the chivalrous and magnanimous South, they were preserved in alcohol, and exhibited to the curious.

He was sternly opposed to every movement that looked toward the freedom of thought and the liberty of speech. He was thoroughly imbued with the vile spirit that felled the noble Sumner to the Senate floor when simply enjoying rights secured to him by the Constitution of the United States. Had Jackson been in the place of the bully Brooks, Sumner would not have been the leading champion of freedom during the Southern effort to enslave the whole nation. So eager was this champion of Southern rights to commend himself to the favorable notice of the secession oligarchy, that he permitted no opportunity to traduce and vilify the friends of freedom to pass unimproved. He was an untiring worker for the perpetuity and extension of slavery, yet he was never able to own a slave himself.

But this is not all. His motto as proprietor of the Marshall House, of Alexandria, clearly indicates his spirit and purpose. "Virginia is determined to and will conquer under the command of Jeff. Davis," said he on his hotel card. The rough treason of this heavy sentence is so conspicuous that all may see it. For sullen, severe antipathy for our institutions, and unblushing disloyalty to our government, his superior is not to be any-where found. It is only in General Rains, the sneaking, cowardly orig-

inator of the Yorktown torpedoes, that his equal in cruelty and treason is to be found.

Such was the monster—such an outline picture of the assassin of Colonel Ellsworth. He had nobly acquitted himself as a prominent member of Southern society—a society in which the use of the pistol and knife were almost of daily occurrence, and in which all indignities were wiped out in blood. The secessionists gloated over the dark deed; though they did not make him their equal as an associate, yet they did not disdain to applaud his act, and accord to him the place of a martyr in the cause of the South. The Southern press was jubilant, while it placed the ruffian who perpetrated the crime in its pantheon of heroes. It was the first conspicuous exhibition of the Southern spirit, and with nothing that had occurred since the capture of Sumter was the South so well pleased. To be brutally murdered by such an embodiment of all that is mean and villainous, was, indeed, deeply mortifying—a sad calamity.

At the hands of this secession hydra, the brave, noble, and patriotic Ellsworth died, at the early age of *twenty-three* years! To the Federal Government, to his regiment, to the whole country, his fall was a sad and stunning blow. All keenly felt and profoundly lamented the great loss our cause had sustained. The death of no one could have produced more universal or deeper grief, mingled with feelings of anger and indignation, than the death of Colonel Ellsworth. “This catastrophe aroused the sympathy and indignation of the whole country.

Had he fallen upon the battle-field, charging at the head of his legion, his loss could have been met with more resignation, though even then the great public heart would have been filled with sorrow. His brilliant deeds would have wiped away the nation's tears," and mitigated the nation's grief. But, "alas! he fell by the hand of the assassin. Still he was treading in the path of duty, and in his last act trampled the rebel banner beneath his feet, baptizing it for destruction with his life-blood."

The people were exasperated. Thousands of bitter and determined enemies to the South were raised up by this nefarious deed. For every drop of blood drawn from Ellsworth by the assassin, a Federal soldier sprang into the ranks of the Union army, determined to avenge his death upon his unprincipled enemies. Than the assassination of Colonel Ellsworth, no event was more unfortunate for the South. It awakened the dormant sensibilities of thousands that no ordinary event could have reached. In Chicago, from whence he started out to battle for liberty, where the greatest interest was taken in his career, and where the highest hopes were entertained of his future greatness, "every man," on hearing of the assassination of the favorite citizen, "clenched his teeth with a firmer resolve to add new energies and more terrible destructiveness to a war against enemies among whom poison and the dagger seem to be the favorite weapon." It was not only in Chicago, but over all the loyal states, that the people thus felt and acted.

Among the distinguished sufferers from this event

were the stricken parents of Colonel Ellsworth. He was their only son—a son of whom they were justly proud, and upon whose rising fortunes they looked with wonder and delight. Their anguish consequent upon the announcement of his death was overwhelming. It was as crushing as unexpected. From its blighting effects they will never wholly recover. His venerable father was in the telegraph office when the melancholy tidings arrived. His first intimation of this great bereavement was the fast-falling tears of the operator. He wept over the undeciphered message; and his tears told a tale of woe, the withering effects of which no language could adequately depict. The lightning shaft had torn from the parent trunk its only remaining branch. The father's agony was keen, indeed. His almost idolized Elmer was lifeless—cold and stark in death! His manly voice would no more ring upon his ear. Alas! for those crushed, heart-broken parents! This wicked rebellion has carried sorrow and bereavement to thousands of loving hearts, and theirs were the first to be blighted.

But theirs were not the only hearts that bled at a thousand pores, and that keenly felt the sudden bereavement. To the beautiful, intellectual, and wealthy Miss Carrie Spafford Colonel Ellsworth was betrothed. The news of his death crushed through her heart like a thunderbolt. Like the dove that covers the dart with its wing that enters its heart, Miss Carrie's relations to the distinguished dead compelled her to hide the fatal arrow that had penetrated her heart. She experienced all the un-



fathomable agony of a bereaved wife, but was denied the privilege of mourning for him as such. Custom, inexorable as fate, required her to suppress her anguish, and, without giving it expression, pine away in secret, unpitied and unsolaced.

Among those most deeply touched by this calamity was the President himself. His personal attachment to Ellsworth was deep and sincere. He knew his excellent qualities, and loved him for his sterling worth. To a gentleman who called upon the President on the evening of that gloomy day, we are indebted for our knowledge of one of the noblest qualities of our noble President's heart, and of one of the most touching incidents that occurred in connection with the death of young Ellsworth.

"I called," said the gentleman, "at the White House, with Senator Wilson of Massachusetts, to see the President on a pressing matter of business, and as we entered we remarked the President standing before a window looking out across the Potomac. He did not move until we approached very closely, when he turned very abruptly and advanced toward us, extending his hand. 'Excuse me,' he said, 'but I can not talk.' The President burst into tears and concealed his face in his handkerchief. He walked up and down the room for some moments, and we stepped aside in silence, not a little moved at such an unusual spectacle in such a man, in such a place. After composing himself somewhat, the President took his seat, and desired us to approach. 'I will make no apology, gentlemen,' said the President, 'for my weakness; but I knew poor Ellsworth well,

and held him in great regard. Just as you entered the room, Captain Fox left me, after giving me the painful details of Ellsworth's unfortunate death. The event was so unexpected, and the recital in touching, that it quite unmanned me.'

"The President here made a violent effort to restrain his feelings, and after a pause he proceeded, with a tremulous voice, to give us the incidents of the tragedy that had occurred. 'Poor fellow,' repeated the President, as he closed his relation, 'it was undoubtedly an act of rashness, but it only shows the heroic spirit that animates our soldiers, from high to low, in this righteous cause of ours. Yet who can restrain their grief to see them fall in such a way as this, not by the fortunes of war, but by the hand of an assassin?' Toward the close of his remarks he added: 'There is one fact which has reached me which is a great consolation to my heart, and quite a relief after this melancholy affair. I learn from several persons, that when the Stars and Stripes were raised again in Alexandria, many of the people of the town actually wept for joy, and manifested the liveliest satisfaction that this familiar and loved emblem was once more floating above them. This is another proof that all the South is not secession, and it is my earnest hope that, as we advance, we shall find as many friends as foes.'"

Such was the hold that Colonel Ellsworth had secured upon the affections of the President by his brave and manly conduct, and such was the grief occasioned by his death, from the Chief Magistrate down to the humblest citizen.

Prudence dictated the propriety of concealing for awhile from his regiment the intelligence of his assassination. Before all else the city had to be secured, and measures taken to prevent others falling victims to the rapacity of Southern treason. Having satisfactorily arranged these affairs, the melancholy event was announced to the Fire Zouaves. It fell upon them like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. Their emotions were profound and terrific. Their faces became livid with blended wrath and indignation. Their efforts to repress their great grief were perfectly fruitless. They were speechless with anguish. It was painful to witness the severe conflict through which they were passing. But at length the volcano of pent-up feelings erupted. They were carried away by their fiery rage as by a whirlwind. An intense and fierce desire to avenge his assassination succeeded to their voiceless sorrow. Oaths of terrible vengeance were sworn amid the most touching and exciting scenes. They resolved to so avenge their hero's death as to strike terror into the stoutest and most nefarious heart. With the greatest difficulty their officers restrained them from immediately rushing upon the perpetration of deeds of violence and retaliation. For awhile it was feared that they would throw off all restraint, and inflict a summary vengeance upon the innocent people of Alexandria. The menacing attitude of the bereaved Zouaves was for awhile really awful. But by the dint of persistent effort the officers succeeded in allaying the storm.

To their violent anger there succeeded the most overwhelming grief. After the lightning and thun-

der of the tempest there followed the shower of rain. Strong, brave necks were bowed in sorrow. Eyes unused to weeping were overflowed with tears. Stern, rough natures bent before the gale of anguish that swept over them as the stem of the plant bends beneath the tempest. For awhile they were inconsolable. To their chieftain they were profoundly attached. He had wonderfully wrought upon their hearts, and he did much toward mellowing down their rough and craggy natures. Such had been his power over them that his was the best disciplined regiment then at Washington. He could have carried them further into an engagement, and held them longer before a galling fire, than any other commander. For him they were ever ready to obey any command, and endure any exposure or hardship. Consequently, these noble fellows felt their loss to be irreparable. "God bless him!" they exclaimed in concert. "We'll never have another friend like him," they cried in agony.

"Our noble laddie's *dead*, Jim," mournfully exclaimed one of the Zouaves to his companion, who had been temporarily absent. In sorrow and in silence they wept together. Colonel Ellsworth had won their hearts as they had never been won before. He convinced them that he was their friend. They feared him as an officer, but loved and trusted him as a father. They could only deplore their loss, remember his many virtues, and avenge his death by fighting as he would have had them fight. Poor fellows! Theirs was indeed a heavy loss. No one, however excellent, could fill Ellsworth's place, so no



one could handle his men as efficiently. This was fully demonstrated at the unfortunate battle of Bull Run. Had Ellsworth lived, the Zouaves would have had a fairer, brighter, and more honorable record for that bloody day than they now have. The body had lost its controlling head, consequently at that lamentable conflict they failed to meet the expectation of their friends. It was their misfortune, not their fault, to want their beloved leader. They were ready to follow, but Ellsworth was not there to conduct them.

Thus mournfully closed the short, stirring, and eventful life of Elmer E. Ellsworth. In so brief a period no one ever accomplished more, or formed so large and influential a circle of friends. By a manly and heroic course of conduct he retained these friends to the last. To know him was to love and esteem him. He shared largely in the high regards of all classes. On him the people lavished the rich affection of warm hearts, for he was one of the people, and their faithful representative. His wonderful career and his great achievements afford a most striking example of the certainty of success, when the native energies of the mind and body are directed to the attainment of a laudable object. As a plebeian, rising to the station and performing the functions of a patrician, he is a superb example of what a man can accomplish by persistent effort, even when in the obscure walks of life. Alone to his industry and heroic perseverance was he indebted for his wonderful success. No patron or friend rises up to divide the honor with him. He was a natural

military leader. He felt the fires burning within him, and, like other great captains, he eagerly sought for avenues of outlet for them. Those avenues he found and enjoyed just long enough to prove that he was no charlatan, no ordinary adventurer, but a soldier of the most splendid abilities.

But he is gone! He was affectionately sepulchered by those for the vindication of whose rights he sacrificed his life. His name has become a pleasant but mournful household word. His deeds are registered in the catalogue with those of the great of our land. His career has been completed, the goal has been reached, and his destiny sealed. We now take an affectionate leave of him as he sleeps by the side of his brave associate and friend, Colonel Vosburgh.

## CHAPTER VI.

## BIG BETHEL.

**L**OCALITIES, like men, often become greatly distinguished by the stirring scenes with which they stand connected. These scenes acquire for and secure to them a world-wide notoriety, and a permanent position in history. Most, if not all, nations have such localities within their boundaries, and upon which national shrines are erected. Belgium has her Waterloo, and Italy her Solferino, while England has her Hastings, France her Agincourt, Russia her Sebastopol, Prussia her Leipsic, and America her Saratoga and Yorktown. The strife of contending armies—the defeat of the one and the success of the other—has immortalized these and kindred localities. They serve as prominent landmarks in the great encyclopedia of history. They were crimsoned with human gore, while the graves of the dead and the sufferings of the wounded attach to them the most mournful memories and the profoundest interest. With these pilgrim spots of nations and historians is associated the glory of the one or the infamy of the other people. From them nothing can divert the attention of the public, or diminish the popular esteem.

But these are not all of the localities distinguished

for deeds of valor and scenes of the fierce conflicts of demoniac passions. Had the somber catalogue closed with the modern additions of Magenta and Solferino, fortunate would it have been for the human family, and especially for America. To the long, sad list of places in which the thunder of artillery and rattle of musketry have been heard, and where the best and bravest have fallen in their prime, the names of others have recently been appended, *and one of these is Big Bethel*. In this remarkable list it occupies a conspicuous but melancholy position. Big Bethel! Who does not pronounce the words with a shudder? The name is rather hissed than spoken through compressed lips! The cheek of the patriot burns with shame, and his eye flashes with indignation, at the recollection of the great disaster that befell the Federal army on that occasion! Yet the event has bright and redeeming aspects.

But we will not anticipate any part of the narrative. Big Bethel is situated in the celebrated Yorktown Peninsula, Virginia. It is the peninsula in which the gallant Washington, aided by the brave French, defeated and captured Lord Cornwallis and his entire army. Big Bethel is fifteen miles west of Fortress Monroe. Little Bethel is three miles nearer the Fortress. Both these places derive their names from two different chapels.

General Butler was in command of the Fortress. He is a native of Massachusetts. Early in life he selected the law as his profession. Possessing rare mental abilities, and superb rhetorical powers, he



soon rose to distinction at the Boston bar. His keen wit, his shrewd arguments, his popular manners, and his great insight into human nature, soon made him a favorite with the people. In his great abilities as a lawyer, and in his integrity as a public servant, the greatest confidence was placed. His stern adherence to what he considered right and expedient, secured the respect of all who could appreciate integrity in conduct. No one could charge him with inconsistency or the want of stability. To the accomplishment of any thing he undertook he drove right straight on, regardless of difficulties, making them all bend to his iron will. He knew not how to fail. Few had been more successful in the legal profession than he had when the rebel threats merged into open hostilities. He stood first among his peers at the Boston bar.

While the storm of rebellion was gathering, he did every thing consistent with manhood and the fundamental laws of the land, to conciliate the South and induce her to forego her suicidal scheme. He had been a life-long Democrat of the most rigid character. He stood by the insolent and exacting South, her interest, and her constitutional rights, till she had forfeited all by the committal of treason and the waging of actual war against the rightful government. Then he became her most strenuous opponent. He was one of the first of the distinguished Democrats to offer his services to the Federal Government. At once he entered upon the work of crushing out the rebellion with a zeal and enthusiasm as quenchless as the fires of a volcano. To the

rescue of the endangered country he devoted the energy and abilities with which he previously served the South. He has been prominent in his labors, schemes, and success, up to this time, 1864. No man is more intensely hated by the Southern conspirators, because no man has inflicted greater injury on the conspiracy. He was a successful worker against treason. Previous to the events we are about to relate, he had succeeded in wresting from their clutches Annapolis and its surroundings, and opening up communications from thence to Washington. At a little later period he boldly throttled the mob of Baltimore, and forced the seditious into quietude, if not into obedience to the government.

He was eminently qualified for the work in hand. His abilities, though always engaged in the civil pursuits of life, rendered him a fit commander for Fortress Monroe. At this time intelligence reached him that the insurgents were strongly fortifying themselves a short distance in his front. The object of such a bold movement was easily divined. Nothing had more deeply afflicted the rebel chiefs than the loss of Fortress Monroe. It was the most important post on the whole Southern coast. Consequently, to the accomplishment of nothing were they likely to address themselves with more vigor, than to the recovery of that stronghold. As those who commanded that fortress would command the whole peninsula, the rebel General Wise declared that it must be recaptured if it cost ten thousand lives. Then, the erection of this fortification was the first great move upon the military chess-board in

the game, the *stake* of which was Fortress Monroe. The defense and security of this important post were committed to General Butler. Though no fears of the rebels ever capturing it were entertained, yet it was deemed the best and wisest policy to dislodge them from that part of the peninsula before they secured a permanent footing at Big Bethel.

To effect their dislodgment and, if possible, their capture, General Butler at once dispatched a brigade of about four thousand men, under the immediate command of Brigadier-General Pierce. General Pierce was a native of Massachusetts. He came from the ranks of the people—the pursuits of civil life. Up to this period he had had but little military education, and no military experience. His previous military operations were very limited, confined alone to the annual parades of the Massachusetts militia. He had never seen an engagement. He was quite ignorant of the evolutions of battalion and brigade drill. The roar of cannon, the rattle of small arms, or the yell of the combatants, had never fired his blood, nor warmed him into enthusiasm upon the battle-field. His antecedents were of the most pacific character. Besides this, he lacked the ordinary courage and enterprise of a military leader. He sported his *epaulets* without possessing the qualities entitling him to them. Though a pure patriot, an intelligent and an excellent citizen, he had not, as the sad sequel of this enterprise will show, a solitary qualification for the great place he occupied. He led out to the rebel shambles, for indiscriminate slaughter, the First, Second, and Third

New York Regiments, under the respective commands of Colonels Townsend, Duryea, and Bendix. To these were added a few detached companies of "regulars," volunteers, and a battery of a few small guns.

On the evening of the 9th of June, 1861, these troops left their several camps to rendezvous at a designated place. Reaching the vicinity of Little Bethel, occupied by the advance guard of the rebels, in the deep gloom of a moonless night, Colonel Bendix mistook Colonel Townsend's regiment for the enemy. The latter, marching in solid column, was fired into by the former with fatal effect. Here occurred the first great blunder and the first great catastrophe. It was a most untoward and inauspicious event. It was universally regarded as an ill omen. The soldiers could not persuade themselves that a General permitting a state of things leading to such disastrous results, could successfully lead them against the enemy.

The commanding General, knowing that the regiments would meet each other in the night, should have duly informed them of this, and concerted measures to prevent any mistake. But this was not done. By some means, through the gross neglect of some officer, this necessary precaution was not resorted to. Colonel Townsend made the signal ordered by his General, but Colonel Bendix, not being previously instructed, failed to apprehend its significance. As rebels were in the vicinity, Colonel Bendix was more likely to take the signaling regiment to be enemies than friends. This was actually



the case. The parties engaged in shooting each other were not to blame, as it was their duty to obey orders, not to devise plans and signals.

Hearing the discharge of musketry occasioned by the unfortunate collision of Federal regiments, the rebels of Little Bethel took the alarm and precipitately fled to the more secure and formidable works at Big Bethel; so that when the command of General Pierce had reached the first and smaller fortifications, no enemy was to be found. Thus an important part of the enterprise had already failed. Nothing was left to our forces but to dismantle the rebel works at Little Bethel and push onward to the greater fortifications. This was done.

Order was restored to the confused and bleeding ranks. The march was again resumed. The brigade pressed on to Big Bethel. Daylight was beginning to gild the eastern horizon. As no *avant-guard* or skirmishers were thrown out in advance of the main column, the first intimation that our troops had of their close proximity to the rebel intrenchments was the thunder of their cannon and the destruction of our men. General Pierce had led his men right into close and point-blank range of the rebel batteries. Nor did he attempt to remove them from their exposed position. There they were halted and permitted to stand for hours, shivering in the iron hail that mowed them down by scores. They were deprived of a competent head and partially left to themselves. They were held in the teeth of a most murderous fire. But they shrank not from the iron storm that swept into their faces from the rebel ar-

tillery. Brave as the best, they disdained to fly from before the betrayers of their country without orders, though they knew that their sufferings were fruitless of beneficial results. Calm and as self-possessed "as if on dress parade," their compressed lips and flashing eyes told of the mingled emotions of indignation, exasperation, and rage struggling for the mastery. They knew not which to detest or execrate the most, their incompetent leader or the insolent insurgents. Like blocks of granite they stood in their places. Brave, noble men! They deserved a better fate and merited a better leader. Their General was not to be seen through all these fearful hours. He knew not what to do, and had no orders to give. He neither led his men forward, nor conducted them to a place of greater security. For the safety of his own precious person he sought shelter in the woods that flanked the rebel batteries, and that should have been the avenue of victory to our courageous troops.

Just at this impressive conjuncture Lieutenant Greble came up with his single gun, and planted it right in front of the rebel breastworks. Now, as one primary object of this paper is to bear testimony to the Lieutenant's gallant conduct and effective work upon that sanguinary and memorable day, a detailed account of the honorable part he took in the battle will be given.

Lieutenant GREBLE was a native of Pennsylvania, and was born in Philadelphia. He was the son of Edwin Greble, the wealthy proprietor of the large marble-works on West Chestnut Street of the city of Brotherly Love. Lieutenant Greble was educated at

the West Point Military Academy. He graduated with the highest honors of his class. At the occurrence of this battle he was but twenty-seven years old, yet he exhibited the coolness, self-possession, and courage of the battle-scarred veteran. Endowed with rare capabilities, and enthusiastically devoted to his profession and country, he could not but distinguish himself, however great and responsible his duties, and however disadvantageous his situation. Had he been Commander-in-chief instead of a humble Lieutenant, we would have been spared the shame of defeat, and saved from the necessity of bemoaning the needless slaughter of so many brave men. An entirely new face would have been put on the whole affair. As it was, he came near rescuing us from the humiliation of disaster. Had he been placed at the head of our troops, history would have had to register far different results, while the emotions of the rebels would have been of a widely different character. He would have fallen upon the insurgent foe with the force of a crushing bolt, and sent them, reeling and bleeding, howling to their den of infamy. But as such speculations conjure up painful emotions, they will not be continued. Alas! he was *only* a Lieutenant.

Halting his small battery, Lieutenant Greble's eyes were lighted up with the fierce fires of patriotism, his cheeks flushed, and his nostrils distended like those of the war-horse snuffing the battle from afar, as he looked out upon the enemy's intrenchments. He was in his native element. He was made to play a distinguished part upon our battle-fields.

As much attached to his beautiful gun as if it had been a thing of life and capable of returning his affection, he was not likely to leave it, unless removed a corpse or by violence. He was ordered to *unlimber* and open fire upon the enemy. It was the order for which he had been waiting for some moments. With his Spartan band of *eleven* men he sprang to his gun and at once advanced upon the foe, alternately firing and moving until he stood within three hundred yards of the rebel redoubts.

Soon after he commenced firing, he and his intrepid men were left in an open and exposed position. The infantry had eventually sought some protection from the deadly missiles of the rebel rifled cannon. Lieutenant Greble had no support. His was an imminently critical position. A few resolute rebels could have rushed out from behind their breastworks and captured him and his gun ere the infantry could have come to his assistance. Fortunately for him, the foemen thought and acted differently. His savage artillery assault upon their works intimidated them. They left him alone in his glory. His rapid and destructive fire taught them with what kind of a soldier they had to deal. They remained behind their strong intrenchments, and blazed away at him with their heavier artillery. All this time Lieutenant Greble was carrying death into their midst. He had silenced the most of their guns. Had General Pierce been present, and had he understood his business, all that was apparently necessary to have taken the entire rebel command was to march his forces upon the rebel works. But



he was not there, and this was not done. A portion of Colonel Duryea's Zouaves made a movement upon the works, many of whom reached their right flank, earnestly soliciting permission to storm them. But such permission was not given. No general officer competent to give such an order was present. Indeed none had been seen on that part of the field during the entire action. Fifteen hundred men had been lying upon the ground for an hour and forty minutes, awaiting orders to march upon the enemy, but no such order came. The general officers alone were confused and panic-stricken. The ranks were cool, brave, eager, confident. Lions were led by a lamb. The legitimate results ensued.

The skill and courage of this young Lieutenant rose into sublime proportions during the attack. That our troops escaped being cut to pieces or made prisoners, is wholly attributable to his bravery, amounting almost to temerity. The rebel cavalry were themselves sufficient to have captured half our army, and this they would have done, or attempted, had they not acquired a wholesome dread of Greble's well-handled gun. He stood the brunt of the battle for two hours, *and saved our brigade.*

To form an adequate idea of his valuable services upon that memorable occasion, when ignorance reigned and imbecility commanded, and of the grandeur of the courage leading to such heroic acts, it must be borne in mind that four thousand rebels stood behind defensive works of the strongest character, mounting ten or twelve guns, a portion of which were rifled. This solitary Lieutenant, with

his solitary gun, kept the blustering chivalry behind their intrenchments, and silenced most of their guns. This was the most superb fighting. It finds no parallel in history. Balls and shell sang about his head like a hail-storm for multitude. He fearlessly worked on, sublimely towering above the imbecility that fettered the whole army.

During this terrible and unequal contest several officers begged him to retreat. He positively refused. Lieutenant Butler rode up to him while fighting the whole rebel force with his *five* remaining men, requested him to take care of himself, as did other officers, and *dodge* the balls. "I *never* dodge!" indignantly replied the brave Lieutenant, "and when I hear the notes of the bugle call a retreat I shall retreat, *but not before.*" He was again left alone.

Soon after this conversation the rebels made a *sortie* upon our forces. They rolled out from behind their breastworks like bees from a swarming hive. "Now, Charley," said he to Captain Bartlett, who had just come up and was standing by his side, "I have something to fire at; just see how I'll make them scamper." He loaded his gun with grape and canister, and hurled its contents into the dense ranks of the advancing rebels. They were taken by surprise. The discharge of cannon was like a clap of thunder in a clear sky. It was too much for their courage. They scattered and fled in a style not very creditable to them, and that was truly amusing. With one well-aimed discharge of grape and canister he drove the rebel hordes back, and

compelled them to seek shelter behind the walls of their fortifications.

Still unsupported, and no efforts being made to take the rebel works, Lieutenant Greble said, in a desponding tone, to Corporal Peoples, "All I can further do will be useless. Limber up the gun and take it away." Before this order was carried out he loaded up with grape and canister, to keep off the insurgents in the retreat that he saw inevitable. This *last* act had hardly been performed, and these *last* words had hardly been spoken, when a ball from the enemy's remaining rifled cannon struck him on the temple, carrying away a part of his head and face. He instantly fell, exclaiming, "O, my gun!" and died. These were his last utterances. He ceased at once to live and labor.

In the early fall of this gallant officer and brave soldier the country sustained an irreparable loss. Though many brave men are found in the army, yet to fill his place will be very difficult. There were so few of this type of officers that the country had none to spare. With one brave officer less the rebellion had to be crushed.

Lieutenant Greble was the hero of that disastrous battle. His pertinacious resistance kept the General's head on his shoulders, besides preserving our army from destruction. Throughout the two hours fighting he sighted every gun, and examined with his glass the effects of every shot. His own men, the few who survived the ravages of that day, united in testifying that, strange as it might seem, every missile was lodged in the spot at which it was

aimed. In all he said and did, he manifested the qualities of the consummate commander and skillful artillerist. Up to that period no heavier damage had been inflicted upon the rebels than that which he there and then inflicted upon them. He compelled them to fear and respect the bravery, skill, and persistence of America's loyal soldiers. To so great an extent did they dread his single gun, that they did not leave their defenses till the Federal troops had been on the retreat for half an hour. They knew not that the brave Lieutenant could harm them no more. And when they did venture out, they followed at a very respectful distance.

The retreat having been ordered by the General, and having already commenced, it was feared that Lieutenant Greble's body would be left on the field, as no orders had been given to remove it. Without orders, the gallant Captain G. W. Wilson, of the Troy regiment, determined to save both the body of the brave Lieutenant and the gun he so heroically fought, from the clutches of the insurgents. Consequently, repairing to where he fell, he had the body carefully laid upon the gun, and carried along with the retiring army. This was a noble deed, nobly done, at the expense of great exertion and the hazard of his own life. Under ordinary circumstances, it was nothing more than what the Captain should have done. But the circumstances surrounding him were extraordinary, and he ran the risk of falling a victim to his own generosity. He and the small escort, with their sacred charge, were saved by their bold and determined course.



The brave, loyal, and skillful artillerist is gone! He was young to die; but thus the young perish with the old. Like Ellsworth, Ward, and many others, he lived and fought just long enough to discover his rare powers, and cause universal regret at his premature death. Every loyal heart was deeply touched with his gallantry, and greatly moved at his early departure. For Lieutenant Greble our admiration is unbounded. Out of gratitude to him for reflecting such honor upon the human race and shedding such luster upon the Federal arms, the people should not willingly permit his memory to be forgotten. Noble man! Would that he had survived that bloody and disastrous day, that he might have received the reward justly due his great achievements! But he did not. And now, he can be rewarded only by living in the hearts of his grateful countrymen. This he will do. In the hearts of all he will *live*.

#### MAJOR THEODORE WINTHROP.

The death of Lieutenant Greble did not measure the full extent of the calamities resulting from the wretchedly conducted attack upon Big Bethel. Like all imbecility in war, this miserable blunder was far-reaching in its untoward effects. Misfortune never comes alone or unattended. Of the truth of this adage, the events in front of Big Bethel intrenchments stand out a monument of proof. One of the additional casualties of that sad day was the death of Major THEODORE WINTHROP.

Major Winthrop was born in New Haven, 1828.

From his earliest years he was both delicate and sedate. His mental powers were of unusual growth, vigor, and activity. He seemed born a student. His taste for books was the earliest developed. It grew with his growth, and as he advanced toward manhood it became the master passion of his soul. From the first his reading was of the widest range. He eagerly devoured every thing that fell in his way or on which he could lay his young hands. Soon his knowledge was wonderful, and the vivacity and vigor of his mind were of the most surprising character.

At the tender age of *sixteen*, having gone through his preparatory studies in his native city, he matriculated in Yale College. While within these venerable, renowned, and classic walls, he greatly distinguished himself. He deservedly stood at the head of all his classes. He was considered a prodigy, even among the great intellects of the country. His courteous deportment, his uniformly religious life, and his great literary feats rendered him very dear to his college associates. They felt certain that he would reflect honor and shed new luster upon literature and their *Alma Mater*.

While in college he succeeded in all his literary enterprises. He became a competitor for all its prizes, and won them with an ease and grace that astonished while it delighted those whom he had so clearly distanced. He was the favorite of both pupils and professors. While no one envied him his success, many rejoiced in his prosperity.

But his vast intellectual powers and absorbing

literary tastes are not to be wondered at. He is a lineal descendant of a long and illustrious line of intellectual giants and accomplished scholars. President Edwards' great granddaughter was his mother. Among his maternal ancestors were to be found seven men who filled and honored the presidential chair of colleges. His connection with such ancestral greatness easily accounts for his own intellectual superiority. Young Winthrop simply inherited what had belonged to and was distinctive of his progenitors on his mother's side.

But his paternal ancestors were equally great and equally distinguished. The name of Winthrop stands connected with the earliest events of New England history. The Winthrops constitute a distinguished and highly honorable family. They were ever the friends of the people, the defenders of the oppressed, the stern advocates of right and justice, and the supporters of freedom. From them the Revolutionary cause received a most vigorous support. Their love of liberty was ardent and intuitive, while their hatred of tyranny, in any form, was intense and uncompromising. Their intellectual superiority constituted them master spirits in the long and bloody contest between despotism and liberty. Through an entire century they were found supporting the claims of the people to the largest liberty compatible with order, security, and prosperity. In this distinguished family—distinguished for all that was lovely in piety, noble in manhood, charming in intellect, elevating in patriotism, and immortalizing in valor—many of whom passed through

Revolutionary fires, there was no deterioration. The pure gold was never mixed with base alloy. Amid the various storms and vicissitudes of life they stood erect in all the majesty of truth and honor. From such a paternal ancestry did Theodore Winthrop derive his existence. And in no respect did he fall below his freedom-loving progenitors.

He graduated in 1848. He was twenty years old. At this early age he launched out upon the rough and treacherous sea of life. He was soon to encounter its storms, and be buffeted by its waves. Immediately after pronouncing his graduating thesis, he started for Europe. His constitution was naturally fragile, and the severe discipline to which he subjected himself while in college had rendered him still more feeble and greatly impaired in health. A tour through Europe was undertaken, to repair his wasted energies, and to recruit his exhausted vigor. Reaching the Albion Isle, he directed his steps to and protracted his stay at old classic Oxford. Here he was both pleased and profited. He took a romantic and profound pleasure in lingering amid the halls and cloisters of that ancient seat of learning. In his vivid fancy he lived through the stirring scenes that have invested that university with more than historic interest. He remembered that from her portals emanated our pure, terse, sonorous, and vigorous Anglo-Saxon language, and the pens, to which her tuition and discipline had imparted skill, from whence dropped our Anglo-Saxon literature. He mused upon the fact that the mightiest intellects that had blessed the world had been developed and fitted



for toil in her recitation-halls. But his dream-life in Oxford could not last forever.

Tearing himself away from the society and scenes he so much loved, and that were so congenial to his simple yet magnificent soul, he leisurely walked over the historic portions of Scotland. He visited Edinburgh, and tarried awhile in Glasgow. From thence he went to the continent. Passing through Germany, France, and Switzerland, he improved his health, and greatly enlarged his vast stores of intellectual wealth. Traveling on foot, he enjoyed rare privileges of examining the countries through which he unhurriedly passed. He was a closely observing, carefully reflecting, and an acutely discriminating tourist, ever alive to the beautiful and grand in nature. He felt their power, bowed to their sway, and lived a life as pure, lofty, and ethereal as the mountains he so much delighted in climbing.

To ancient, renowned, and classic Greece he next turned his attention. He trod her soil with the enthusiasm of a lover, and employed his time in the improvement of his privileges with the cool industry of the antiquarian. Athens existed for him in all her early grandeur, but in none of her decay. He saw the city of Pericles as it was when Pericles was its master and beautifier. He stood on Mars Hill, stirred with emotions and enraptured with visions kindred to those of the mighty intellects that had controlled that great people with their eloquence.

But he could not prolong his stay in the city of Socrates and Plato. From thence he journeyed to weeping, fettered Italy. Of this remarkable country,

its climate, its heroes, its struggles with despotism, its poets, its martyrs to liberty, its artists and orators, he had often read, thought, and dreamed. He now stood where Roman generals fought and conquered, where Dante dreamed, Galileo mused, and Ariosto sung and suffered. He lived a new life—a highly intellectual life. His reveries in the land of beautiful art, romance, and song, were filled with the fire and colored with the ardor of a highly appreciating mind. He loved Italy. He loved the paintings and sculptures of Italy. He loved the old, pure, grand, and lofty poetry of Italy. Italy had a history of her own, that towered as far above the history of other nations as her age exceeded that of any other people. Young Winthrop had studied that history. He had deeply meditated on the great events that it detailed. Long before he had ascended the mountains, crossed the rivers, walked over the plains, or stood upon the towers of Italy, he had deeply sympathized with the oppressed Italians. Now that sympathy was deepened and intensified. He profoundly deplored the decay into which that once great country had fallen. He beheld the hand of the oppressor and the results of his policy in the ruin that met him on every hand, and was seen in every thing. He invoked paralyzing anathemas upon the monsters who were crushing the soul of Italy, and thanked God that *his* home was in free, unoppressed America! He felt prouder of his native land than ever he did. His soul was moved as the mighty tempest moves the ocean. He mourned for Italy, and, had it been in his power,

he would have secured to the Italians the largest portion of freedom.

But he was necessitated to forever take leave of the pure climate, blue skies, lovely landscapes, gorgeous cathedrals, princely mansions, stately palaces, enchanting picture-galleries, and charming cities of Italy, and hasten to more familiar but less attractive scenes in his own beloved America. With a sigh of regret he bade an adieu to the land distinguished alike for that which is noble and ignoble, which pleases and offends, delights and disgusts, and that attracts and repels the pure and cultivated taste of man.

While in Italy he formed the acquaintance and gained the confidence and friendship of Mr. W. H. Aspinwall, of New York. He was engaged by the latter to undertake the tuition of his son. In the relation of preceptor, he, in company with his pupil, visited Europe the second time.

After a second tour of half a year, young Winthrop returned from Europe to New York, and entered the service of Mr. Aspinwall as a clerk. To the bare, uninviting walls of the counting-house and the dry details of business he was now confined. To his eager, unearthly, soaring spirit this was a severe trial—a great self-denial; but the state of his health necessitated him to give up the education of young Aspinwall, and to engage in this plodding life.

Having subsequently entered the employment of the Pacific Steamship Company, he went to and resided in Panama about two years as its agent. These were years of hard toil and severe suffering.

He was assailed by the ravages of the fever raging at certain seasons upon the Isthmus. Afterward, while traveling in his capacity of agent, he fell ill of the small-pox at Dallas, and was confined to his bed for six weeks. While here he experienced the tenderest care and kindest attentions from the strangers among whom he was thrown. This greatly mitigated the anguish of his condition, and rendered his state more tolerable. Yet he came near dying. To the last of his brief but brilliant life he retained a lively recollection of the great kindness of the people of Dallas. He often spoke of it with the deep emotions of one who fully appreciated such treatment, and made the return of profound gratitude.

After returning to the United States, and engaging in various enterprises, he engaged in the study of law, in 1856. He was soon admitted to the bar. In 1857, after taking a prominent part in the Frémont campaign, he commenced the practice of law in St. Louis; but the unfavorableness of the climate was too great for his feeble constitution. Waning health induced him to return once more to New York. Here he again opened an office, but had so little aptitude for, and so little relish of, the practice of law, that he finally abandoned it altogether. He was fully persuaded that he could not be a lawyer. It was not his vocation. For a different field, upon a different theater, he was naturally fitted.

But all this while he was a close, ardent student of men and books. He ever retained the studious habits acquired in college, and the scholarly tastes always distinctive of him. He was an incessant



writer. He wrote frequently, regularly, daily. He wrote on a variety of subjects, in both prose and poetry. But little of what he wrote ever saw the light. As modest as he was great, he shrank from appearing where so many labor to thrust themselves—in the public prints.

But a new era was dawning upon him; he was about to enter upon a new life. The menaces and threats of Southern demagogues were ripening into open hostility. With the most intense interest and the liveliest solicitude, he watched the rapid progress of alarming events. He early believed that hostilities were inevitable and unavoidable. In regard to the right and the wrong of the case, his mind had long been made up. He was a statesman. He was familiar with the grave questions that shook, with earthquake throes, our national fabric. He regarded the Southern leaders as unscrupulous exactors, alike destitute of honor or respect for constitutional rights. He was resolved to go with the old flag. He would follow its guidance and share its destiny.

At length the storm of treason burst in fury upon the nation. The holy Sabbath was saddened by the intelligence of the surrender of Fort Sumter and its heroic garrison. This was enough for Winthrop. The President had called for volunteers. With the boldness of a knight, on Monday morning, the 15th of April, he enrolled himself in the artillery corps of the New York Seventh. Then he was in his native element, and seemed very happy. He felt that he could do something in that situation worthy himself and his country.

Ardently was he devoted to his whole country—all of America. He could not tolerate the idea of its dismemberment. He determined, when called on by events to decide his future course, to live only as a citizen of the America, the country his fathers secured to him, or die in the effort to destroy those who would despoil its unity.

He was no interested partisan, controlled in his actions by the spoils of office. Than this, of him nothing more honorable can be affirmed. He was as true a patriot and pure a man as ever wielded a sword or led a charging squadron. Nobly stood he erect amid the bestial and prostrate forms of mammon-worshippers. He disdained to touch their guilty gains, and shrank from herding with such deadly enemies of his country. Infinitely above all meanness of spirit, he was, as may be reasonably expected, both brave and disinterested. Inflexible in his opposition to professed politicians and wire-workers, he was never popular with partisan leaders. For their purposes he was too upright and scrupulous. They could not mold him to their liking, nor use him to their advantage. They utterly failed to subsidize his great abilities to their selfish cause. They had to content themselves with political ordnance of smaller caliber and less weight of metal. Of nothing was he prouder than of this, and by nothing could he have been more favorably commended to the people. He was not to be bought. He belonged to truth, to honor, and to his country. With his country he was resolved to survive or perish. In all that was amiable in a citizen, com-

mendable in a patriot, and excellent in a scholar, he may have had, of his own age, a few equals, but no superiors. In the unmeasured magnitude and magnificence of his qualities of heart and head, he nearly, if not altogether, stood alone.

In the early disquietudes of our country and the rebel attempts to subvert our government, one would naturally look for such a patriot as Winthrop in the front ranks of the army of defense. And so it was. In the front, at the earliest, do we find him. Like the great Hampden, of England, he was one of the first to set out, armed and equipped, to throttle the enemies of his country. He did not wait to see which side would be most popular, or which portion of the country would be likely to be victorious; but as soon as he was fully satisfied that civil war was inevitable, unless the North consented to be the slave of the South, he rose up in his might and girded himself for the struggle, determined that the right, the North, *should* triumph.

As has been already stated, he identified himself with the New York Seventh. In response to the President's call for volunteers to defend the Federal Capital from the rapacious conspirators, Winthrop and that superb regiment immediately placed themselves at his disposal. At once they took up their line of march for Washington. The rebels resolved to prevent them from reaching their destination in time to be of any utility to the government. The insurgents were well acquainted with the fighting qualities of this splendid regiment. They considered it formidable, and, at least, equal to any three

regiments that they could bring against it. Placing a just estimate upon its martial capabilities and its importance to the Federal Government, they resorted to every expedient but that of battle to retard its progress, prolong its absence, and, if possible, keep it from reaching Washington till after its capture. They justly dreaded a regiment accompanied by such a battery of artillery as that of which Winthrop was a prominent officer. The Seventh had started out to crush the enemies of liberty, and it was a matter of indifference whether it encountered them in or out of Washington. It overcame every obstacle that the rebels threw in its way. Where it could not travel on the cars, it moved on foot, and dragged its guns along by hand. It plunged into and forded streams, the bridges over which the secessionists had burned. It was a long, arduous, and hazardous march. It was a march of heroes. The men composing this regiment and engaged in this enterprise were patriots of dauntless hearts, determined to reach and save the Capital, or fall, trying, struggling by the way. They nobly succeeded. Every thing, secessionists and all, went down before their impetuous onset. Ordinary men would have signally failed; but they were not ordinary men. On foot, armed to the teeth, carrying a complete camping outfit, they traversed many weary miles of the distance stretching from Annapolis to Washington. Weary, hungry, exhausted, covered with dust and perspiration, with blistered hands and feet, they marched into Washington, and the Capital was saved.



This march from Annapolis to Washington is one of the most brilliant achievements of which there is any account. Indeed, its magnitude and importance can not be overrated. It brought deliverance to the metropolis and defeat to the insurgents.

As has already been intimated, the battery belonging to this regiment was dragged along over many miles by human hands. One of the most constant, active, and efficient in this drudgery was Major Winthrop. Until his hands were blistered and bleeding, his limbs weary and aching, and his vigor quite gone, he was foremost in dragging along the howitzers of the Seventh! This act at once placed him among the great and rising men of the age. Nor did he disappoint the high expectations of his friends. He even exceeded them. His brave and manly course agreeably surprised all that knew him.

During the period for which the gallant Seventh had volunteered to save the government, and until Washington was really secure, Winthrop remained with the regiment, and was one of its most laborious members. He brought to his new but congenial calling all the strength of mind and force of will so characteristic of him in other pursuits. He assiduously studied the great science and art of warfare. He was laying up military knowledge for future use. He was making a life business of it. He was not satisfied to merely be a good soldier; he aspired to be a great warrior. For military success he had rare endowments.

Enthusiastically attached to military pursuits, he

did not return with his regiment to New York when it retired to private life. Freely and wholly he gave himself to the government, so long as it needed a soldier to destroy the most gigantic rebellion that ever cursed a nation. Major Winthrop was in for the war, whether long or short. He could not reconcile it with *his* sense of honor to retire to the quiet pursuits and seclusion of private life in the hour of his country's danger. Others might do so, and had done so, but he could not, and retain his self-respect.

Consequently, Major Winthrop received an appointment upon General Butler's staff, and became his military secretary. While he lived, he filled this responsible, difficult, and laborious post with great acceptability. He gave entire satisfaction to his General. Though for the time being he was resignedly filling a retired, *inactive* place, he was not content to remain in it. He felt that he was fitted for a more active sphere. He longed to be in the camp—on the battle-field. Cheerfully he looked forward to the period when he would occupy a position from which he could deal to the rebellion quick and heavy blows. In accordance with this desire he secured the rank and command of First Lieutenant in the Regular Army. But upon the duties of this office he did not live to enter. When most fully prepared to act a noble part in the tragedy in progress, he was suddenly removed from the active scenes of life. Upon the unnatural and nefarious war, waged upon us by the wicked South, he forever closed his eyes.

Bold, fearless, and adventurous, he accompanied the expedition to Big Bethel, as a volunteer soldier. Having aided in concerting and perfecting the plan of the attack, he was willing to risk his life in attempts to carry it out. He was eager to take part in dislodging the rebels from their strong fortifications. Glowing with patriotic fire, and impelled by a courage that knew no intimidation, he was always to be found where the danger was the greatest and where his martial prowess was most needed. Like the fiery Murat, he loved to be where the enemy was the strongest and the work the most perilous. Prudently aspiring, he sought to distinguish himself, and prove that he was worthy the place he occupied.

On reaching Big Bethel, he placed himself at the post of danger, and during the fight freely exposed his person to the thick-flying missiles of the enemy. Animated by the noblest sentiments, he fearlessly moved among our troops, urging them on to deeds of daring by both example and exhortation. Perfectly reckless of his life, or rather not thinking of himself at all, he moved about from point to point, doing all within his power to insure success to our arms. During the greater portion of the battle he escaped all harm from the rebel bullets, which fell thick as hail around him. Gaining confidence from previous impunity from injury, and carried away by the ardor of battle, he at length approached quite close to the rebel fortifications. Mounted upon his horse, he was seen by the rebels animating the soldiers, and was recognized as an officer by the

sharp-shooters. It is highly probable that they considered him the commander-in-chief. Be this as it may, they determined to unhorse him. He was holding our soldiers steady before the terrific fire of the rebel batteries and riflemen. If uninterrupted, he seemed likely to succeed in leading them up into the rebel works. He was oblivious to the dangers then girdling him. He thought of but one thing, and that was victory. His attention was occupied by but one object, and that was the defeat and capture of the rebels. There he sat upon his restive steed, in the very jaws of death, the impersonation of heroism! No sublimer scene could be presented to the mind's eye, "though it were the grandest that ever Rosa peopled with outlaws, or the sweetest over which Claude poured the mellow effulgence of a setting sun," than that at that moment presented by Major Winthrop.

But the rebels were as intent upon preventing such a catastrophe as he was intent upon bringing it about. A rebel sharp-shooter mounted the walls of the fort, singled him out from among all the other officers and men, and drew on him the deadly aim of his trusty rifle. "One more effort, boys, and the day is ours," exclaimed Major Winthrop. A flash, a sharp report, and he fell back, dying, into the arms of a Vermont soldier! Major Winthrop was dead! The rebel bullet had entered the region of the heart. Its life-throbbings were hushed forever. He lay a corpse in sight of the rebel works!

As he fell near the close of the engagement, at the time it was impossible to remove his body to the



rear. He was left in the hands of his murderers. For a few days after the battle his fate was wrapped in mystery. The statements respecting him were often both vague and contradictory. It was generally hoped that nothing worse than imprisonment had befallen him. A favorite with all who knew him, the greatest solicitude was felt on his account. So superb an officer and so daring a soldier, as he proved himself upon that fearful day, could not easily be spared, nor easily or soon be forgotten. For him there was universal mourning, and about him was universal apprehension felt. The worst for him was feared. Deep gloom settled down upon the whole army. The painful uncertainty that hung over his fate increased the dejection that filled the camp. Those who saw him fall, and could have removed all doubts about his fate, fell, with his dead body, prisoners into the hands of the enemy.

At length the suspense was terminated. The rebel authorities communicated to General Butler the fact that they had in their possession the dead body of Major Winthrop. This melancholy intelligence filled the hearts of his companions in arms with the profoundest grief. Their only consolation was, *he had died a hero*. He had shown himself one of the bravest of the brave on the field on which were so many brave men. He is gone, and as he took his departure, he wrapped himself in an imperishable mantle of glory! A nation mourned his early death. His name is inseparably associated with the names of the illustrious who fell in their efforts to destroy the Southern conspiracy.

Major Winthrop was humane as well as brave. Soon after entering upon his military career, he more clearly discerned the nature of the conflict between the two sections of the United States. The conclusions at which he then arrived have been fully verified. He recognized slavery as the foul cause of the rebellion of the South against the North. He was too clear-headed, too well-informed, and too discerning to be cheated into a false and dangerous view by any considerations. He very distinctly perceived that the struggle going on between despotism and freedom was of the most vital character. Hence he says, "I see no end to this business. We *must* conquer the South. Afterward, we must be prepared to do its police in our behalf, and in *behalf of its black population*, whom this *war must*, without precipitation, *emancipate*. We must hold the South as the metropolitan police holds New York. All this is inevitable." How prophetic these words! That he correctly read the future no one in 1864 can question. His kind heart told what *ought* to be done, and his sagacity led him to see what *would* be done.

He was ever the friend of the needy and suffering, and, to the utmost of his ability, was ready to contribute to their relief. As one might rationally infer from the simplicity and purity of his character, with the degraded, forlorn, wretched "contrabands" he very deeply sympathized. He was what the immaculate Democracy of modern days would call an *Abolitionist*. From the lips of no one did the negro receive more cheering words, and by the efforts of no one was his condition more improved than by

his. To the utmost he exerted his rare gifts to diminish the sufferings of the slaves, to supply their necessities, and to elevate their aspirations. While he taught them to feel that they were men, and to act like men, he asked for and received contributions for their relief. One of his last acts, before setting out upon the expedition in which he lost his life, was the forwarding of a request for clothing to a lady of New York. The clothing came, but not soon enough for him to receive and distribute. In his death the poor "contrabands" lost a special friend.

Major Winthrop was not only distinguished as a philanthropist, but also as a scholar. His intellectual abilities were of the highest order, and his literary attainments were of the most respectable character. His versatility of talent was remarkable. It is rare that a man can do more than one thing well at a time. It is only in one department of active life that man is most likely to excel. But Major Winthrop occupied the first rank as a soldier and the first rank as a scholar and author. Had he lived, he would have shone out in the literary firmament as a star of the very first magnitude. Young as he was, his literary productions place him upon a level with the most popular writers. His descriptive powers were unrivaled, and his ability to delineate characters was hardly ever surpassed. He possessed great grasp of thought and the liveliest imagination. His mental vision was strong, clear, and far-reaching, and his views of men and things were of the broadest and most liberal type. He was no sneering stoic. Of warm and generous im-

pulses, his noble heart went out kindly to all men, and he always had a word of cheer for the toiling multitude with whom he came in contact. The literary fires that he kindled, ere his lamp of life went out, are throwing their soft and radiant light across the pathway of thousands, happy in its enjoyment. Though his career was brief, it was brilliant, useful, and has left permanent and salutary results as a legacy to mankind. In resplendent beauty, meteor-like, he shot across the mental firmament, delighting, with his intellectual coruscations, myriads of appreciating spectators, to be extinguished in the night of the tomb in the twinkling of an eye.

While wielding his flashing sword, his eloquent pen was not idle. He wrote a "Narrative of the March of the New York Seventh upon Washington." This "Narrative" appeared in and graced the pages of the "Atlantic Monthly." It was read with the greatest interest, avidity, and delight. The skillful strokes of a master-hand were seen in it. This "Narrative" is graphic, picturesque, eloquent, and stirring; but it needs no eulogy from us to give it currency. Its intrinsic worth will secure it universal favor with the intelligent and reading masses. He has shown how he could fill the warrior's place, and then how he could depict, in living language, the warrior's noble deeds.

Besides this "Narrative," Major Winthrop wrote three other and more elaborate works. By those who have perused them they are spoken of in the highest terms of approval. These speaking, vivid ro-



mances are all we have as the fruits of that mighty intellect. Yet these, for one so variedly engaged, speak volumes for his industry, and are an earnest of what he would have accomplished had he lived. With his heroic deeds, these works will perpetuate his memory, and keep it fresh and green in the recollection of the reading public. He is gone, but his name, with those of Baker, Ellsworth, Lyon, and Greble, is ineffaceably inscribed upon the scroll of history.

The dense smoke of Big Bethel battle-field has cleared away. The wild confusion necessarily attending the first hours after the repulse has subsided. General Pierce has reached his head-quarters in safety, and his exhausted, chagrined, defeated, and exasperated men are in their camps. But some of the bravest and best that had moved out with them upon the preceding day were absent. They were either cold and stiff in death, or writhing from the pain of deep, but honorable wounds. All felt the humiliation of the bloody repulse to the keenest extent. A wild cry of anguish and indignation went up from the whole loyal people. Their sorrow and mortification were painfully profound.

In the end, good resulted from this serious disaster. Afterward, inexperienced, unscrupulous, and ambitious men found it much more difficult to obtrude themselves into important military commands—commands that should be intrusted alone to the most competent.

## CHAPTER VII.

## FORT HENRY.

THE winter of 1862 was the dreariest period ever experienced by the American people. They had passed through trying and dark seasons in the wars of 1776 and 1812, but this season had no parallel in the history of their previous sufferings. Fort Sumter and its heroic garrison had fallen into the hands of the conspirators. Manassas, Ball's Bluff, Springfield, and Lexington, with all the humiliation of defeat and the bloody details of slaughter, rout, and ruin, had passed into the record of nations. The great heart of the nation was throbbing as if in the throes of social and political dissolution. The envious eyes of the sordid world were upon us, hoping for, while they expected to witness our speedy overthrow. The very existence of a vastly more than Roman republic was apparently suspended upon the issue of an hour. In addition to the depressing effects of our reverses in the field, we had to bear up under the adverse and hostile feelings manifested by European cabinets. We had a *right* to expect the sympathy, if nothing more, of England and France. But we were disappointed—sadly disappointed. Instead of strengthening us by words of cheer or deeds of daring, with indecent

haste they acknowledged the conspirators a belligerent power. They made no attempt to conceal their hopes that the American nation would be broken into pieces. They even taunted us with the grave declaration that the "bubble of a republic had burst."\* Every thing at home and abroad seemed to conspire against us. Never had a patriotic people a heavier load to bear. Hope appeared to expire in many brave and manly hearts. Political and religious freedom was arraigned before the tribunal of the world, awaiting an adjudication, for weal or woe, reaching to the remotest ages.

Apparently, nothing was done toward crushing out the wicked rebellion. Our armies upon the Potomac and Cumberland Rivers were housed in their winter-quarters, such as they were. But they were suffering and dying from disease. The profound quiet that reigned all along our extended lines was disturbed only by the announcements of the deaths in the various hospitals. For loved ones, who fell not in battle, who would *never* return to their homes, the land was full of mourning. Had they fallen while grappling with the great foe of order, equality, and freedom, some consolation would have attended their loss. But this boon was denied the surviving friends. They sank beneath the influence of the violent and protracted diseases of the camp. It was a dreary, densely dark period, but it soon proved to be the densely dark period preceding the approach of day.

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\* This is the language of one of the distinguished members of the English House of Commons. The wish was father to the thought.

The nation, though desponding, was clamorous for active operations. This was impracticable, except upon a small scale, during the winter and early spring months. The roads were almost impassable for infantry, and much worse for artillery. The most of our troops were unseasoned to military life, and but partially drilled. These things were, to too great an extent, overlooked by the people. They knew that they were bequeathing their children freely to their country's cause, but the only fruits of such sacrifices were bereavement and sorrow. They felt that pressed to their burning lips was the cup of gall—nothing else. Their keen agony and painful suspense are known only to God. The grief-stricken and sinking heart earnestly asked, "Will the dawn of a better day ever gladden our vision? Will the dim twilight of hope ever illumine the dark future?"

To these eager inquiries of the people there came up, at length, a stirring response. The grave-like quietude of the winter was forever over. Our thousands of volunteers began to move. Activity was now as distinctive of our armies as had been their torpor during the winter months and impassable roads. The deep gloom that had settled down upon the loyal people began to rapidly recede before the radiant sun of our prosperity.

The thunder of General Thomas's guns at Webb's Cross-roads awakened hope in every loyal heart, and filled it with joy. At this place the opening battle of the spring campaign had been fought, the patriot army was triumphant, and the rebel hordes



were routed with great slaughter. In this spirited engagement General Zollicoffer, in the prime of his proud manhood, one of the earliest traitors of Tennessee, in his wicked attempts to drag Kentucky out of the Union, fell, pierced to the heart by a Federal bullet. Zollicoffer commanded no more.

Their leader dead upon the field, the rebels, after their defeat, became panic-stricken, and fled in alarm to their intrenchments. From these same intrenchments, on the previous morning, the rebel troops, numerous, fresh, proud, defiant, confident of victory, and with their favorite General at their head, marched out, as they supposed, against a few exhausted regiments of Federal soldiers. They expected that the expedition would be one of recreation rather than of hard fighting. But, to their sorrow and disgrace, they found these few Federal regiments ready for the engagement and masters of the situation. General Thomas threw upon them his brave battalions, and rolled them back in confusion upon their strong fortifications on the banks of the Cumberland River. From thence, with heavy loss of every thing, he drove them across the river, and followed them far into the interior. The defeat of the insurgents was overwhelming; our victory was complete.

This brilliant success brought us a jubilant day. The thick clouds of gloom and despondency were rifted, and streams of golden light flashed through the opening upon the people. The martial ability of Federal soldiers had been demonstrated, and they proved themselves able to cope with an equal num-

ber of rebels. The taunt of Northern cowardice forever died away upon the lips of the insolent but defeated foe. It was universally felt in the loyal States that the fullest confidence could be reposed in Federal bayonets. None admitted this so fully as the rebels who fled in defeat and disorder before them. The loyal citizens breathed freer and felt happier. The fatal spell was broken, and the enchanter fell to the earth.

To this storm of grape and canister there succeeded a temporary lull. For a brief season, subsequent to our triumph at Webb's Cross-roads, our troops rested, while the stupendous preparations for the summer campaign were pushed forward to an early completion with the greatest energy. In a few weeks from our first victory the heart of the nation was stirred to its utmost depth by the tidings of an additional triumph. The brief calm that had succeeded the stir of Webb's Cross-roads battle was broken up by the thunder of Commodore Foote's cannon on the Tennessee River. Fort Henry had fallen into his hands, its defenders were made prisoners, and the munitions of war taken. At length the Northern people were entering upon the prosecution of the great work upon their hands. They perceived its magnitude and felt its vital importance.

Fort Henry stands upon the east bank of the Tennessee River, about a mile above the head of Painter Creek Island, and very near the line dividing the state of Kentucky from that of Tennessee. The fort was situated in the latter state. This fort,

though not constructed on a very extended scale, was both strong and formidable. It was erected with the greatest skill and care. It mounted seventeen guns, both thirty-two and thirty-four pounders. They were all rifled. One of the guns was a superb ten-inch columbiad. Besides this, it was fully flanked by rifle-pits. In connection with its strong garrison, it had a heavy supporting force of infantry near at hand. To capture this fort would require no ordinary effort—no common fighting. Such, at least, was the judgment of those about to attack it.

For the engagement every thing was ready. It was determined to attack the fort by both land and water. Of these naval and military forces Commodore Foote and General U. S. Grant were the chiefs. The latter was to co-operate, with his infantry, with the gun-boats of the former.

For this purpose General McClelland's division of infantry was embarked at Cairo on the 3d of February, and landed on the banks of the Tennessee on the 4th, four miles north of the rebel works. At the same time, the fleet having preceded the advance of the land force, two gun-boats were ordered up the river to reconnoiter the rebel situation, and feel the rebel strength. The boats, coming within sight of the fort, were opened upon by its guns, meeting with a very warm reception. This was precisely what the Commodore wanted. It revealed the precise locality of the rebel fort, and developed the caliber and number of its cannon. With this satisfactory intelligence the reconnoitering boats returned. Ample preparations were made

to successfully attack the rebel works. In a few days every thing was ready. Nothing now prevented them from moving at once.

Constituting the fleet of gun-boats that gallantly moved up the Tennessee, were the *Cincinnati*, (the flag-ship), the *St. Louis*, the *Conestoga*, the *Tylor*, the *Lexington*, and the *Essex*. Of the six vessels, but three were partially iron-clad. The other three were but ordinary steamers, cut down and adapted to the gun-boat service. Though only of wooden material, they were quite formidable, and capable of great execution. The service that these wooden gun-boats have subsequently rendered our cause can not be too highly estimated.

On the 6th of February, 1862, with the "flag-ship" in advance, on board of which was Commodore Foote, the fleet steadily moved up in order of battle to within one mile of the fort. Then they opened fire upon the rebels. The first shot from the bow-gun of the *Cincinnati* electrified our men, and carried death into the rebel garrison. Only the *Cincinnati*, *St. Louis*, and *Essex* were closely and actively engaged. To our opening shot the rebels quickly and zealously responded. Soon the firing grew rapid, hot, and furious. The air was full of hissing, exploding shells and whizzing balls. To the deafening thunder of the artillery there was no intermission. Undauntedly, and while rapidly firing, the gun-boats pressed on and up toward the fort until they came within *three hundred* yards of its embrasures. The dark mouths of its cannon could be seen, as they frowned savagely upon our daring



patriots. Reaching this favorable position, our gunboats cast anchor, determined to complete the work at close quarters. Then they poured into the fort the most terrific and destructive broadsides. Round upon round of artillery thundered against its walls. The rebel guns were silenced by our well-aimed discharges. The rebel fire began to perceptibly slacken, and grew fainter and feebler, until their colors were torn down, and the white flag run up in their place. In a moment, all was as silent as the grave. The battle was over. The work of the expedition was accomplished, and the fort was ours! Our brave men could hardly trust the testimony of their own senses. They did not anticipate so easy a victory. They expected, from what the rebels had boastingly affirmed and reiterated, that they would have a long, stubborn, and bloody contest. They had graduated the persistence and courage of their antagonists by their insolent vaunting. They supposed, as they were *the* chivalry, that they would fight so long as there was a man to stand to the guns. The insurgents had pledged themselves to do just such fighting. The last man was to die in the ditch rather than surrender, even if it were on the *wrong* side, in the defense of Southern pretensions and Southern slavery. But, alas for the credit of the chivalry! they did not fight as they had induced the world to expect. They could not withstand the fury of the Yankee's onset. They struck their colors to men whom they affected to treat with scorn and regard with detestation. They humbly asked quarters of those whom they despised as Vandal hirelings.

But as soon as our gallant men were satisfied that the aristocracy had hauled down their colors to them, and that the battle was already over, such a loud and prolonged shout as had never previously awakened the echoes of the Tennessee hills went up from them. They had defeated the invincible chivalry on their own chosen ground, and compelled them to confess themselves vanquished. They had ample cause for rejoicing. The tidings of their victory would inspire every loyal citizen with fresh and vigorous hope, and carry joy throughout the loyal states.

The "flag-ship" responded to the call of the white flag by moving up to the fort. Then General Tilghman, the commander of the rebel works, asked for a *conditional* surrender.

"Your surrender must be wholly without conditions," promptly responded Commodore Foote, in a manner that permitted the entertaining of no doubt respecting his purposes.

"Then, if I must so surrender," said the rebel General, "I'm pleased to do so to so gallant an officer."

"You do perfectly right, General," replied Commodore Foote; "but you should have blown my boats out of the water before I would have surrendered to you."

The rebel General, with apparent reluctance, gave up his sword, and with it his officers, men, guns, ammunition, and commissary stores. The ceremony of surrender was both solemn and affecting. The rebels were deeply touched by it, for they knew not

what treatment they should receive at the hands of our government—the government that they had contemned and betrayed.

“How could you find it in your heart to fight against the old flag?” Commodore Foote asked of General Tilghman.

“It was hard, sir,” replied the rebel General, “but I *had* to go with my people.” This was as coolly and deliberately announced as if he expected to dupe Commodore Foote, and be believed by the loyal people.

To conciliate those whom he had egregiously wronged, to allay the scorn and tone down the indignation of his captors, he affected the character of a victim of secessionism itself. The liberty of choice was wrested from him, and he was compelled to act, if we take his version of the case, as others dictated. He “*had to go with his people.*” He did not deny acting the part of a traitor; nor did he, in any other way, attempt to palliate the atrocity of his conduct in firing upon and murdering the legitimate defenders of the Federal Government, but he essayed to justify the enormity of his crimes, and vindicate himself from the infamy of treason, by asserting, without a blush of shame, that he “*had to go with his people.*” Poor man! He was an involuntary conspirator! But his unmanly attempt to shift the responsibility of his deeds from himself to the people would not do. It was a superficial expedient to which none but bad men would resort. He must have felt this himself. He must have been deeply conscious of the damning nature of his

conduct, else he would not have offered so trifling a justification of his course. He must have known that his deeds were utterly inexcusable. The offering of such an excuse for the darkest deed of which man can become guilty was a gross insult to the common sense of his captors. It was adding insult to injury, and placed him beyond the pale of man's ordinary forbearance with the erring. The "people" had nothing to do with the inauguration of the rebellion. They were not consulted at all. The ambitious and unprincipled few, for their own aggrandizement, forced the rebellion upon the people. This was the true state of the case. The people were forced into the rebel ranks, and compelled to bear the crushing burdens of the war. This General Tilghman knew perfectly well. Consequently, by his mean attempt to fix the responsibility of his monstrous treason upon others, he proves himself cowardly to the last degree—too imbecile to meet in a manly way and with a bold front the consequences of his voluntary deeds, and capable of implicating the most innocent to exonerate himself. From principle, from unparalleled depravity of heart, and from natural tastes, he was a secessionist. But he lacked the courage and honesty necessary to confess to the inheritance of the character he had the hardihood to acquire.

General Tilghman's excuse for being found at the head of a rebel brigade embodies a palpable falsehood. No one has ever been compelled to assume the character and perform the work of a traitorous officer. Benedict Arnold did not more voluntarily



desert his country than General Tilghman. They are alike in enormity of guilt, because their acts were free and unconstrained. The rebel leaders had no difficulty in securing officers for their military companies, regiments, and brigades. They could have secured the cheerful services of double the number necessary to command their armies. One-half, at least, of the voluntary place-hunters in the army of Jeff. Davis were sent empty away. Of those who hastened and offered their swords to the Confederate Government, General Tilghman was one of the first and most eager. Consequently, he is a traitor, and alone responsible for his guilt. Yet he would have us believe that he reluctantly fired upon the old flag, and that the "people" compelled him to acts of treason. But history and posterity will exonerate the people, and alone hold him to be guilty.

In an engagement of an hour and twenty minutes the great work of capturing the rebel fort was completed. Though brief in duration, the action was severe in character. The battle was no child's play while the combatants were engaged with each other. The stoutest rebel heart quailed in the presence of the dense showers of missiles poured into the fortifications. The bombardment was terrific. The Commodore had infused into his men his own heroic and inflexible spirit. The Buckeye boys proved themselves worthy of the renown of their ancestors and the noble state from whence they came. It was their maiden battle, but they exhibited in it those excellent qualities that give victory to arms

and stability to governments. The casualties occurring to our fleet were quite inconsiderable, compared with what might have been, and with the damage the rebels aimed to inflict upon it.

The gun-boat *Cincinnati*, commanded by Lieutenant Stemple, a young, brave, skillful, and energetic officer, fired one hundred and twenty-five rounds. The most of the shots had a telling effect upon the rebel guns, breastworks, or artillerists. By the rebel batteries the *Cincinnati* was struck thirty-nine times. No essential injury whatever was done to the vessel, and but one man was killed.

The *St. Louis*, under the control of Lieutenant Paulding, one of nature's noblemen, and as brave a man as ever walked a deck or commanded a crew, made her impress upon the rebel works. She was prominent for her daring throughout the bombardment. She fired upward of one hundred rounds. In no way was she injured, either in material or men. Hers was a prominent and noble part in the battle. During the engagement she pressed upon the rebel works as close as the Commodore would permit her. So eager, brave, and impetuous were all on board of her, that the curb of restraint had to be placed upon them.

But the noble *Essex*, commanded by the gallant but unfortunate Porter, did not come out of the contest so whole, nor fare so well as the other two gun-boats. As she was stoutly and steadily pressing on into the teeth of the rebel batteries, and as she was about firing her *tenth* round, a solid shot from a rifled cannon, furnished by *neutral* England, entered

her side forward port, cut through the bulk-head and squarely through one of her boilers, besides seriously injuring her in other portions. In a moment, before any effort for escape or protection could be made, the vessel was filled with blinding, suffocating, and scalding steam. Its effects were most disastrous and fatal to nearly all on board. Thirty-two of her brave crew were either scalded to death or were so badly injured that they died soon after. Among the unfortunate victims of the effects of that rebel shot was Captain Porter himself. Though severely scalded, he eventually recovered. His Aid, S. B. Britton, a brave, noble, promising young man, fell at his side, mangled by the same shot. Had not this calamity befallen the *Essex*, the victory achieved would have been, all things considered, one of the grandest on record.

But it was glorious, notwithstanding this sad disaster. The length of the contest bears no comparison nor proportion to the results and spoils. It originated the necessity of the rebels moving their line further south, and compelled the speedy evacuation of Bowling Green, in Kentucky. General Polk was compelled, as he was thus outflanked, to evacuate his Gibraltar at Columbus, on the Mississippi River.

On the surrender of Fort Henry two rebel generals, one colonel, two captains, and one hundred privates were taken by the victorious patriots. Seventeen excellent guns, many muskets, with great quantities of ammunition, were also captured. Their camp equipage wholly fell into our hands. The

loss to the rebel cause was great, and the disaster severe and unexpected.

The infantry, under General Grant, did not, as was purposed, reach the scene of action in time to take part in the struggle. Circumstances, over which he had no control, so retarded his movements that he did not reach the fort until the "Stars and Stripes" waved in triumph over it. Had his arrival accorded with that of the fleet of Commodore Foote, he could have so invested the rebel camp of infantry, the support of Fort Henry, as to have captured the entire command; but the guns of Commodore Foote gave them timely warning of what awaited them, and they fled precipitately, leaving the garrison to its fate.

Commodore Foote achieved this signal victory. He was a native of New England. At the inauguration of the slaveholders' rebellion he was in the prime of manhood. He was of ordinary hight; his person moderately bulky; his form well developed; his movements vigorous and elastic. He possessed, in an eminent degree, the physical properties requisite for a life of constant toil and great exposure. His forehead was lofty and ample; his brow thoughtful and pleasing, from under which an eye, when the mirror of emotions, looked out, rivaling the eagle's in brilliancy and keenness. His aspect was grave, but neither sullen nor severe. It did not repel, neither did it invite to offensive familiarity. The whole *contour* of the man was both striking and singular. His appearance, in its respective particulars, or as a whole, indicated the inheritance of



abilities "equal to the most arduous enterprise, and a fortitude not to be shaken by the severest reverses."

Naturally superior to most men, he possessed, to an unusual degree, the qualities of a great commander. And, fortunately for him and his country, his education coincided with his natural aptitude. He graduated from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. While a student he manifested the greatest fondness for his nautical studies, and in them made great and substantial progress. The labors, enterprise, novelty, and dangers of a naval life possessed for him unusual charms. Soon he was an adept in all that pertained to the nautical sciences. His early proficiency and superior qualities of heart both astonished and delighted the renowned veterans of the American Navy. They felt that, in such hands, after they were gone, the credit, renown, and character of the navy would be both secure and perpetuated. They predicted that, at some future day, he would take rank with the greatest of naval commanders.

In his general deportment, in his manners, his habits, and spirit were found the indices of future greatness. A sedate thoughtfulness, far beyond his years, especially while young, characterized his entire life. He was prudent, cautious, shrewd, and mature in judgment. Yet with all this, within were the pent-up fires of a volcano, bursting forth in grandeur when assailing an enemy. He was never in haste, never tardy, always in time, and among the first, if not *the* first, at the goal. He was a

stranger to fear or intimidation, and every thing else, except that which adorns the patriot soldier or mantles with honor and glory the military chieftain. He talked little, but did much. He was a working commander, not an aspiring schemer. He was as frank and as honest as he was brave and generous. For nothing distinctive of man did he cherish a stronger, intenser dislike than for professional chicanery, unless it was for secessionism. He loathed the simulation of character, to the possession of which there was no real claim. For the real and substantial alone he had respect. For the empty glitter and pomp of things he felt the most supreme disgust. He believed in God with a living faith, in the *unity* of his country, and in dealing the rebels quick, heavy blows, that would cause them to stagger and fall to rise no more. He believed that there should be no temporizing policy adopted in dealing with the insurgents, but that they should be as relentlessly crushed out as the envenomed basilisk. Adopting this efficient theory, no one has been more successful in crushing the rebellion than he was. Commodore Foote was right. If it was just and patriotic to oppose and defeat the insurgent South at all, it was right, just, and patriotic to do so in the most efficient manner, and in the shortest time. Leniency in war is cruel, and, instead of saving, will destroy life. Prompt, energetic, and vigorous action is merciful when two nations are engaged in actual warfare. Could our armies have been thrown upon the rebel hordes with the crushing weight of an avalanche, the war

would have been of brief continuance, with an infinitely less loss of life than has attended it. The Commodore was right. Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. It was upon this principle that he acted. He entered into this war with an earnest heartiness that was truly refreshing in those times of military supineness and sympathy with the traitors of the South. He did not mince matters, nor stand on nice, fine-spun distinctions, but fought the enemies of liberty with a vehemence, energy, and earnestness that gave him success where success seemed, at best, very problematical. Consequently, in the navy his name became a tower of strength, and a terror to all secessionists. He always conquered.

But Commodore Foote was a *good* as well as a brave and great man. His piety was deep, simple, unswerving, and Puritan-like in its stern consistency. No one ever questioned his sincerity, while all who knew him cherished for his Christian character the highest regard. He was as uniform in the manifestations of his Christian principles as the planets are in their revolutions about their sustaining center. Nor was this ostentatiously done. The ordinary acts of his every-day life were the *media* through which these were seen. He did not offend by indulging, on one day, in a violent spasm of religion, and, the next, disgust with his levity and want of common morality. His piety was an every-day affair, carried out in every day's actions.

The evening preceding an engagement is, when known, a solemn occasion. It awakens earnest

thought, induces a careful review of the past, causes a careful scrutiny of the heart, and calls up long-forgotten memories, both pleasant and painful. The lingering suspense of such an occasion will place the courage and principles of any one on the rack. It is a season that thoroughly tests the qualities of the material entering the composition of man. The past dwindles into insignificance, and the future, pregnant with omens of disaster, becomes appalling in magnitude. Time rapidly recedes, and dreaded eternity comes on apace. He who can pass, unmoved or unmanned, through such a trial will, pass successfully through any ordeal, however severe it may be. If any thing could cause a man a restless, sleepless night, it would be, one would suppose, the thoughts of the carnage, rage, and uncertainty of the battle to occur at the ensuing dawn.

But in no respect was Commodore Foote disturbed on the night preceding the bombardment and capture of Fort Henry. It was a new adventure upon which he was about to enter. The fighting qualities of his fleet had to be tested. He knew nothing positively about its powers of resistance. The battle was to be a great experiment. The first fire from the rebel guns might send him and his boat to the bottom of the river. In this uncertainty it is reasonable to suppose there would be much that would be disquieting. But it had no such effect upon Commodore Foote. He knew that on the following day there would be a bloody battle. He was not the least disquieted by anxiety or any other emotion. "On that night," said he, afterward,



"I slept as sweetly and prayed as fervently as ever I did in my life." No doubt but what this was just as he stated it. He "slept sweetly," because he "prayed fervently." The former followed as a consequence of the other. His religion brought serenity to his mind.

Soon after the capture of Fort Henry, Commodore Foote was at Paducah. Here he spent the Sabbath in religious practices, as was his custom. On that day he attended the sanctuary of the Lord. It was near, or quite, the hour for the commencement of the services when he entered. A large and respectable audience was in attendance. Moments swiftly sped by, but no minister arrived. At length a general impatience at having to wait so long began to manifest itself. Then Commodore Foote sought one of the elders of the Church, and urged him to open and conduct the services. This he firmly declined. Fearing that the people would be wholly disappointed, Commodore Foote, from the impulse of the moment, and from his great dislike of tardiness, ascended the pulpit. He read an appropriate chapter from the Bible, sung a hymn, and then prayed in his usually fervent manner. He prayed with unction, with living faith, with importunity, for the congregation, for the whole Church, for the world, and especially for bleeding, distracted, betrayed, desolated America. For the safety of his country he pleaded as if in the immediate presence of Him before whom seraphs veil their faces. It was a living, touching prayer, full of pathos and faith. The prayer ended, he arose and delivered an earn-

est and instructive discourse from the passage: "Let not your hearts be troubled. Ye believe in God; believe also in me." His remarks were pertinent, lucid, striking, and impressive. The people were both surprised and delighted. It was an unexpected treat, but none the less enjoyed for that. It was a season of rare, high interest—a season the distinctive features of which will not soon be forgotten by those present.

The services closed, and the Commodore descended from the pulpit. The minister, who had arrived just as the text was read, approached and tendered him his thanks for so excellent a sermon. Unheeding the compliment paid him, he rebuked the minister for his tardiness, and censured him for not taking the pulpit at once upon his arrival. The minister admitted his fault, and promised due amendment. Thus it is seen that he could instruct in divine things with masterly facility, while he could command a fleet and conduct a battle with consummate skill.

#### GENERAL LLOYD TILGHMAN.

In writing the history of the Great Rebellion, or any part of it, it is indispensable, to a broad and accurate knowledge of its nature and character, to present the characters and deeds of the rebels who took a prominent part in the various scenes of the tragedy. General TILGHMAN comes under this head. He essayed to act a prominent part in the conspiracy convulsing the whole country. He was a native of Maryland—a traitor from a loyal, brave,

and noble state. He entered West Point as a cadet in 1831. He graduated, July 1836, with the rank and office of Second Lieutenant of the First Dragoons, but resigned in September of the same year. Engaging in civil pursuits, he became a division engineer of the Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad in 1836. In 1840 he was found engaged in surveying the Norfolk and Wilmington Canal. Then he gave his services to the Eastern Shore and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroads. Like many other graduates from West Point, he assiduously addressed himself to civil pursuits, instead of continuing in the service of the government that educated him at its own expense.

Upon the inauguration of the war with Mexico, he reappears in the Army of the United States as an Aid to General Twiggs, the hoary betrayer of Texas and the division of troops he commanded. He was present in, and fought at, the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, the first of which was purely an artillery duel. Dissatisfied with so subordinate a position as that of Aid, he became the leader of a volunteer partisan band in Mexico. His inordinate self-esteem would not permit him to brook the restraints imposed upon him by having a superior. He appeared willing to take any position, so that no one was above or could command him. To him nothing was more distasteful than subordination. He thus proved himself deficient in the first quality of a good soldier—to know *how* to obey as well as to command.

In 1847 he was appointed superintendent of the

defenses at Matamoras. In the same year he secured a captaincy in Hugh's artillery regiment of volunteers. But in this command, as every-where else, he continued only until the novelty of the situation had worn off. As early as 1848 he is found acting as the principal assistant engineer of the Panama division of the Isthmus Railroad.

Such is his public record from 1836 to 1848. His sad want of stability is strikingly manifested in his entire career. He was as unstable as water. He lacked the ability to persevere in any undertaking. To nothing did he adhere any length of time, unless it was his inordinate vanity. Constantly resigning and engaging in new pursuits, he accomplished little, if any thing, worthy his large pretensions. No element of character is so essential to success in any thing worth undertaking, or that in which an honorable man should engage, as the ability to persevere, even amid the most adverse circumstances. It was this ability that made Washington the Father of his Country and the first General of his age. It was this ability that rendered Hannibal, the Carthaginian General, the scourge and conqueror of Italy. It was this ability that raised Napoleon Bonaparte from obscurity and placed him on the throne of France. He who has this ability has success assured him; but the want of it is defeat, ruin, disaster. Of this ability General Tilghman was entirely destitute. He succeeded in nothing but in covering himself with infamy, and associating his memory with such wretches as Arnold, Floyd, Hunter, and Yancey. He was more indolent than



the indolent citizens of the effeminated South, and fond of luxuriant ease and leisure. To any active life he ever felt a strong aversion, and nothing could induce him to engage in ordinary pursuits of industry but the various wants that pressed upon him. Had his wealth justified it, he would have been a model of sloth and self-gratification. But he was poor, and necessitated to put forth his powers to save himself from want.

As a commanding General, where his powers had free, unhampered scope, he miserably failed. When he surrendered his fort, it was nearly as susceptible of defense as at the beginning of the bombardment. In the hands of such men nothing is safe, every thing in danger. With such officers our armies have been cursed more than their share, so that posts were surrendered without making any resistance whatever. But such men rapidly gravitate to their true level, and finally disappear from public notice altogether.

In the history of General Tilghman, from 1849 to 1860, there is a blank. If he could make the years that followed the last date a blank, he might consider himself a most fortunate man. But he "*had* to go with his people." He was compelled to cover himself with the odium of the blackest, most inexcusable treason. His career of 1861 was the most disastrous of all the varied and distinct periods of his life. Deserted by his infantry—in order to command whom he betrayed the government that educated him—he was compelled to throw himself upon the mercy of the people and government he had so

egregiously wronged. After the United States had prepared him to act the part of a *man*, and expected him to defend from insult the flag beneath which he partook of their noble charities, like a loathsome serpent, in imitation of many others equally destitute of common manhood and common honesty, he foully deserted them and went over to the enemy!

He may not lack animal courage, but he does lack the better, higher, nobler elements of true manhood. His pretensions to aristocratic dignity and relations are as ill-founded as his arrogant claims to the ability to command an army. He may not be destitute of a certain kind of bravery; but he is destitute of that about the possession of which he boasts the most, and of which he is the proudest. He is not a patriot. His love of party is far in advance of his love of country. He has none of the elements of true chivalry, a representative of which he claims to be. He pompously affects the character of both. He puts on the most repulsive airs, and acts with a levity that leads to the conclusion that he has no distinct idea of the enormity of his crimes. He does not seem to have the faintest conception of the poverty, suffering, and wretchedness that he is aiding in bringing upon the Southern states. He talked and acted as if engaged in holiday amusements.

As a prisoner upon the gun-boat *Cincinnati*, his deportment was both amusing and disgusting. He took for granted that his captors were his cringing

inferiors, and acted accordingly. A newspaper correspondent respectfully approached him, and inquired how to spell his name.

"Sir, I do not desire that my name shall be made use of at all in connection with this affair, except as it may appear in the reports of General Grant," he replied, with the utmost haughtiness, straightening himself up to his greatest height.

"I only desired, sir," said the correspondent in the coolest manner, "I only desired, sir, to have it spelled correctly *in the list of prisoners that I am making out for the press.*"

"You will greatly oblige me," replied the crest-fallen General, "by not making mention of my name at all in your correspondence."

This was strangely puerile in a General. It would have been inexcusable in a Southern ensign, fresh from the caresses of a partial and doting mother; but such conduct in a General glorying in a regular military education, proud of his aristocratic connections and antecedents, was positively shameful. But the leading rebels are more assiduous in asserting their superiority to the Northerners than they are in supporting their bogus Confederacy. Conscious of their ignoble origin and the noble ancestry of the loyal North, they are delicately alive to every thing that touches their dignity, or offended with all who will not admit their high pretensions. General Tilghman is a fair specimen of this affected aristocracy, an aristocracy that had its origin in English kitchens, English stables, pauper retreats,

work-houses, debtors' jails, the worst criminals, or from the general refuse of English society.\* At first these noble scions of *noble* sires would hardly stoop to fight with the North. The "Northern hirelings" were not foemen worthy of their great powers. They were confident that one of the chivalry was competent to crush five "Northern mudsills." Though they consented to fight the barbarous and cringing North, yet it was deeply mortifying to their aristocratic pride. They felt humbled by the dire necessity. But how has this great claim been sustained? They have met us in the field, but never fairly without being defeated. The Northern soldiers have not only proved that they are, at least, the equals of the Southern soldiers in courage and in all that pertains to the successful warrior, but also their superiors in honor, *humanity*, and fair dealing. Our troops have repeatedly routed their armies, but have *never* bayoneted or plundered their wounded, nor mutilated their dead, nor starved their prisoners. These superior beings have fled before our victorious arms, yielded to us their stores, filled our military prisons, and quietly ate the bread we gave them in charity. Such is the boasted chivalry and aristocracy of which General Tilghman was a conspicuous and representative member.

Now, it may be thought that but little honor could accrue from the defeat and capture of such a General. This would be true had he been alone, or

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\*For proof of these statements, see Bancroft's "History of the United States of America."



had his command been like him; but he had poor, brave men under him, who fought with the greatest valor and efficiency. They were *foreign* Germans, and fought with the discipline learned in their own land, and the persistency of veterans. All the credit of the resistance made to the attack of the Federal gun-boats is entirely due these brave artillerists, not to the General commanding. They were prepared for a prolonged and stubborn resistance. But Tilghman deserted his men, just as he had previously deserted his country, and placed them in the hands of Commodore Foote. His garrison fought bravely, but their General commanded wretchedly. The great pluck and persistence of his artillerists made it a fierce and hotly-contested engagement of more than an hour's duration. To General Tilghman little more belongs than the dishonor of the surrender.

To close this paper without paying tributes to the courage, daring, patriotism, and skill of the officers and privates under Commodore Foote would be treating them with great injustice. They acquitted themselves like men. They entered upon the bombardment, and walked up into the galling fire of the fort like veterans of a hundred battles. Their conduct was cool, brave, and efficient. Their patriotic ardor rendered them oblivious to every thing but to conquer. They never thought of defeat or surrender to the foe. Every gun-boat, with all on board, would have gone down to the bottom of the river ere they would have yielded to the in-

surgents. Animated by such a resolution they were invincible.

Commander Stemple, of the city of Cincinnati, was, on that occasion, the embodiment of a dauntless officer of so formidable an engine of war. His numerous friends, his native city, have great reason to be proud of him. He carried his boat right up under the rebel guns. The rebel balls, like hailstones, crashed against the sides of his vessel, but without inflicting any serious injury. His conduct on that great day furnished a practical illustration of the Great Expounder's motto, "I never take a step backward." From his advanced position he did not recede one foot until after taking possession of the fort.

Of Lieutenant Paulding the same things may be affirmed. In the approach upon and bombardment of Fort Henry, he kept in the position assigned him by the flag-officer, a little in the rear of the flag-ship. He would have preferred being a little in advance of the flag-ship; but it is the mark of a brave officer to rigidly obey the orders of his superior. This he did, proving himself the possessor of at least one element of martial greatness. Lieutenant Paulding fired but a few less rounds than the *Cincinnati*. Not a man was wounded on his vessel during the engagement.

But time would fail us to speak of the brave, unfortunate Porter, the daring and dashing Phelps, the indomitable Given, and the heroic Shock. All did well, because all did their duty to the country. The rebels will never forget the terrible scare and thrash-

ing these officers gave them on the memorable 6th. To the pilots, artillerists, and sailors all honor is justly due. Though filling inferior stations, yet their work was as essential to success as that of the commander-in-chief. Too often the brave but humble privates, who really perform the work, and endure the scathing of a battle, are either altogether overlooked, or noticed just enough to irritate, without answering any good end. The humblest soldier is as hungry for the approbation of those he serves as the major-generals, and as deserving of it, too. But, alas! he is frequently forgotten, while the officers, entirely out of harm's way, who do the least to secure the victory, get all the praise of an exultant people. This is the height of injustice, and the common soldier feels it to an extent that partially paralyzes his strong arm. But it is pleasant to reflect that there is an improvement in this respect. The claims of the common soldier to a respectful notice, to a public recognition of his noble bearing in the conflict, is being admitted. He is no more ignored. He is a power, and that power is felt. In this enlightened age "bayonets think."

The pilots, on that day, hitherto accustomed to only the civil pursuits of life, acting in the most exposed positions on the gun-boats, displayed the highest qualities of the real soldier. They stood as steadily to their wheels, amid the whizzing balls and bursting shells, as if the responsibility of the whole enterprise rested upon their own shoulders. They planted their vessels wherever directed. The two pilots of the *Essex* were suffocated at their posts by

the steam escaping from the perforated boiler. Yet their valuable services were not suitably rewarded. No promotion awaited them for their masterly discharge of duty, and their only incentive to fidelity was love of country. It is true that to the patriot this is sufficient, but all are not on the same footing in this respect. Increased honors and augmented emoluments await the efficient officer, but the pilot, the *pirot* upon which the destiny of his vessel turns, seeks his reward for gallant deeds in the sweet consciousness of having done his whole duty. While we admit this to be the highest style of reward, we contend that there should be no difference in the treatment of equally brave and faithful men, wherever found. While the grateful applause of the people consecrates their fidelity and courage, the justice of government should lead it to reward all according to their merits.

The artillerists of the gun-boats were more than ordinary men. They were not professional warriors. Theirs was a specific engagement for a specific purpose. They had left their civil pursuits to crush a huge insurrection, and save their valued rights from the ruin with which they were threatened. They were as intelligent as brave. They were not simply drilled and breathing machines, moving mechanically at the will and nod of another. They were men—*thinking* men. They were deeply interested in the desperate game they were playing, and had in it their all at stake. If successful, they would share in the happy results of triumph; but if defeated, ruin and slavery stared them in the face.



They were *volunteer* soldiers, free citizens of wealth and influence when at home. On this occasion they introduced a new custom and a new style of military literature. The "crew" of the gun-boat *Cincinnati* published, after adopting, the following paper. It contains rare interest, and discovers the kind of men and minds constituting the patriot army:

"GUN-BOAT LOUISVILLE, PADUCAH, *February*, 1862.

"EDITORS COMMERCIAL:

"Please give the following publication in your paper, and oblige the crew of the gun-boat *Cincinnati*:

"The crew of the gun-boat, having had a conference together, have come to the unanimous conclusion that they ought to express their opinion in regard to their officers; they, therefore, respectfully tender to Captain Stemple and his officers their honorable confidence in their ability to lead them into any secesh stronghold, and come out victorious. They also return them thanks for their kind treatment while in their charge. These sentiments also apply to Commodore Foote, whose flag we carried."

Such men, under such officers, with such a noble and inspiring cause to defend, must always be successful, or at least deserve to succeed. A country with such gallant and intelligent subjects has but little to apprehend from external foes, and must be secure in its possessions. On the Federal gun-boats were no gentlemen of leisure, but all were prominent actors in the events transpiring about them, and rendered themselves heroes, wholly devoted to the welfare of their native land and liberties. Not one of the men composing the Western fleet was an indifferent spectator of what was occurring about him. All were fully alive to the great dis-

aster with which the country was threatened. With all this, at the juncture of which we write, they were happy. They were American sovereigns, and had achieved a signal triumph. It was a season of great joy.

A most touching incident occurred on board the disabled *Essex*. It affords a striking illustration of the courage and patriotism of our soldiery. As we have already stated, a rebel ball entered the boiler of the *Essex*, and, the steam escaping, many were scalded to death, and others were in a dying state. Several lingered in agony to the next day. One of these, from Illinois, was apparently doing well. Over his parboiled flesh flax-seed oil and flour had been spread for protection from the action of the atmosphere. He was lying upon the lower deck with his suffering comrades. The news of the surrender of the fort reached his ears. He sprang to his feet with the agility of an *athlete*, hurried to the upper deck, and earnestly gazed out upon the fort before him. His bloodshot and death-dimmed eyes caught sight of the "Stars and Stripes" as they waved over the works, where, a few moments before, the rebel rag had floated. Tears started from his eyes. His manly chest heaved with emotions too huge for utterance. For a moment or two he stood in this entranced attitude, his eyes fixed upon the old and endeared flag, while the hot tears chased each other rapidly down his swollen cheeks. It was a moment of the most intense and absorbing interest. Drawing from his body the blanket in which he was wrapped, and swinging it around his

head, he lustily cheered the flag, and fell fainting to the deck floor! In an insensible state he was carried to his hammock. But few dry eyes were witnesses of this thrilling scene. A dying man shouting over the victory that had cost him his life, and spending his last breath in cheering the flag of his menaced and betrayed country, forms a picture such as could be seen only in free America, and has in it the most sublime elements! It was too much for the most stoical to witness unmoved. The stoutest hearts were deeply affected, and eyes unused to the melting mood were bathed in tears! Among those present was not one but what fully appreciated and participated in the dying sailor's emotions. Poor fellow! He no doubt felt that, while gazing upon it, it would be the last time that he should look upon the glorious colors under which he marched to renown and death. The vital spark that had blazed out in unusual splendor for a moment, expended itself in that last patriotic act, and was extinguished forever! He did not rally again. Ere another sun looked out upon the peaceful scene, his brave and loyal spirit quitted its frail and mortal dwelling-place. His sorrowing associates buried him with the noble fellows who fell in the same glorious cause and in the same melancholy manner. Such is the patriotism, lofty and alone in its splendor, that is fighting the battles of liberty, and giving its life for the life of the country! Of such a noble son and citizen Illinois may well be proud. His splendid devotion to his flag has rendered him immortal, and reflected the highest credit

upon the state from whence he came. Of the soldiers of the Union army he is only a fair and prominent representative. They form the best, the noblest, the bravest class of men under the whole heavens.



## CHAPTER VIII.

GENERAL F. W. LANDER.\*

WHEN the most malignant passions of the human heart are rampant and let loose upon community under the specious form of war, then the best, the bravest, and the most talented, because always in the front, are the first to sink beneath the impetuous torrent. Our most skillful, energetic, and reliable officers have fallen, one after another, victims to the blind fury of the rebellion that devastated some of the fairest portions of the American continent. Like the horse-leech, this monster was insatiable, ever gorging itself with human gore and human agony, yet constantly crying, "Give, give!" Colonel Ellsworth was the earliest of the distinguished sacrifices to Southern treason. Then followed the gallant Cameron, the daring Winthrop,

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\*I would take the present occasion to acknowledge the assistance that I have received from the Cincinnati Daily Commercial in the preparation of this and all other papers in this volume. Its able and instructive editorials, its varied, interesting, and *reliable* correspondence, and its judicious and entertaining selections, with the noble and immovable stand it has taken in favor of the absolute suppression of the rebellion, make it one of the best, if not the *very* best, papers published in the United States. I take pleasure in testifying to the pleasure and profit its constant perusal for three years has afforded me.

and the brave and dashing Lyon. So keen was the scent and so rapacious the appetite of this hydra, hideous with the deformity of crime, that the best of freedom's champions were sought and singled out as its holocaust. It determined in its wrath not to be satisfied until loyal America was like Niobe—childless and overwhelmed with grief.

For many of her illustrious and loyal sons has America had to weep. And prominent among the names of her distinguished dead, and for whom she profoundly mourned, is that of General FREDERIC W. LANDER. The sad intelligence of his early death reached us when we were confidently expecting to hear that he had achieved a signal victory over Stonewall Jackson. But, alas! instead of conquering Jackson, Death laid him at his feet with one stroke of his flashing cimeter. The fall of this gallant General awakened feelings of no ordinary grief in the public heart. The news of this great loss fell upon us with the crushing effect of a disaster in the field.

General Lander had but reached the prime of manhood when summoned to another clime. His great, varied, and rare powers existed in their early, fresh, and unexhausted vigor. But he had lived long enough to engrave his features, deeds, daring, and fame upon the immortal pages of history. General Lander was an extraordinary man in every respect in which you might contemplate him. In person he was tall, elastic in movement, and perfectly proportioned—a veritable Adonis. His physical strength was prodigious and hero-like, while his

activity was as ceaseless as it was unusual. He never seemed to tire, like other men. If what historians say is true, in this characteristic he bore a striking resemblance to the first Napoleon. When others were exhausted and panting with fatigue, the General's powers were still fresh, and ready to turn to the performance of any work within the compass of human capabilities. His bearing was always impressive and manly, his courage majestic and dignified. He was one of the noblest and most fearless of the great spirits that gathered around our insulted flag for its defense and vindication. His whole nature was more ethereal than earthly. His remarkable countenance was expressive of intelligence, bravery, fortitude, and deep sensibility. Though fierce and terrible to his foes upon the battle-field, yet to his friends he was as tender and sympathetic as a lady. He knew nothing of the jealous and vindictive feelings that blacken the character and crush the hopes of incompetent aspirants. He could no more be cruel than he could be a coward. While he would crush the enemy of his flag with one hand, he would bind up his wounds with the other. He was one of the most pure-minded, unselfish, and disinterested Generals that ever commanded a brigade, or with which an army was ever blest. He stood infinitely above, and looked down with scorn and pity upon the horde of hungry office-hunters who daily throng the offices of heads of departments of the government.

Of a commanding person and attractive presence,

no one could ever see and then forget him. The sensations of those who saw him for the first time were made up of wonder and surprise. While in West Virginia, no one so deeply and favorably impressed the people as he did. This, too, was accomplished without an effort on his part. By strangers he was always taken for the commander-in-chief. Having a singularly noble and handsome face, and distinguished for his splendid martial bearing, the masses concluded that as he *looked* the most of the General of all the officers, he ought to have been the chief.\*

From his earliest years, Lander displayed the possession of much more than ordinary intellectual powers. His interior force was constantly showing itself, in one way or the other, when a mere boy. When practicable, he always expressed a decided preference for those sports and recreations that required the greatest amount of physical power and activity. Nothing was more congenial to his nature, nor put him into a better humor, than constant activity. Enforced quietude had upon him, when even quite young, a most depressing effect. It rendered him morose and petulant. The wide expanse of the measureless ether is no more essen-

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\* So soon did the loyal people of West Virginia learn to love and trust General Lander, that they formed a regiment of volunteers, and offered him the command. He hastened to Washington, and offered the government the services of one of the noblest and best regiments of West Virginians. But the generous offer was declined through the influence of General Scott. He was afraid that its acceptance "would increase the Southern hatred, and provoke unnecessary opposition to the Federal Government!"



tial to the health and vigor of the eagle than unrestrained activity was to young Lander. This peculiar and distinctive characteristic grew with his growth and matured with his maturity. By the time he attained to manhood, he was, indeed, an actor. On whatever he did he impressed his own individuality. The great rapidity with which he disposed of business, and the vigorous promptness with which he met his engagements, both attracted attention and secured him numerous friends. He was a worker. He loved to work for its own sake—for the pleasure it afforded himself and the benefits it secured to others.

Very early in life Lander was actively engaged in public business. In whatever he employed his powers he succeeded most admirably. About this time his rare powers were seen and fully appreciated by the Federal Government. His tireless energy, sleepless vigilance, fine abilities, and strong moral sense eminently fitted him for a public servant. The government thought that it could not afford to forego the aid of one so highly qualified for any post of responsibility. Consequently, when the great expedition to explore the overland route to the Pacific was organized, he was placed in it as one of its leaders. The services of no better man could have been secured for the place. He filled it to perfection. The place and occupant were mutually adapted. He shrank from none of its duties, nor murmured at any of its hardships. In prosecuting that expedition he was in his best elements—precisely suited. In all the labors, ex-

posures, and dangers of the exploration he took a prominent part. Though an officer, with the facilities to render his situation very agreeable, easy, and even luxuriant, yet he disdained doing such a thing, but readily and cheerfully submitted to all the deprivations and sufferings experienced by the humblest of his men. He traveled with them on foot, partook of the same rations, and pillowed his head with them upon the cold bosom of earth, covered by the far-off heavens. He became *one* of the party, identified himself with it in every respect, and shared with his associates in every event peculiar to their pursuit. He never stooped to the indignity of letting his men know, nor ever made them feel, that he was an officer, as is often the case, by inflicting petty restraints and subjecting them to petty annoyances. He surrendered such an ignoble work to the little minds of newly-fledged lieutenants. Yet he was ever a strict, rigid, *inflexible* disciplinarian. He never minced matters when it involved a principle of subordination. He visited the severest punishment upon the insubordinate. Success and safety depended upon the completeness of the one and the prompt infliction of the other. His official relation to that expedition was seen principally in his bearing the heaviest burdens, patiently enduring the severest trials, and taking the advance in seasons of danger and peril. Consequently, his men were indissolubly wedded to him. They loved him as a father—feared him as a minister of justice. To secure *his* smile of approval, his word of commendation, they were ready

to risk limb or life. Such was their respect for and confidence in him that, without a dissenting voice, they would have cordially followed him through the greatest difficulties and into the greatest dangers. He was their military model, their guiding star. The transcendent results of that expedition fully attest his power over, and his consummate ability to lead men.

From the snow-covered peaks of the Rocky Mountains and the emerald plains of California he returned to the United States a hero. His laurels were abundant and fresh. In success as an explorer, in inventive genius, in powers of endurance, in ability to create, and indomitable energy, he was second to no one, not even to the illustrious "Pathfinder." The government and people, whom he had so ably and faithfully served, did not permit his capabilities to pass unnoticed nor his merits and labor to go unrewarded. The nation, having registered his name among its benefactors, amply compensated his noble toil. As *Colonel Lander*, his name first became familiar to American ears, and that name they will not willingly let die.

Reposing in the shadow of the Capital upon his honestly earned renown, the next conspicuous place in which he is seen is that of "second" to the Hon. Mr. Potter, of Wisconsin, in his difficulty with the notorious Roger A. Pryor, the bully of the F. F.'s of Virginia. Both of these men were members of the lower House of Congress. Both were men of talent and culture. Both were politicians. Both aspired to the character and claimed the wis-

dom of statesmen. Both were held responsible for maintaining, by their conduct, the dignity of the body to which they belonged. But here the resemblance ceases. Potter was from a free, Pryor from a slave, state. The former was strenuously opposed to involuntary servitude, the latter was its strenuous advocate. In moral sentiments, in political economy, in statesmanship, and in attachment to the free institutions of the United States, they were a perfect contrast. They represented the extremes of Northern and Southern sentiment. They stood at the opposite poles of the political globe.

Mr. Potter was Pryor's superior in every gentlemanly respect. He was mild, modest, and unassuming, but as inflexible as steel in his adherence to principles—to what he conceived to be right. The grave, sedate, and intelligent Representative of a sober, industrious, and intelligent people, nothing could swerve him from a faithful reflection of their political sentiments. Faithful to his pledges, and honest in all his actions, his constant aim was to represent the voice and wishes of his honest and talented constituency.

He was especially charged with the duty of repressing the vaulting ambition of the South, and to assist in interposing effectual barriers to her encroachments upon the soil sacred alone to the tread of the feet of freemen. Coinciding with his constituency in these important matters, he came to Washington full of his subject, determined, at every cost, to carry out those principles in the halls of Congress. He was quite competent for his work.



His talents were of the most commanding order, yet more solid than showy. His wit, though not brilliant, was keen, his sarcasm biting, his satire withering, and his rebukes scathing. As a statesman, he was *very* respectable in ability, and in honesty he stood among the most eminent.

It was easily seen, at the opening of the session of Congress, that the all-engrossing topic would be the claims of Southern slavery. Men had come up to the Capital with their minds heated by the discussion of the subject among their constituents. With regard to the final issue, the minds of many were much troubled. The South was intent upon pushing slavery to the furthest limits of our territory, where it would at all be profitable. Many from the free states were equally intent upon confining the curse of slavery to the extent of country it then occupied and blighted. One of the most prominent and influential of these was Mr. Potter, of Wisconsin. To prevent the blight and mildew of African slavery from spreading over any of the virgin soil of the West was a purpose as strongly fixed in his soul as the vital principle itself. They might take his life, but they never could induce him, by appeal or menace, to change his purposes or leave his well-chosen ground. He was prepared for a stormy session—a session in which all the bad passions of the human heart would be uppermost. Nor was he disappointed

Roger A. Pryor hailed from the Old Dominion. He was proud of his native state, not so much on account of what she then was as on account of

what she had been. He delighted in expatiating upon the eloquence of her early statesmen, the valor, skill, and deeds of her warriors, and the exploits of her citizens generally. Virginia held the bones of Washington, but none of his virtues—nothing of his magnanimity. The intrepid Lee, the eloquent Henry, the intellectual Randolph, the astute Jefferson, and others equally great and good, had vacated their seats in the Legislative halls of the nation, and were succeeded by such men as Roger A. Pryor! How were the mighty fallen! The glory of the Old Dominion had departed with the disappearance of these great names. And now Pryor labored to shine in the borrowed luster and stolen glory of the illustrious dead! In the hands of such a man were the interests of Virginia intrusted.

Pryor was not without talent and culture, but the latter was essentially defective and one-sided, while the former was in subordination to one of the most bigoted, selfish, and capricious hearts. He was a blustering and disgusting demagogue. He was full of self-conceit. His egotism obtruded itself upon every occasion where good sense and modesty alone could command respect, and thrust itself into the face of every person, when to do so was exceedingly discourteous. He could not endure a subordinate position. He had to be first, or else his courage departed, his arrogance crumbled away, and he suffered the tortures of an inquisition.

In the halls of Congress he was an incessant talker. He must speak upon every subject that came up for action. Consequently, his influence

over the members of Congress was as limited as his speeches were notorious for their arrogance and stupidity. He always spoke with a harsh, stentorian voice. His arguments were the sheerest sophistry, his reasoning mere dogmatism, and, when attempting to be severe, his language degenerated into the grossest billingsgate. He could traduce, vituperate, and vilify with a volubility that would have astonished by its magnitude, had it not disgusted with its fetid truculence. He was gross and licentious. He had no respect for the prejudices of mankind, measuring the feelings of all others by his utter insensibility to shame and want of capacity to feel an insult when designedly given.

He announced himself the apostle of Southern slavery. He took its terrible interests and arrogant claims under his special guardianship. So absorbed was he in championing his specialty that he could not speak on any subject without, ere he closed, entering upon the topic of the "peculiar institution." He was an ultra "fire-eater." He was among the first to espouse the cause of the Southern conspirators. He was maddened by the spirit of secessionism. By the dint of talking and bullying the conservative members of the Convention of Virginia, he did more to carry her out of the Union and into the vortex of ruin than any other man. A few days before Virginia seceded, and while it was feared by the conspirators that she would continue faithful to the old flag, he went to Charleston to fill a self-imposed mission. He assured the Charlestonians, in a public speech, that "if they but drew a little

Yankee blood," old Virginia would go with them. This was what the South Carolinians wanted. The irretrievable step was taken. Sumter was attacked and captured. The torch of civil war was lighted by the fires of the conflagration of Fort Sumter, and the South and North grappled together in deadly embrace. Pryor had laid the straw upon the camel that broke its back. As Pryor had asserted, the boom of the Southern cannon had not died away before Virginia seceded, and arrayed herself on the side of treason. This was Pryor's work. He gloried in the mischief he had accomplished. He was proud of the part he had taken in breaking up the best government in the world.

Then, returning to the state that he had ruined, he assumed the airs and functions of a military chieftain. But for such a pursuit he had not the first qualification. He was soon raised to the high rank and command of Brigadier-General; but it was not long until his utter unfitness for the place discovered itself in so clear and impressive a manner that his best friends could not sustain him in his pretensions. His failure was signal and humiliating. From his broad shoulders were stripped the ensigns of office.\* Such was Roger A. Pryor, the enemy of Mr. Potter.

The South was more arrogant and unreasonable

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\* Degraded from every military office, to hide his shame and screen himself from the reproaches of his friends, he entered, *as a private*, the ranks of the Fifth Virginia Cavalry. As a private, even, he failed. The last that we heard of him was, that he had been compelled to perform double duty, as a punishment for fail-



in her demands than hitherto. She felt that the reins of government were gliding out of her hands, and that she was about to lose the vast patronage of the United States, then constituting the wealth and hope of thousands of her citizens. These calamities she determined to prevent by increasing the number of slave states.

Pryor, as usual, was the noisiest and most insulting advocate of Southern claims upon the floor of Congress. He laid aside the dignity and logic of the statesman, and indulged in the sophistry and legerdemain of the pettifogger. He was almost brutal in his denunciations of those who did not favor the vast and indefinite pretensions of the South. His speech, in its coarseness and dishonesty, would have disgraced the tumultuous assemblages of Rome when in her deepest degradation.

Mr. Potter calmly, forcibly, and logically replied to him. It was an eloquent defense of the doctrine of universal freedom, and a noble vindication of the principles with which he stood connected. With an unsparing hand he drew aside the dark curtain that concealed from the gaze of man the horrid deformities and terrible inhumanity of the Southern system of slavery.

This was more than Pryor could bear. He felt that Potter was seriously damaging the Southern cause. He must be silenced. As his arguments

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ing to answer to the roll-call of his company in the morning. Such are the men—the monsters—who brought upon us this desolating war. Not one of the leading conspirators proved himself a soldier!

could not be answered in debate, his power to injure the South had to be destroyed in some way. Because his arguments were more solid, his reasoning more logical, and his retorts keener than those of Pryor, and because Potter would not yield to his dogmatism, he incurred his fiery hatred. But with Potter, as a debater, he could do nothing. Consequently, the only course left for him was that of the duelist—the fool's resort. Potter was challenged. He was required to back up his powerful arguments by the hazarding of his life. The challenge was accepted, and Mr. Potter selected Colonel Lander as his "second" on this trying and serious occasion.

To act in such a delicate and critical capacity no better selection could have been made. In every essential respect Colonel Lander was the man for the place. Of this Mr. Potter was fully persuaded before he sought his assistance. Perfectly familiar with the laws of the so-called "Southern code of honor," and dauntlessly brave, no bullying was at all likely to divert him from what he conceived to be right. He stood by Mr. Potter with the firmness of a rock, and the devotion of a martyr. Nothing could induce him to betray the confidence reposed in him, nor surrender any of the rights of him whom he represented. Mr. Potter was wholly unaccustomed to dueling, and equally unfamiliar with the use of dueling-pistols. These things placed him at the mercy of Pryor. To place the combatants upon an equal footing, and to neutralize the superiority of the one over the other, Colonel Lan-

der selected, as the weapons of the contest, the common *Bowie-knife*. This he had a perfect right to do as the challenged party. To this selection the challenger demurred. It simply equalized the chances of the parties. But this was not what Pryor and his friends wanted, and was as repugnant to their feelings as the weapons themselves. He sought perfect immunity from danger himself, while at the same time he could effectually punish his antagonist. Few were equal to Pryor in the skillful and expert handling of the pistol. His hand was practiced and steady; his aim certain and deadly. He was well assured that Potter was, in the use of the pistol, the opposite of this. Pryor desired a certain and easy victory. An adept in assassination, he aimed, with murderous intent, to lay the noble Potter by the side of the foully murdered Broderick, of California. A pure patriot, a friend to oppressed humanity, and ready to raise the fallen, Potter stood in the way of the South, and obstructed the accomplishment of her wicked purposes. To silence his voice and destroy his great influence was the object of this duel. Pryor hoped to kill him without receiving any injury himself. Colonel Lander clearly penetrated these designs, and at once resolved upon their defeat, and the humiliation of the haughty Southerner.

Pryor and his "second" pronounced the employment of the *Bowie-knife* both "barbarous and inhuman." They seemed to forget that dueling, in any form, and under any provocation, was eminently "barbarous and inhuman." It is a practice so sav-

age in its elements, stands out in such stern opposition to all social refinement, and is so destructive of all personal security, while it ignores the solemn realities of eternity, that none but the most savage, violent, and immoral will voluntarily engage in it. The professional duelist delights in felling his opponent when free from danger himself, but shrinks back appalled from such a contest when the chances of falling himself are equal to those of his antagonist. Such is Southern justice, magnanimity, and sensibility. The Southern duelist has no feeling, unless his own precious person is in danger; then, like Pryor, he will writhe and squirm like a worm upon a live coal of fire!

When Pryor and his second objected to the employment of the *Bowie-knife*, Colonel Lander promptly informed them that he was prepared to render them full satisfaction with *any* weapon *they* might name; but with him they had no quarrel. Persisting in maintaining the rights of the challenged party, he baffled and defeated them upon their own chosen ground. He adhered to the Southern interpretation of the "code of honor," to which Pryor had so ostentatiously subscribed. *But there was no duel.* Pryor, the brave, blustering Pryor, though the challenger, positively refused to fight with the *Bowie-knife*! The dangerous foe of Potter was vanquished without the shedding a drop of blood or the endangering of human life! He shrank away, cowardlike, from the contest of his own seeking. With shame and ridicule poor Pryor was driven from his favorite haunts. For weeks he hid himself from the



scoffs and jeers of the many who enjoyed his humiliation. But few, if any, pitied him. He had brought the misfortune upon himself, by dishonorable attempts to destroy a noble opponent. He was badly defeated, and as keenly felt his disgrace as he could feel any thing. To this day he has not forgiven Colonel Lander. Pryor correctly traced the cause of his dishonor to his ingenuity. He knew just *how* to deal with such gentry. He succeeded in reducing the overgrown Pryor to his normal hight.

From those revolting scenes of ambition, strife, and depravity, Colonel Lander started for California. In this new and growing state he sought a purer and more congenial association of things. To a greater or less extent, he was gratified. Amid the impure he found those who were pure, and from the ignoble horde he selected the really noble. Here he nestled down in a beautiful, quiet, and peaceful home, taking to himself a befitting and appreciating companion. In 1860, he was joined in holy wedlock to Miss Davenport, the distinguished American actress. She was both talented and beautiful. From her charming countenance beamed a noble, loving, and magnanimous soul. Her peculiar calling had not in the least deteriorated her superb heart-qualities. Theirs was not simply a union of hands, as is too often the case, but also of warm, ardent, loving hearts, and proved to be of the most complete and happy character. Colonel Lander and Miss Davenport were perfectly suited to each other. With each other's tastes and preferences they were

prepared, by nature and culture, to fully sympathize. Both were classically educated; both were decidedly intellectual; both were personally fond of polite literature; both were of the most polished manners, and both were lovers of the good, the beautiful, and the grand. Theirs were congenial natures. For Colonel Lander it was fortunate that he secured the hand and heart of one who could fully appreciate his faculties and enterprises. It was a new life to him—an additional power. While it existed, theirs was a happy married life.

But he was soon to take temporary leave of his companion. The parting was painful to both, but necessary. A devotedly loyal citizen, and profoundly attached to our free institutions, Colonel Lander was among the first to respond in person to the President's call for volunteers. He left all that he loved and valued, wholly devoting himself to the enforcement of the laws and the support of the Constitution of the United States. The ardor of his patriotism arose with the magnitude of the danger with which our free institutions were threatened. To crush out the rebellion became the great object of his life. This great object shaped his emotions, controlled his actions, subsidized and intensified all his energies. From the first act of hostility he manifested a feverish eagerness to measure his strength with the haughty foemen. At once he entered upon active military duty. It was for this high purpose that he offered his sword to Mr. Lincoln. The offer of his services was cordially accepted. West Virginia was the rugged and la-

borious field to which he was first assigned. As work was to be done immediately, this appointment was most cordially acceptable. West Virginia was loyal. A convention of her people was about to meet in Wheeling, to form a new state, and to take measures to remain under the Federal Government. This the insurgents determined to prevent, and, at the same time, overrun and subdue the country. To secure to the people of that section of country the privilege of a free expression of their purposes, and the right to decide their future course of conduct, it was necessary that West Virginia should be occupied by a Union army. This was done. Of these troops and the Western Department, of which West Virginia constituted an important part, General George B. McClellan was Commander-in-chief. As his Aid, Colonel Lander entered this portion of the Western Department. As General McClellan could not enter immediately with the troops, Colonel Lander acted as his representative, and took control of affairs during his absence.

He was among the first that crossed from Ohio into the insurgent territory. He did not throw away any of his time. In this new field he assiduously and successfully labored for the cause so dear to him. He reserved to himself the most arduous part of the work. His frequent and daring reconnoissances secured the most ample knowledge of the strength, position, and purposes of the enemy, while they displayed the most surprising temerity and hardihood. To the Federal army his services were

of the highest importance. Colonel Lander soon became distinguished. His daring deeds, romantic adventures, tireless energy, and noble bearing, won the admiration and secured the respect of his generals, and endeared him to the whole army. Indeed, by all with whom he came in contact, whether in civil or military life, he was held in the highest esteem. Nor was he unworthy of this high regard.

Toward the close of May, 1861, our troops were concentrated at Grafton, a place of some strategic importance. This town lay at the junction of the Baltimore and Ohio and North-western Virginia Railways. Colonel Kelly, an educated, brave, and loyal Virginian, was in command of the post. The rebels, on the approach of our forces, had withdrawn from Grafton and concentrated at Philippi, about fifteen miles further south. Here they purposed making a stand. Their intention was to force the people of West Virginia into an espousal and support of their nefarious cause. But this could not be accomplished so long as the Federal troops held possession of the very heart of that section of the state. Consequently, the collection of a formidable army was essential to their success. This the Federal commander determined to prevent by prompt and energetic measures. General McClellan ordered a surprise of the rebels by a forced march upon their camp. The rebels were to be captured or dispersed ere they became formidable either in numbers or discipline.

The night of the 2d of June, 1861, was selected as the period in which to move upon Philippi. Our



troops approached in two divisions. The division under Colonel Dumont went by the way of Webster, and was to strike the enemy's front. The other division, under Colonel Kelly, took the Beverly pike, and was to fall upon the rebel rear. Both columns were to reach their points of attack at the same hour, *four* o'clock in the morning. The troops engaged in this enterprise were the Sixth and Seventh Indiana Regiments, commanded by Colonels Crittenden and Dumont, the Sixteenth and Fourteenth Ohio Volunteers, under Colonels Irwin and Steadman, with a battery under Lieutenant-Colonel Sturgis—all under the general command of Colonel Lander.

At the concerted signal the columns moved out upon their respective routes. The night was as dark as Egypt in the days of Moses, the roads were rough, narrow, obscure, and mountainous. Besides this, rain fell for the most of the distance in drenching, blinding torrents. Before half of the distance had been traversed, the mud became deep, stiff, and exhausting. But the soldiers patiently trudged on until their destination was reached.

Accompanied by Colonel Lander, the division commanded by Dumont reached the summit of the great hill that overlooks Philippi just as the early light was deepening into open day. The rebels were already astir, early as it was. A pistol fired by a female rebel, an old shrew, near where our troops were halted, apprised the insurgent camp of our approach. No time was to be lost. The first rays of the morning sun had just shot athwart the

valley in which nestled the rebel village. The insurgents had to be attacked at once, else they would all escape by unguarded roads. The column of Colonel Kelly had not arrived in the rear of the enemy's camp. Consequently, in this direction they had an unobstructed way of exit. Colonel Lander determined not to await the arrival of Colonel Kelly.

He ordered the guns into position upon the crest of the hill, just back of the town, while Colonel Dumont was directed to take the barricaded bridge and village. This he did in the most handsome and gallant manner. The artillery opened upon the retreating rebels. The first shot, as its heavy boom lazily rolled along the deep valley, induced the wildest confusion in their ranks. A solid shot went crashing through the principal building of the place. This greatly heightened their confusion and alarm. Soon the various roads leading from the town were filled with flying, frightened rebels. At the top of their speed they fled toward some distant asylum.

On seeing the most of the rebels escaping, Colonel Lander could hardly contain himself. Had not the rebel shrew given the alarm, and had Colonel Kelly arrived in their rear simultaneously with the arrival of Colonel Dumont, the entire rebel force would have been captured. But the alarm had been given, and Colonel Kelly, losing his way on account of the deep darkness of the night, was late in reaching his destination; consequently his prey, so *nearly* secured, was escaping from his clutches. He was furious with disappointment, yet perfectly self-possessed.

Just then he descried Colonel Kelly's column filing down the ravine opposite his position. Grasping a pistol in each hand, he instantly put spurs to his fiery steed, plunging down the steep and craggy hill-side at a break-neck speed. The adventure was novel and thrilling. The artillerists paused in their work of death, as if paralyzed by the audacity of the fearless rider. They looked on in bewildered wonder. Breathless with fears for his safety, they expected to see him and his horse dashed to pieces every moment. But on, *on* he flew, as if carried along and above danger by a superior power. To the witnesses of this daring feat seconds appeared hours. They fully expected that Colonel Lander would be returned to them a mangled, bleeding mass. But the bold adventurer reached the valley in safety. Again the artillerists lived, and the momentary hush of anxious suspense was disturbed by one of the wildest shouts that ever went up from excited soldiers.

This grand feat of horsemanship was, at least, equal to that of General Putnam, of traditional notoriety. But few men would have undertaken so hazardous an enterprise of their own accord. Some might be forced to such a course by an overwhelming enemy, as was the case with General Putnam; but that which augments the luster of this exploit is, that Colonel Lander, rather than take a more circuitous but safer route, "of his own free will and accord," perfectly oblivious to the danger with which he was menaced, swept down that rough and steep hill-side to *attack* an enemy and the sooner

communicate with Colonel Kelly. It was a grand, rare performance. Colonel Lander's great skill in managing a horse, his firm seat in the saddle, his freedom from fear, and his wonderful courage, qualified *him* to succeed in such deeds of temerity.

He reached the pike in safety, and swept past the column of Dumont like the wind, "looking more like a demon than a man." Colonel Stedman, one of the truest men and bravest soldiers in our army, in the excitement of the moment, had gone some three hundred yards in advance of his men, as Colonel Lander passed. "Go back, Colonel Stedman—go back to your column," said he, "or you will be cut off!" He never thought of his own danger, as he rushed on alone into the rebel camp.

Reaching Philippi, he rode over to Colonel Kelly, who was considerably in advance of his column, just in time to see, but not to prevent, the rebel quarter-master, Simms, plant a musket-ball in his chest. Colonel Lander rushed upon the culprit while in the act of escaping amid the cheers of his traitorous comrades. Laying hold of him, though alone, yet surrounded by rebels, he made him his prisoner. This was done as coolly as if no other rebel was within miles of him. His daring confounded his enemies, while his terrible mien paralyzed them with fear. The rebels could have riddled him with musketry had they possessed the necessary courage. Until taken into custody by a squad of infantry, Simms was held quiet and in his place by one of the Colonel's pistols near his head.

Colonel Kelly's command arriving, and ascertain-



ing what had befallen their beloved commander, the soldiers were so exasperated, that, had they not been restrained by the orders and firmness of Lander, they would have torn him in pieces on the spot. The prisoner was saved from a speedy and ignominious death. Had he been in the hands of a less gallant, fearless, and determined man, he would, in all likelihood, have been sacrificed. But Lander was inflexible in his purpose to respect the laws of war at the risk of his own life, however others might violate or disregard them. Simms had given up his arms and surrendered to him; hence he would shield him with his own body from the fury of the maddened soldiers.

In this brave act is seen the integrity and generosity of this bold and impetuous officer. Colonel Lander preferred forfeiting the respect of his own men to that of permitting a wrong to be done to one who had thrown himself upon his justice and mercy. He was right. He had given his official word that that rebel should be treated as a prisoner of war. To that much the insurgent had an indubitable claim. Less than this Colonel Lander could not have done without great injury to himself. An enemy, when a prisoner, was as secure from outrage in his hands, as if in the hands of his friends. Consequently, wherever he was known by the insurgents, they feared and respected him as they feared and respected no other man.

From Philippi the rebels were tumultuously driven, their camp captured and broken up, their army scattered and disorganized, and the town was

ever afterward occupied by our forces. To these excellent results no one contributed as much as Colonel Lander. To him we are greatly indebted for the *first* success of the Army of the Union.

Soon after the battle of Philippi, Major-General McClellan appeared in person in West Virginia. He took supreme command of all the forces in the Western Department. Colonel Lander was retained as the chief member of the staff. No better selection could have been made. In carrying on the war, in prosecuting the work of the campaign, General McClellan had no better officer, nor one so laborious as Lander. He was always upon the wing. He was as ceaseless in his activity as the unresting sea. He threw away no time in idleness nor in useless or unmilitary conduct. When any difficult or dangerous enterprise was to be undertaken, he was always on hand, and ready, and most frequently selected as the leader. He *could* lead; he never *followed* his companions in arms. He cheerfully ventured upon the most hazardous enterprises, and was in the best of spirits when detailed for some Quixotic expedition. His success was uniform and wonderful. While to the loyal his name soon became the synonym of victory, to the rebels it was a terror. The cowardly and treacherous bushwhackers dreaded nothing so much as an expected encounter with him. A host within himself, he carried dismay into the ranks of these monsters.

Under the command of General Garnett, the rebel force, driven from Philippi, eventually intrenched itself on Laurel Hill, near Beverly, one of the

spurs of the Laurel Mountains. This was a naturally strong position, rendered almost impregnable in front by extensive and skillfully constructed fortifications. As the rebels continued enlarging and strengthening their intrenchments and increasing their numbers, it soon became evident that they meditated an attack upon our forces immediately in their front. But it was determined by the Federal commander that the rebels should be attacked in their own intrenchments before they got ready to move upon us. They were to be dislodged from their stronghold, and driven from the country. The longer this was delayed, the more formidable would they become, while the chances of success would proportionably decrease. Toward this enterprise every action was directly related. Preparations upon a most ample scale were being made. Toward the perfecting of the arrangements for the contemplated movement Colonel Lander contributed very largely. His genius and energy were of the highest service to our army at that time. His breadth of intellect enabled him to grasp the subject in all its relations, details, and bearings. A moving, molding, mighty spirit in these mountainous regions, he contributed to a greater extent than is generally conceded to the success of our arms in that campaign. He did much toward supplying the deficiency in the experience and knowledge of many of our officers. By both precept and example he speedily inducted them into the art and mystery of active warfare.

Preparation for the contemplated battle was at

length completed. Every thing that man could do to insure success had been done. As partly the work of his own hands, Colonel Lander contemplated these preparations and the ability of the Army of West Virginia to grapple successfully with the insurgents with the profoundest feelings of satisfaction. He reposed the fullest confidence in the measures that had been taken, and felt certain of ultimate success.

As a direct and front attack upon the rebel works on Laurel Hill would be very, and unnecessarily, destructive of human life, General McClellan concluded to take them by a bold flank movement. While executing this movement, a portion of our troops, under General Morris, was to divert their attention to the front. But while carrying out his well-concerted plans, McClellan ascertained that Rich Mountain, a few miles to the left of Laurel Hill, was strongly fortified, and held by a rebel force under Colonel Pegram. This was as strong a position as Laurel Hill, and ere he could advance on the latter he must take the former. This General McClellan determined to do. But as a direct attack was difficult, if not impossible, a rear attack was decided upon. While he retained the greater portion of his troops in front to divert the attention of the rebels from the real point of danger, he dispatched Colonel Rosecrans, then but little known, with a trusty brigade of three or four thousand men, to the rear of the enemy's works. He was accompanied by Colonel Lander. He was in the best of spirits. He felt that he



would soon be engaged in work congenial to his great soul—the work of crushing out the rebellion.

But before he accompanied Colonel Rosecrans in his hazardous enterprise to the rear, he aided in an armed reconnoissance of the rebel works. It was made by Colonel McCook's "bully Dutchmen," Loomis's Michigan battery, Baker's Chicago cavalry, with the Third and Fourth Ohio Regiments. The reconnoissance was coolly conducted under a heavy artillery and musketry fire from the rebel works. While this was going on, and brave men were fearlessly exposing themselves to the thick-flying missiles of the enemy, Colonel Lander very deliberately stalked down the road below them to the very heart of the gorge swept by the rebel artillery, and, stopping in front of the rebel works, made his observations with the greatest coolness imaginable. He was as calm and as self-poised as if surveying a lovely landscape. For some unaccountable reason the rebels ceased firing the moment Colonel Lander presented himself in that exposed position. They could have literally cut him to pieces, had they been so disposed, as he was within easy, point-blank range; but they did not fire a shot while he was there. His audacity must have confounded his enemies, or their respect for so much courage would not permit them to injure him. But, be this as it may, it is certain that the withholding of their fire alone saved him. Having finished his inspection of that part of the rebel front, he took off his hat, bowed politely to the enemy covering the parapet not two hundred yards off, and, with a measured, unhurried tread,

walked back to his place in the army. This broke the seeming spell with which the rebels had been bound, and they opened upon his retiring form a heavy but scattering fire. He regained his comrades untouched by a rebel ball!

Colonel Key, *then* one of the most promising young officers of our army, but *now* numbered with the gallant dead, observing the return of Colonel Lander, immediately left his cover, and, moving down the road, met him "with the greatest simplicity of manner, distinctive of so pure and noble a nature," saying: "Colonel Lander, did I show any unusual emotions under fire?" the rebel marksmen striving, at the same time, to bring down these distinguished champions. This sublime adventure was worthy the best days of ancient chivalry. The history of this war will not furnish any more splendid examples of patriotic devotion and courage. This romantic deed was seen and applauded by thousands of both armies!

Accompanied and aided by Colonel Lander, Colonel Rosecrans, after the greatest toil, succeeded in reaching the rebel rear. This caused them to fall an easy prey to our troops, but not without some hard fighting, and considerable loss of life. Foremost among the noble band who defeated the rebels on that occasion was Colonel Lander. Unaccustomed to attack or take military works, among our troops were both delay and hesitancy. This hesitancy did not arise from cowardice, but from a want of knowledge how to proceed in such an affair. The delay was becoming dangerous. The rebel in-

trenchments had to be stormed at once, if stormed at all. At this critical juncture, when the issues were trembling in the balance, Colonel Lander sprang upon a high rock, in full view of the rebel batteries, and, exposing his commanding person to the deadly aim of their sharp-shooters, urged the boys, in trumpet tones, "to go in and finish the work at once." With a bound they did "go in," the intrepid Colonel at their head, and, with a terrific shout, in triumph drove the rebels before them. The rebel fortifications were captured. The enemy not captured fled in wild confusion; but the most of them, with all their munitions of war, fell into our hands. Colonel Pegram, with the majority of his command, was made a prisoner of war. It was a most complete victory, and grand in its immediate results. The defeat of Colonel Pegram at Rich Mountain necessitated the hasty evacuation of Laurel Hill by Garnett. Thus, by one daring charge upon the rebel fortifications, two armies were defeated, and two strong, formidable positions taken by our forces. To these triumphs no one contributed more than Colonel Lander. For his great services and brilliant conduct upon this second battlefield of liberty against despotism, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. Thus the government justly placed the highest estimate upon his abilities as a commander. Nor did it ever have occasion to revoke its early decision.

When General McClellan, immediately subsequent to the defeat of our troops under General McDowell, at Bull Run, was summoned to Washington to take

command of the Federal troops, General Lander, by special invitation, accompanied him thither. To Washington he carried the great energy and tireless devotion to his profession that distinguished him in West Virginia. In accordance with the imperative necessities of the situation, as soon as he reached his new field he went to work. He could not be idle. He felt it to be infinitely beneath the dignity of an officer, and dishonorable to spend any time in idleness when so much was to be done. Washington was full of leisure-loving, lounging, shoulder-strapped gentry. For such leeches he felt the supremest contempt, and was not slow in showing his disgust. Nothing aggravated him to a greater extent than the presence and importance of those official drones. Often, and upon every suitable occasion, he rebuked them by his example, and stung them with the keenness of his sarcasm. He could not abide the titled hangers-on. He regarded them not only as sponges, absorbing every thing about them without yielding any thing, but also as robbers, taking that from the country for which they gave no equivalent. He had the mortification of seeing the evil of idleness continue to exist in giant proportions—of witnessing the treasury drained and the army enfeebled by the retention of such officers.

Well would it have been for the endangered government had all the officers been as scrupulously conscientious, ardently patriotic, and laborious as General Lander. He was a model worker. In reorganizing and drilling the Army of the Potomac, he was one of the most efficient and tireless toilers.



From his great duties the miserable and degrading haunts of vice and pleasure did not allure him for a moment. He had his faults, but dissipation was *not* one of them. Like the distinguished and deeply lamented Colonel Baker, of California, he scrupulously gave his time and abilities to his bleeding and betrayed country. While the Army of the Potomac was in a forming state, his native land in danger, and its Capital menaced by an insolent foe, he could not be induced to indulge in elegant leisure, nor recreate at the expense of his government. To that which did not, directly or indirectly, relate to his profession, he gave not a moment's attention. Day and night he toiled to raise the spirits and increase the efficiency of the growing Army of the Potomac. Nor did he toil in vain. He had the rare pleasure of witnessing that army grow up into mammoth proportions, and acquire the skill and power of veteran soldiers. In a few months after General Lander entered the Capital, the Army of the Potomac was the best-drilled, best-equipped, and the most efficient army that was ever made out of volunteers. This was conceded by friend and foe, by native and foreign-born. To these grand results he greatly contributed. Though it is not generally acknowledged, yet General Lander was one of the principal architects of the grand Army of the Potomac. The fact that he was placed in command of a division of that army upon the Upper Potomac is corroborative of the truth of our statement.

Though satisfied with the command with which he was intrusted, General Lander was not happy. The prolonged and inexcusable inactivity to which

General McClellan subjected the Army of the Potomac chafed his active soul almost beyond endurance. He often and spiritedly remonstrated against the General's suicidal waste of time, when time was every thing, and when the army was not yet affected by his repressive policy. But all he could say was unavailing. Nothing could move McClellan from his firm purpose *not* to move. Consequently, General Landor panted for a more active sphere. He desired to be cut loose from the inert body dragging him to the earth. He was dying from the torpor inflicted upon him and the gallant thousands lying along the borders of Virginia by the General-in-chief. He was free in uttering his contempt of the timid policy of the "young Napoleon." The fact that some thought that his adventurous and daring spirit rendered him an unsafe leader in situations requiring wariness and caution, stripped his opinions of nearly all their force—deprived his advice of the importance to which it was justly entitled. But he was not an unsafe counselor, nor an unreliable leader. He was as cautious and prudent as he was bold, fearless, and headlong in his attack of the enemy. He restrained his impetuous nature until every thing was ready; then he unmasked the concealed energies of his soul, and fell upon his antagonist like a thunderbolt, crushing every thing in his way. His uniform and invariable success fully attested his ability to safely fill any place, however great, and lead any army, however numerous. Many preferred trusting the more cautious McClellan, until

they ascertained, by bitter experience, that his caution was so great as to lock up all his other powers, so that action with him was almost out of the question. He was rarely prepared or ready to move or to act. Even the peremptory orders of the President could not always arouse his dormant powers.

Consequently, these two Generals could not long act together with cordiality and hearty co-operation. As General Lander could not approve General McClellan's torpid policy, he was not sparing of his denunciations of it. To severely censure what he disliked, and to condemn, in the strongest language, what he disapproved, was one of Lander's characteristics, and, perhaps, one of his faults. He had, unquestionably, to such a course of conduct quite a morbid tendency. If he had enemies at all, they were made, and continued such, in this way. Like many others, conscious of a personal rectitude in all he did, he was unsparing in his criticism of those who laid themselves liable to condemnation by their faulty conduct. To disapprove the wrong is always right; but perhaps he did not sufficiently discriminate between the seemingly guilty and the really criminal. Consequently, he was liable, by his hearty censure of wrong-doing, to offend those conscious of the purest intentions, however otherwise their conduct might appear. Thus we may account for General McClellan's estrangement from General Lander.

That such an estrangement was brought about by the latter's severe criticism of the military con-

duct of the former there is every reason to believe. There was a manifest alienation of heart between them. There is reason for believing, at least, that the same cordial friendship, toward the close of their intercourse, did not subsist between them that formerly did. It has been intimated that the unfortunate results of this alienation had much to do in hastening General Lander's death. There is no doubt but what General McClellan, had he been so disposed, had it in his power, in his great place, to annoy, baffle, and afflict him to any extent. But that he ever really used his station to torture one with whom he was displeased, we are unable to positively state. The future, and the archives of Washington, can alone fully determine this matter. The general who will charge the defeat of another general, when betrayed and deserted by a *pet* corps commander and overwhelmed by a superior force, to "the want of brains," after said general had conducted one of the most splendid campaigns of the war, should not complain if he is thought capable of slyly oppressing one whose genius he fears, and whose success he envies. It is certain that General McClellan did not respect General Lander's opinions on military matters, as he had a right to expect, nor did he co-operate with him in his noble and strenuous efforts to crush the insurgents, as the condition of things required. But as this subject is involved in considerable obscurity, we will await the developments of the future.

The strange, unfortunate, and disastrous battle



of Ball's Bluff was fought on the 22d of October, 1861. This battle was planned and fought against his most earnest remonstrance. But the events that then transpired aroused his mighty soul to the greatest extent. Though none of his command were engaged in that bloody struggle, he could not remain an idle spectator of such stirring scenes. Though he had strenuously opposed the whole affair while under consideration, yet such was his devotion to his flag, and so eager was he for the activity and excitement of the conflict, that he threw himself, as a volunteer, with all his impetuosity, into the fight at Leesburg, on the day succeeding the bloody defeat at Ball's Bluff. With his usual daring and accustomed defiance of danger, he appeared upon his noble charger among the Federal skirmishers. Fierce with excitement, and terrible in his towering strength, he swept down upon the enemy like a destroying angel. No assailant could elude his vigilant eye nor escape the edge of his gleaming sword. In the warm blood of more than one rebel did he bathe his trusty blade that day. But he was destined to carry evidence of the severity of the conflict and the desperateness of his valor to his grave. A ball from a rebel's rifle struck him in the leg, inflicting a deep and painful, but not, it was thought, a mortal wound. Though suffering the most excruciating pain, and gradually growing weak from the copious loss of blood from the torn arteries, he continued on the field to the last. In consequence of all this he was laid upon

his back, subjected to a season of inactivity more intolerable than the wound itself. His uneasy and restive spirit retarded his recovery.

During this dark season of forced inaction and suffering, he had the soothing presence and assiduous attentions of his most amiable wife. She watched over him with the most intense solicitude, and nursed him with unremitting tenderness. Apprehensive that their wedded life was about to be cut short in its most engaging and sunniest hours, she permitted nothing to occupy her mind but the wound and wants of her gallant husband. Her very existence was wound up in his. She knew that his death would be her greatest calamity, and perhaps her own death-warrant. Constantly she hovered over him, cheering by her smiles and soothing by her attentions, more like an angel of mercy than a human being. All the native generosity of her heart expended itself in her words and actions. She was sustained in her labor of love by witnessing the General's daily improvement. She soon had the pleasure of seeing him upon his feet again.

Though General Lander was gradually approaching his former health, and had every assurance that he would, ere long, be himself again, yet he would not wait until his restoration was perfect. As very important movements were to take place on the line on which his division was posted, he insisted on instantly taking the field. This he did, in spite of the tears and entreaties of his wife, and the remonstrances of his friends. Nothing could dissuade him from taking so perilous a step. He carried his

point, but it was at the expense of his life. He leaped into his saddle, and felt himself a man again. A sad, yet half-gay smile illumined his pale, thin countenance. He felt rejuvenated. The fierce fire of battle burned brightly in his glowing eye. For the time being he was a new man. The future loomed up gloriously and grandly before him. The path leading to glory and renown spread out in his presence in all its gay and gorgeous colors. He *felt* that he would yet carve for himself a name, all ablaze with martial distinction, upon the pillar of national fame. His nostrils distended, he snuffed the battle from afar, and, with the embers of life fast wasting away, he was eager for the contest.

General Kelly's wound disqualifying him to fill the important post that he held, General Lander was sent to Cumberland to relieve him of his command. He was soon at his head-quarters, wholly engrossed in the affairs of his department. It was soon seen that a new and mighty spirit was abroad, and making itself felt every-where. New life was infused into the entire army under his control. The most rigid discipline was enforced and an exact compliance with every regulation firmly demanded. All felt that they were under no ordinary commander. The army became a power, blended, united. There was to be no more straggling upon the march, no more shrinking from duty for frivolous pretenses. Every man, whether general or private, was strictly answerable for deeds equal to his fullest capacity. Less than this would not be acceptable; more than this was not demanded.

The common soldiers were delighted with the stern discipline to which the highest and lowest were alike subjected. And that which especially delighted the private was, his General exacted nothing of him but what he complied with himself. He was not a puppet chieftain. He was a stern, hardy warrior. If his men had to sleep without tents, General Lander shared with them in the same deprivations. He looked well and constantly to the comfort and efficiency of his men. They were his hope—the hope of the country. Soon he was the most popular General in the service of the United States. His army was prepared to follow him anywhere and every-where. Under his leadership, if not hampered or interfered with by jealousy or incompetency, they expected to accomplish something worthy of themselves and the cause they had espoused. The opportunity to test these qualities was approaching with rapidity.

The rebel General “Stonewall” Jackson, a man of intrepid valor and quenchless enthusiasm, and the man to whom the conspirators were indebted for all their victories, was rapidly moving upon the Upper Potomac with his devastating army. The Federal force, under General Lander, was, as usual, much inferior in numbers to that under General Jackson. But their cause was just and noble, their hearts were sound and brave, and their leader enthusiastic and competent. They did not shrink from, nor dread the results of, an encounter with the rebel horde. The latter spread themselves over the country, in numbers and rapacity, like the de-



vouring locusts of Egypt. They promised themselves an easy victory and abundance of plunder. General Jackson had conducted his troops to the most mountainous parts of Virginia, in the severest and most inclement season of the year, shelterless and without adequate supplies. He had promised his half-naked, shivering, and hungry minions the rich and abundant commissary stores of the Federal army, and the portable produce of the invaded country. Of succeeding in this bold and reckless enterprise Jackson had not the least doubt. He had hoped to crush General Lander's small but brave army before it could be reinforced. But he had a wary and active enemy with whom to grapple. General Lander anticipated all his movements, and, with an inferior and inexperienced army, defeated all his plans. General Jackson, for once, found an opponent equal to himself in every important respect. It is true that Lander did not engage the rebels in a general engagement. Such an engagement was what the rebels most desired, but in avoiding it is exhibited the great abilities of our General. Yet he compelled them to make a hasty, disastrous, and ignominious retreat, destitute of all necessary supplies. For days he harassed the rebel rear-guard, cut off and picked up hundreds of stragglers, while the main column dragged its slow, bleeding length along rugged roads, and through narrow mountain defiles. In the mean time they were keenly suffering for the common necessities of life. So hardly were they pressed, so hurried was their retreat, and so destitute of every thing, that many

were frozen to death in the mountains, and many more were maimed for life, through the intensity of the cold weather. In these scenes of severe trial General Lander's great genius shone out resplendently, eclipsing all others with its magnificence. His position was no sinecure, nor were his duties those of elegant recreation. His labors were most arduous, his marches long, frequent, and exhausting, and his means of accomplishing what was expected of him meager and inadequate. But, under all these disadvantages, he drove the rebels from his department, and inflicted upon them severe and heavy losses.

Pervaded with a strong and vehement desire for action, he suffered more from the restraints imposed upon him by his superiors, though his wounds were still torturing him, than from all else together. He regarded such restraints as unreasonable, and detrimental to the interests of the country. No one in the field was better qualified, by the acuteness of his observation, the rapidity of his investigations, and the accuracy of his judgment, to meet the necessities of the war than General Lander. To bring the war to a successful and speedy close, to crush out the slaveocratic revolt, much, *very* much, was to be risked, and quick, heavy, successive blows were prerequisite. For these he was fully prepared, and, so far as his superiors permitted him, he invariably sent the rebels reeling, disconcerted, defeated, back to whence they came. But he had to quicken or diminish his pace as his superiors dictated, though they were *far* from the scenes of action, and to do or not do just as bidden.

Though gradually failing in strength, and but a walking skeleton, General Lander had matured a magnificent scheme, contemplating the capture or annihilation of Jackson's entire army. The slow-moving and overcautious may pronounce his plan both visionary and impracticable, but just as certainly as that he had been intrusted with a military force sufficient for its accomplishment—a force then easily available—he would have succeeded. He never failed in any military enterprise he ever undertook, if permitted to fully prosecute his plans. Nor would he have failed in *this* enterprise, daring and hazardous as it was, had he not been forbidden to act by the General-in-chief. Nothing so deeply affected him as McClellan's refusal to take General Jackson when completely in his power. Three powerful divisions, including Lander's own, were in easy marching distance of each other, by whom Jackson could have been surrounded, *and compelled to surrender at discretion*. But the overcautious Commander-in-chief saw only the risks to be run, without at all noticing the great chances of success, and peremptorily forbade such an undertaking, after the preliminary arrangements had been made. Thus, by neglecting the improvement of that splendid opportunity for the capture of "Stonewall" Jackson, because it involved a little risk, he escaped forever from our clutches. General Lander saw it all, and keenly felt the disappointment, while the government's seeming want of confidence in him caused him to decline more rapidly. That proved the deepest and deadliest wound that he had

ever received. Though he continued to strike detachments of the enemy's forces keen and damaging blows, and personally superintended the great affairs of his laborious department, he continued to sink all the time. His unconquerable will kept him up, alive and active, when other men would have gone down forever. His intense desire to enter Winchester, Virginia, as a conqueror, had the effect of prolonging his life, and deferring the period of his exit. But this pleasure was forever denied him. Even his system of bronze and will of iron could not bear up against the heavy tide that sat in against him. His thin, pale face, and his eye, always, when in health, singularly piercing and expressive, with its strange and unnatural brilliancy, told the sad tale of coming dissolution. While the long-coveted opportunity to strike an effective blow for his outraged country, and cover himself with glory, for which his soul had feverishly hungered, appeared within his reach, his exhausted and overwrought system gave way, and his brave, noble, generous, and gallant spirit passed into eternity at *four o'clock, March the second, eighteen hundred and sixty-two!* He had coveted death upon the battle-field. Such he believed to be his destiny. But in this, as in other desires of his heart, he was disappointed. The effects of disease, eager anxiety, constant vigilance, torturing wounds, and ceaseless activity completely wore out his once powerful system. His martial and patriotic work was done. His brilliant destiny was splendidly fulfilled. Over a startled and saddened nation the lightning spread



the melancholy tidings of his demise! To each other, and every-where, it was whispered, in subdued and mournful tones, "The gallant and generous Lander is dead!"

General Lander was the fiery Murat of the American army. Under such a chieftain (we have no hesitancy in affirming) as Napoleon Bonaparte, he would have become as much distinguished as the unfortunate King of Naples. His like will not soon again be seen. His profound, unselfish devotion to the American cause, his fearless attacks of the insolent enemy, and his unwearying efforts to subdue the insurgents, placed him in the front rank of the patriots of the age, and secured the hearty approval and universal applause of loyal Americans. He was well known and highly appreciated by every true man. "General Lander," said one, "was the bravest of the brave, as perfect a specimen of lofty chivalry as Bayard himself. His bravery, generosity, and high-minded love of glory were proverbial. He leaves a splendid and spotless name, and his fame will ever be cherished by his countrymen." Immediately subsequent to his death said General McClellan, in his General Order: "As a military leader, he combined a spirit of the most daring enterprise with a clearness of judgment in the adaptation of means to results. As a man, his devotion to his country, his loyalty to affection and friendship, his sympathy with suffering, and his indignation at cruelty and wrong, constitute him a representative of true chivalry."

A truer or more touching tribute could not be

paid to his memory than this by one who knew him intimately in both private and public life. Nor is it more than his merited due. His brief but magnificent career places him in history and in the affections of the people on the plane of such men as Generals Grant, Rosecrans, and Meade. His stirring deeds will ever live after him, while his brilliant, just, and heroic conduct will be the theme of poets and historians so long as the American annals are read and studied.

In this connection it is both pleasant and gratifying to be able to bear clear and distinct testimony to his *moral excellency*, as well as to his martial worth. He never permanently lost sight of the important fact that he was a mortal and accountable being, that his earthly conduct determined the nature of his eternal destiny, and that it was internal, moral worth that really made the man. The best, truest, and loftiest sentiments had been, at an early period, instilled into his mind by his noble mother. These sentiments fortified him in the day of trial, and modified his conduct throughout his entire life. He was not one of those strange beings, many of whom may be found in the army, who suppose that they display intellectual qualities and strength of mind in proportion to the audacity of their skepticism and the vigor of their sneers at Christianity. General Lander disdained being one of this class of "strong-minded" men. He ever cherished for Christianity the profoundest respect, though he may not have made a public profession until toward the close of his eventful career. He arrayed himself upon the

side of truth, morality, and virtue. There he stood, as immovable as a rock.

For the Bible he felt the profoundest regard, and in the study of its pages he took the liveliest interest. The Bible was his constant companion.\* When upon the wide plains, stretching along the Rocky Mountains, in the cities of California, or at his head-quarters, he spent some of his leisure in its perusal. He loved its simple beauty, was charmed by its precious truths, directed by its precepts, and sustained by its consolations. Some of his last rational moments were spent in the fervent study of the sacred volume. Though we do not know to what extent his belief in Christianity acquired a practical character, yet we are satisfied that he ever gave his great influence to the religion of the Bible. This he did frankly, openly, nobly. But he had completed his moral work, his destiny was sealed, and it is confidently hoped that he "rests from his labors" and hath "entered into rest."

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\* On entering his quarters, an officer was surprised to see him reading the Bible. On seeing this surprise, the General explained to him that he believed, carried with him, revered, and read it daily, if practicable. This was noble in itself, and as an example.

## CHAPTER IX.

## GENERAL LYON.

FOR upward of eighty years this nation existed and acted as a *unit*, and, as a unit, was unprecedentedly prosperous and happy. But, in 1861, a dark, portentous, and threatening cloud canopied the whole continent. The entire country was convulsed with the wild throes of incipient rebellion. Insolent treason had received its monstrous birth in South Carolina. It extended its power, and made its hideous presence felt every-where. It lurked and fattened into corpulency in all national places, while national *officers* proved themselves the most shameless traitors. Patriotism appeared to have fled from the land appalled. Without a struggle to retain them, forts, arsenals, and armories were tamely surrendered to the insurgents by those to whom the government had intrusted their safety. With indecent haste Armstrong surrendered to the rebels the Pensacola Navy-yard, with several easily defended forts. The Federal troops, guarding the frontiers of Texas from Indian depredations, were betrayed into the rebel power, and deserted by the hoary traitor, General Twiggs. The treason or imbecility of Commodore McAuley led him to place the Norfolk Navy-yard, with its *nine millions* of



property, into the greedy clutches of the conspirators. From the Federal Government the thieving rebels wrested nearly all its public property. Indiscriminate robbery was conducted on a most gigantic scale by the Southern chivalry. Fears were seriously entertained by the loyal that, ere the government could marshal a force sufficient to take care of itself, all its property and authority would be appropriated by these bold, bad men. So prevalent and profound was the defection of the officers, that the government was at a loss whom to trust and whom to discard.

But in this dry, arid, and hot Sahara of treason, an occasional oasis of loyalty presented itself, gladdening the eyes and cheering the heart of the faithful. As subsequent events fully proved, a few patriots and soldiers, brave as Cæsar, and as devoted as Garibaldi, still occupied and held posts of honor and trust. Amid the general treason sweeping over the country, they remained the unfaltering supporters of the authority of the Federal Government. Nothing could move them from their allegiance. One of the best and bravest of these loyal officers was Nathaniel Lyon, commander of the United States Arsenal at St. Louis, Missouri. Of him and his noble deeds would we now speak.

In 1818, NATHANIEL N. LYON was born in the state of Connecticut. He sprang from an old, honored, and renowned ancestry. His grandfather, Ephraim Lyon, was an officer under Sir William Johnson during the old French war. When the time came for him to decide in favor of English

tyranny or American freedom, he was not long in ranging himself with the struggling colonists. He soon identified himself with the cause of the people, and aided in all their efforts to shake off the iron fetters with which the British were binding them. As an officer of the Army of the Revolution he greatly distinguished himself by his valor, superior intelligence, and powers of endurance.

His ancestors, upon his mother's side, were equally distinguished for loyalty and martial ability. Lieutenant Knowlton was young Lyon's maternal grandfather, and brother to Colonel Knowlton, who fell at White Plains. In the Revolutionary War these two brothers were side by side, and fought together at White Plains and Bunker Hill. Upon the monument beautifying the place, and commemorating the deeds of the heroes of Bunker Hill, is found the name of Colonel Thomas Knowlton. Such were the progenitors of Nathaniel Lyon.

Inbibing the sentiments guiding his illustrious forefathers in the Revolutionary struggle, he was true to his country from *principle*, not from profession or interest. He was a patriot of the most perfect integrity. This integrity was, if possible, augmented by the weighty obligations under which the Federal Government had brought him, by appointing him a cadet to West Point Academy, in 1837. Unlike many others, he could not find it in his heart to desert and betray the generous friend and fostering parent that had made him all he was.

To exhibit his high appreciation of the favor conferred upon him, and to qualify himself for efficient

military service, he diligently applied himself to his studies, and graduated, with great distinction, in 1841. In July, of the same year, he was promoted to the command of Second Lieutenant. For several years he faithfully filled the station. From his first entrance upon public duty he discovered the presence and possession of those qualities that so prominently enter the formation of the great commander. The gallant youth, in his early career, presaged the distinguished general in mature age. From the first he exhibited the energy, the integrity, the intrepidity that have since so signally distinguished him in his more recent operations, and that have so endeared his memory to the whole nation. In 1847 he was promoted to the rank and command of First Lieutenant.

Upon the inauguration of hostilities with Mexico, Lieutenant Lyon and his regiment were the first to enter the field and strike the enemy a staggering blow. He shared with his regiment in all its deprivations, hardships, and toilsome marches, without a murmur or complaint. He was always contented, always cheerful. Holding himself in readiness for any action at any time, he never shrank from the performance of any duty, however arduous, nor from the bearing of any burden, however crushing, when demanded for the success of our arms. "The flag must be always kept up and afloat," was his ruling motto. He felt that his own reputation, as well as the reputation of the nation, was wrapped up in the reputation of the army. To raise its efficiency to the highest point, and to perfect its

drill and discipline, he cheerfully subjected himself to the greatest labor and severest toil.

Wherever the contest raged the most furiously, and the bullets fell the thickest, there young Lyon was generally to be found. On such occasions, amid such stirring scenes, his superior powers shone out resplendently. The roar of artillery, the rattle of musketry, and the exciting din of the battle-field were necessary to call out his powers to the greatest extent. In the midst of the strife and carnage of contending armies his mind acted with the greatest energy and accuracy. His face grew radiant with enthusiasm, his eyes flashed with the fires of military genius, and his whole deportment became grand, striking, and imposing. The inspiration of the gory battle-field transformed him into a martial giant of the grandest proportions. Then it was well for the enemy to keep from before him, or from under his trusty sword. He would strew his path with the dead and dying of his foemen.

At the bloody and hotly-contested battle of Cerro Gordo, he covered himself with glory and his regiment with renown. On the crest of a steep hill one of the enemy's most powerful batteries was planted. It greatly annoyed the American army. To insure the complete success of the day, and to save our men from needless destruction, the battery had to be captured. For the execution of this hazardous design a squadron of infantry was detailed. In that gallant band was the company of which young Lyon was First Lieutenant. Up the rugged, craggy hill, toward the frowning battery, they moved



at a "double-quick." On their route they left many of their companions weltering in their blood. The Mexicans worked their guns with the greatest rapidity and precision. Our troops melted away before their deadly fire like snow beneath a tropical sun. It was thought to be more than mortal man could stand. With the most intense solicitude and anxiety their movements were watched by our general officers. It was feared that they would falter. But *no*—on, on those intrepid fellows pressed toward the battery, that every moment belched forth destruction from its red-hot throat, without showing the least signs of wavering. In advance of the assaulting party, and nearest the enemy, was young Lyon himself! Thus they toiled up the steep acclivity. The crest of the hill was gained. The battery was reached; the gunners were bayoneted in their places; the supporting infantry fled, panic-stricken, and the guns were ours! The whole company caught the daring spirit of the young Lieutenant, and the enemy was scattered like chaff before the wind. It was a sublime spectacle! No scene could have more fully inspired the poet or artist.

The next sanguinary struggle in which he appeared a prominent actor, was at Contreras. The battle was fierce and prolonged. The ground over which our forces fought was rugged, rocky, and hilly. The swarthy Mexicans were present in overwhelming numbers. With unusual stubbornness they resisted the advance of the Federal cohorts. Our well-served artillery mowed them down by the score. During the progress of this terrible engage-

ment, the situation of the regiment with which Lieutenant Lyon was connected became imminently critical. Swarms of cavalry confronted them. On the left, right, and rear, they were threatened with annihilation by myriads of Mexican lancers. These were trying circumstances. Their condition was desperate—appalling. But in those serried ranks there was a Lyon's heart that knew no fear. As the cloud of Mexican cavalry came thundering down upon them like an avalanche, the regiment quickly formed a "hollow square," with which to receive the advancing host. A solid front of gleaming bayonets received and checked the surging masses, while a deadly volley was poured into their ranks with telling effect. Soon scores of riderless horses, wild with affright, and furious from the pain of wounds, were scouring the extended plains. Until the next day this gallant regiment retained its position, kept at bay the horde of Mexican Cossacks, and laid many of their number low in the dust! It was an awful conflict; but it resulted as gloriously to our arms as it did disastrously to the enemy. Then, in a solid phalanx, as conquerors, they retired from the scenes of that memorable contest.

But while they were falling back upon the main body of our army, they were under the destructive fire of a Mexican battery. This could not be tolerated; consequently, Lieutenant Lyon, with Captains Casey and Messels, was ordered to take the guns. The order was no sooner given than these indomitable officers, as if fresh from their tents and

rations, hastened, with fiery ardor, to carry it into effect. The struggle was brief but sanguinary. The offending guns, with two hundred prisoners, fell into their hands. In achieving these great results, Lieutenant Lyon was a most conspicuous actor—took a most prominent part. In his brigade, as well as in his regiment, he was a leading, molding spirit.

After securing his prisoners, receiving the congratulations of his superiors, and recruiting his exhausted energies, he reappears at Cherubusco in all the plenitude of his knightly qualities. At this memorable place the Mexicans were in great force, and strongly intrenched. To dislodge and scatter them was no ordinary affair. General Scott, in surveying the ground on which the enemy were posted, looked grave and thoughtful, saddened by the thought of the many noble dead who should lie in those trenches before the American ensign could wave over them. But there was no fear of the final result. The battle was opened, and blood began to flow. The contest raged along our entire front with the greatest fury. It was unusually fierce. During its continuance, Lieutenant Lyon and his noble band of veterans were exposed to the most galling and deadly fire. Amid the iron sleet that swept into his very face, he stood unmoved and grandly, like a molten statue. Up to the same steadiness he held his heroic men. His coolness and courage were two of the most conspicuous things of that bloody and terrible day. To a considerable degree he and his intrepid command contributed to the defeat of the Mexican thousands

that threatened to swallow up the small American army. In his front the Mexican dead were piled up in heaps upon each other. The havoc was awful!

For his noble bearing and masterly conduct upon this and kindred occasions, he was commended, by Captain Morris, to the special notice of the Colonel commanding the brigade of which his regiment was an integral part. Of his meritorious conduct a faithful record was made by his commanding officers. With him and his superb fighting they were perfectly delighted, predicting for him a brilliant and distinguished future. On no one could they more fully depend for the accomplishment of any hazardous work than upon him. They knew that the American "Cœur-de-Leon" would fall in his place, and in the performance of duty, if need be, but would never falter nor desert his post. He knew only how to obey orders, not to take counsel of his fears.

As might reasonably be expected, from what has been said, and in view of what he had done, Lieutenant Lyon was prominent among those who assaulted and took the City of Mexico. He was among the first of our heroes—greater, mightier, and grander than those of their Spanish predecessors—who entered the halls of the Montezumas as conquerors. One of the dauntless legion who attacked the Belen Gate, covering one of the approaches to the city, he fell from the effects of a ghastly wound, crimsoned with his own blood. It was a terrific struggle, sadly destructive of human life. Deeds of gallantry were performed, outrivalling those of the most magnificent knights of olden times. In the



front of these noble warriors was seen the manly form of Lieutenant Lyon. Here, at the Belen Gate of the magnificent Capital of Mexico, he did his best fighting, and achieved his greatest renown.

The period of strife and carnage had gone by, and the season of reward had arrived. Accordingly, for his brilliant conduct and noble bearing at Contreras, Cherubusco, and Belen, he was *brevetted* Captain. Then, in testimony to his great worth, the great value of his services, the magnitude of his achievements, and the honorableness of his wounds, on the 14th of June he was promoted to the real rank of Captain in his old regiment. This distinguished rank of honor and confidence conferred upon him was not the fruits of any favoritism, nor the result of the interposition of powerful friends, but the fruits of the most heroic conduct and substantial merit. He had now taken the first step toward the object, for the accomplishment of which he had been so assiduously laboring. He was promoted upon the field of battle, with the trophies of victory about him, where the real soldier loves to secure his rewards.

Upon the ratification of the articles of peace with Mexico, Captain Lyon returned with his regiment to the United States, and at once entered upon the arduous service required by an exposed and menaced frontier. For many long, weary, unrewarded years he continued in this malarious, laborious, and dangerous field. Indeed, till within a year or two he was found still standing, as Captain of infantry, between the frontier settlers and the threatening Indians,

offering security to the former, and striking terror into the hearts of the latter. He found his situation much more exacting and arduous than profitable in emoluments or honors. For the great labors he performed, and the great risks he had run from the Indians, and diseases of the most violent type, he received little pay, small credit, and no promotion. For upward of twelve years he wore the "double bars" that he won by his valor before the Belen Gate, in Mexico. His long years of fidelity, toil, and suffering did not open to him the avenues of preferment. He did not even receive the expressed appreciation of the government that he had served so well and faithfully. Though he had done much, the government was chagrined that he did not do more.

But the time for the breaking up of the monotony of his life had come. The ambitious and unscrupulous South, then holding the reins of government, was determined to advance her interests at the risk of a war with the North. Kansas was the first to feel her ruthless power, and the first to fall a prey to her rapaciousness. But Kansas proved refractory, and refused to come under the iron rule of Southern despots, and the more dreaded rigor of their *Northern* tools. Consequently, the *antislavery* citizens of Kansas were to be dragooned into supple, cringing, acquiescing minions of the dominant Administration, then in the clutches and under the control of the South. Upon them was to be foisted a constitution, such as they detested, and of sufficient enormity in its provisions to forever damn a whole

people, by the physical force of the Administration. Over them a military despotism was to be established, and kept up until such time as they would cheerfully comply with the will of the Southern oligarchy seated in Washington. The invaluable liberty of self-government—the privilege of determining the character of their local laws—was to be ruthlessly wrested from them at the point of the bayonet. Captain Lyon was one of the officers to whom this despicable work was to be intrusted. A life-long *Democrat*, it was thought by a Democratic Administration that he could have no scruples in serving his party in any way, when the completion of the work was to be rewarded with the highest martial honors. But they had mistaken their man. Though a Democrat, he was, nevertheless, a *man*—an honorable, scrupulously conscientious man. Ever obedient to his superiors, he hastened to the headquarters of the Department of Kansas. Once there, he was not long in ascertaining the infamous nature of the work he was expected to perform. The bare idea that the Administration conceived him to be capable of doing such a work—of forcing a slave-code upon a freedom-loving people—provoked him into the use of language to which he was wholly unaccustomed—the language of rage, scorn, and denunciation. Finding out that he was required to become the propagandist of African slavery by military force, with mingled feelings of shame and indignation he promptly resigned his command, and utterly refused having the remotest agency in the nefarious business. He afterward felt the supremest loathing of the

tyrants engaged in despoiling the people of Kansas, all to perpetuate African slavery, "the sum of all villainies." Noble man! He was one of the very, *very* few who had virtue and courage enough to refuse serving the government in that odious work. Of all his brave and noble deeds, this was the bravest and noblest! While plenty of others, officers of the Regular Army, could be found mean and despicable enough to aid in crushing an innocent and magnanimous people with the military arm of our dishonored government—dishonored by a Northern man with Southern principles, and ruled by Southern masters—in order to fasten African slavery upon them and against their will, Captain Lyon hurriedly retired from so odious a business at the cost of his entire future prospects, so far as he could see. For taking this noble, manly step, we think more highly of him than for any other single act of a singularly excellent life. It raised him higher in the estimation of thousands of the best of men than did his heroic conduct upon the battle-fields of Florida and Mexico. He acted from the loftiest principles. He ascertained what was his duty as a man and a Christian, then did it, at any and every cost.

Yet for this brave and manly act, sufficiently distinguished for its elements of genuine humanity to secure the full approval of every right-thinking man, he was placed under the ban of the Buchanan Administration, and ostracized by the Southern faction in power. This is one cause of Lyon remaining simply a Captain so long after his protracted, exhausting, and valuable services. The public func-



tionaries, by whose imperial nod men lived or died, ascended or descended, were too indignant at his *rebuking* conduct, and too wholly engrossed with the promotion of the interests of their supple minions—their adroit and pliable tools—to do him any thing like justice for his past fidelity. Too corrupt and imbecile to appreciate the purity and lofty character of the motives prompting his magnanimous conduct, they determined to crush him by neglect. They readily found officers who stooped to do the base drudgery that Lyon indignantly refused to do, and the foul, unmanly work was done. Instead of being promoted and trusted, as he richly deserved, Captain Lyon was anathematized, as were all who refused to do the imperious bidding of the slave-power at the Capital.

Captain Lyon was not dismayed. He was supported by the conviction that he had acted the part of a man—a part in the infamous tragedy of Kansas that imparts to it nearly all its shades of relief, and for which posterity will loudly applaud him. He was consoled with the reflection that he had not deserved such treatment, and that he *had* afforded protection and given security to the families on the frontiers of civilization from the firebrand and scalping-knife of the ruthless savage. His mind was as serene, his step as elastic, his spirits as buoyant, and his sleep as quiet after, as before, this occurrence.

Of no officers of the Regular Army, whose services were so long, so great, so arduous, have we any account of their being neglected to so great an extent.

Officers who had not seen half the service, much less deserving in every respect, and much less devoted to their country's good, were promoted over and above him.

But merit is always modest and retiring; so Captain Lyon never obtruded his claims upon the attention of the government. And though merit's reward will come, as it eventually did to Captain Lyon, yet its approach is often irregular and tardy. This truth entered the soul of the hero of Missouri, and, sustained by it, he faithfully and patiently endured those neglects, serving his country as intrepidly as if his government had been the most lavish of its rewards. For so nobly enduring those harassing neglects and imbittering outrages he deserves the greatest respect. The treatment received from the dominant Southern oligarchy developed traits of character, excellent and adorning, that the camp and battle-field failed to elicit, and prepared him for an enlarged field of usefulness. While the government aimed to crush an officer who refused to be a cringing tool, it was doing the country a great service by disciplining him for a new, broader, and higher department of martial activities.

In all this Lyon appears to the best advantage—infinitely superior to his oppressors—and as a Captain, he is more worthy of confidence and more deserving of praise than if he had secured the rank of Major-General by crawling in the dirt in Kansas.

Of Captain Lyon and these incidents in his life Mr. Lincoln's Administration did not lose sight, and showed its good sense and its confidence in his

loyalty, integrity, and ability by calling him to the Department of St. Louis at an early period of the rebellion. In being intrusted with that post, he was intrusted with one of the weightiest commands in the whole Union. To fill his difficult and dangerous station required much more than ordinary courage and ordinary abilities. In occupying St. Louis, he occupied and held the key to the whole of Missouri and the adjoining free states. If he proved himself master of the situation—competent to grapple with the difficulties encountered—Missouri would be secured to and held in the Union, and the bordering free states saved from the ravages of civil war. But, on the other hand, if he failed to retain what he already held, and gain more, the disastrous consequences to the Federal Government and the whole country would have been inconceivable in magnitude.

On entering upon his official duties, Captain Lyon had the St. Louis arsenal, with its valuable stores, at his command, but no soldiers to retain it, except a handful of “regulars,” while hordes of secessionists surrounded him. In this trying condition of things, the hearts of most men would have sunk within them; but his did not. The great and constantly increasing difficulties environing him but served to call out his great mental resources, and develop his rare military powers.

Unfortunately for Missouri, as it was for Tennessee, though a large majority of the people were loyal to the Federal Government, the state officers, from the Governor down to the lowest, were rabid se-

cessionists and unscrupulous traitors. While the wicked and notorious Harris was dragging noble Tennessee into the desolate regions of Secessia, the equally wicked and unscrupulous Jackson was bargaining with Jeff. Davis for the ruin and enslavement of his native state. Missouri was to become the frontier state of the rebel dominions. Governor Jackson and his associated officers had made up their minds to leave the Union at all hazards, and cast in their lots with the insurgent South; but, fully persuaded of the inflexible loyalty of many of the most respectable and influential citizens of the state, they found it expedient to disguise their purposes, and sustain the outward semblance of loyalty themselves. They knew that the announcement of their treasonable intentions would inevitably insure defeat, and cover them with infamy. But these cunning and unprincipled conspirators determined to prevent the one and avoid the other. To prevent the disquietude consequent upon the apprehension of treason, to lull the suspicions of the loyal, and to relax the vigilance of the faithful masses, these official miscreants resorted to various expedients. Through the supple subserviency of the Missouri Legislature, they sought to tie the hands of the people, and carry on the work of demolition. Military laws, stringent and partial, were enacted; military appropriations, unjust and oppressive, were made; and various military camps, for the ostensible purpose of state security, were formed. After the organization of a sufficient number of troops, the first step to be



taken to insure their easy success, was the capture of Captain Lyon and the United States arsenal. They skillfully set about the work. Under the specious covering of loyalty they professed to conduct all their movements. They knew that Lyon was not to be trifled with, and that he was no contemptible foe. They knew that if they succeeded at all, they must convince him that, while raising, drilling, and equipping troops right before his eyes, they had not the least intention of rebelling or attacking him, but that they were only preparing to co-operate with him in his efforts to hold the state in the Union. They had undertaken an impracticable work; yet it was their only resource. The angry Lyon must be caged and tamed before they could move a solitary step.

But they were at a loss for a plan of operations that would insure ultimate success. At length they adopted the following scheme: In the immediate vicinity of St. Louis, Governor Jackson established a military camp under the command of General Frost. It was loudly and frequently professed that this camp was established exclusively for the organizing of the militia in harmony with the recent laws enacted by the Legislature, for any emergency that might arise in the threatening future. Jackson protested that he entertained no hostile or treasonable intentions, and that he designed placing the state in a safe and *neutral* position. While he thus succeeded in deceiving a few, he really overdid the thing, and ruined his cause with the many. His great zeal in protesting the purity of his mo-

tives and the loyalty of his intentions created suspicion in the minds of the most intelligent patriots. From the first he was wholly distrusted, and watched with unceasing vigilance. Of nothing was Captain Lyon more fully satisfied than of Jackson's treasonable purposes. Yet he seemed to take for granted that what the leading traitor affirmed was true. He permitted Jackson to believe that he was deceived, and that his perfidy was unknown to the loyal of St. Louis.

The rebel camp, "Camp Jackson," was all astir with the work of preparation. Numerous recruits daily arrived. From all quarters of the state they flocked to the rendezvous. The most of those who resorted thither, especially the officers, were known to be rampant secessionists—secessionists of the most violent type. To say the least, these known and avowed secessionists were a strange agency with which to defend the state from Southern aggression and Southern control. It was like confiding the future of our country to the tender mercies of her deadliest enemies.

But the recruits of "Camp Jackson" never intended doing aught but to fight for the advance of the rebel cause when ready for action. They were under oath to support the Southern rebellion. Though the old Stars and Stripes waved over the encampment, yet its various avenues were named "Jeff. Davis," "Beauregard," "Pickens," "Joe Johnston," and "Jackson," while not one was designated by the name of a Union general or officer. This simple fact went far in determin-

ing the character of "Camp Jackson." Yet it was called a Union camp by the bitter enemies of the Union. Thus early in their career of treason they sought, as ever afterward through all the South, to succeed by falsehood and perfidy. Thus early they associated themselves and their cause with all that was low, mean, dishonest, false, and villainous.

But Captain Lyon was not deceived. His hawk eye was upon the conspirators. He was not an acquiescing, idle looker-on. So skillfully did he manage his official affairs, and so successfully conceal his actions and purposes, while preparing to utterly break up the rebel camp, that they could not positively determine whether he suspected their designs or not. Consequently, they were anxious and ill at ease. It was essential to their success to ascertain the state of the enemy's mind and the extent of his military preparations. To ascertain, therefore, the purposes of Captain Lyon, General Frost wrote to him that he was "continually in receipt of information that he (Lyon) contemplated an attack upon the camp." Yet General Frost could not bring himself to believe that so true, loyal, and gallant a soldier would entertain such a project for a moment. Therefore, to allay all apprehensions, and remove all cause of trouble, he begged Captain Lyon to give his written denial of these rumors. But Frost's ingenious expedient did not succeed at all. Captain Lyon, fathoming his intentions, made no reply whatever to his dextrous note. The fears of the rebel General arose

from his consciousness of guilt. He knew that he deserved to be attacked as a traitor, and hence expected it accordingly.

The silence of Captain Lyon was imperturbable and irritating to the haughty commander of the insurgent camp. The specious pretenses of Frost went for what they were really worth. This cunningly written letter enabled him to fully penetrate his traitorous designs. Lyon was fully satisfied that, within a short time, the rebels would assail him, did he not previously attack them. Accordingly, his measures for the future were taken.

To the rebel cause the capture and retention of St. Louis and its arsenal were of the most vital importance. Within the arsenal were sixty thousand stands of arms, with large quantities of military stores of every description. Had this post, at that critical moment, been under the command of one whose devotion to and love of slavery had perverted his mind and debased his morals, as was the case with many other officers, no human powers could have determined its disastrous consequences to Missouri. But, fortunately for Missouri, an officer had charge of the post whose allegiance was not impaired by State Right fooleries, whose eagle vision pierced through every traitorous disguise, whose courage and capacities were equal to any emergency, and whose stern, steady adherence to duty defied alike all rebel blandishments and rebel opposition.

As soon as Captain Lyon reached St. Louis and ascertained the state of things in his department, he at once set about the organizing and drilling



regiments of Union volunteers. In this important work he was aided by able and devoted patriots. Almost before the rebels were apprised of his having enlisted any soldiers—so quietly and industriously did he proceed in his work—he had two full regiments of the very best fighting material. The most of them were Germans, and had been in the military service of their own country ere they emigrated to this. To the Germans of St. Louis both the state of Missouri and the United States are indebted to a greater extent than is generally conceded. They promptly responded to the call of their adopted country, and threw themselves between the rebel hordes and the threatened institutions of America. They were ready for service without much preparatory training. They had been schooled to the duties of the soldier in their father-land. They were the very soldiers demanded by the exigencies of the revolt of the South. Yet no class of Union soldiers have been more reviled by the rebels than the Germans. The reasons are obvious. They are numerous in the loyal armies, and they make the best of soldiers. They have very largely contributed to the defeats of the rebels and the triumphs of our arms, from the victory at Rich Mountain to the great triumph of Chattanooga. They are brave, persistent, contented, faithful, and ever-enduring. Of such men were the first regiments of St. Louis composed, and upon them Captain Lyon could rely to the utmost extremity. Armed and fully equipped, these regiments were placed under the command of Colonels

Sigel and Boernstein. These talented, brave, and influential German officers were with Lyon in both heart and hand. It was in this noiseless and quiet way that he prepared the means to save St. Louis and the national property within her bounds.

Having completed his arrangements as best he could, without deigning to reply to General Frost's letter, Captain Lyon boldly marched out his legions, upon the day of its reception, to Camp Jackson. The rebels were thunder-struck. For nothing like this had they been looking. They had flattered themselves that they had succeeded in deceiving the Yankee commander. But, alas! the despised Yankee was upon them with his miserable Dutchmen! What were they to do? What could they do? They were not kept long in suspense. Having taken them completely by surprise, Captain Lyon deliberately surrounded their camp with his troops. This was done when the rebels were expecting, at an early date, to surround and capture Lyon. Thus hemmed in on every hand by Federal bayonets, they were overwhelmed with consternation. Their keen consciousness of treasonable purposes, and their helpless condition, paralyzed all their boasted energies. With reference to what had just then transpired, they could hardly believe the testimony of their own senses. The tables had been completely turned upon them. They were at the mercy of the very "Lincolmites" and "Vandals" whom they derided, denounced as cowards, and promised to thrash into powder. Within the twenty-four hours subsequent to the surrender of their camp, the conspira-

tors had intended attacking Captain Lyon in the arsenal, and taking possession of all his troops and stores. But the wily Captain had anticipated their movements just in time to frustrate their whole scheme, and take them in the net spread for himself and his command.

Great soldiers were these rebels! They had expressed a determination to neither ask nor give quarter. Their mortification knew no bounds, and their chagrin could not be alleviated. They were taken in their own craftiness. Their humiliation crushed out all their courage, so that they struck their colors *to* Lyon without striking a blow *at* Lyon. They were summoned to surrender unconditionally. A few moments were allowed them for deliberation and decision. At the expiration of the allotted time, General Frost surrendered himself and command without firing a gun, or making the least resistance. A splendid beginning for the chivalry!

In triumph, with the proud consciousness of having performed a noble work, Captain Lyon conducted his prisoners of war through the half-rebel city of St. Louis. For himself, for his brave soldiers, for the old Union, it was a glorious day—a period of great promise. The bold conspirators were badly crippled in their very beginnings. All that was wanted to complete the good work so auspiciously begun, was to leave the Captain and his band of patriots alone. His plan of operations had been most skillfully devised, and its most important conditions had been already successfully carried out. The towering crest of the secession

cockatrice had been brought down into the dust. To have reached its heart would have been an easy matter.

But, unfortunately for Missouri, just as Captain Lyon was entering upon the completion of his work, he was unexpectedly superseded by General Harney. The government suffered itself to be deceived and biased in its action by the false representations of malignant pro-slavery men, under the guise of Unionists. To save and advance slavery, and with it the rebel cause, they felt justified in resorting to the most objectionable and villainous expedients. These many-sided, unscrupulous, disguised secessionists seem to have had influence enough to have all the generals removed whom they could not use for the protection of slavery, and those appointed that would be their humble minions. Thus the representations of one irresponsible man, whose heart is with the rebels, but his voice with the Unionists, caused the removal of General Curtis. So, no doubt but what the baleful influence of the false representations of such men upon the mind of the President was the cause of the removal of Captain Lyon from the chief command of the St. Louis Department. Instead of hastening to reward him for his great achievements, the government rebuked him by taking from him his command, and substituting a Southern man with Southern prejudices. The rebels were much elated, and the loyal men proportionably depressed, by the appointment of General Harney. A near kinsman of General Frost, the rebels took fresh



courage, and instantly rallied under the eyes of Lyon's successor. They looked upon General Harney as, at most, but a lukewarm enemy. The opposition with which they would meet from him would only render the contest interesting and palatable. As he displaced the dreaded Lyon, the rebels felt themselves strongly drawn toward him.

The removal of Captain Lyon at that important juncture was both strange and discreditable. It was manifestly intended as a disapproval of his conduct. It could be regarded only as a public and an official censure. His zeal had outstripped the patriotism of the War Department, and his expedition against Camp Jackson had impaired the efficiency of the national traitors, and injured General Scott's "erring brethren." It was resolved in the councils of Washington to make him an example to all Union officers for all future time.

Indeed, so highly displeased and chagrined was the Commander-in-chief on the reception of the news of the capture of Camp Jackson, that the court-martial of Captain Lyon was seriously talked of. General Scott was near summoning him before a court of officers to account for his conduct, or be punished for his criminal interference with the rebel schemes. But as this extreme idea was given up, the next severest thing was done. He was superseded by General Harney! Thus was Captain Lyon, like other brave men, rewarded for his gallant deeds.

It is alleged, in defense of the action of the authorities, that Captain Lyon exceeded his instructions from head-quarters, and that there was really

no cause for his attack of Camp Jackson, as it was both loyal and legal. But if Camp Jackson was not a rebel rendezvous, assembled together with hostile intent, then there never was such a thing as a rebel in the United States.

Of this we will submit the most conclusive proof. Soon after the fall of Sumter and Mr. Lincoln's call for volunteers, General Frost, commander of the Missouri militia, advised Governor Jackson, in order to prevent the Federal Government from "increasing its force" at the arsenal, and in order to secure the command of the arsenal, the city and its various resources to themselves, to fill his "very delicate position" by assuming the mien, and using the language of a devoted loyalist, while he was having his traitorous Legislature enact such laws and make such appropriations as would place the militia and the resources of the state completely in his own hands. Besides this, as his letter to Jackson fully shows, he advised him, while he concealed his hostile intentions from all but reliable friends, "to send an agent to the Governor of Louisiana to secure mortars and siege-guns," to "send an agent to Liberty, Missouri, and capture the arms and ammunition stored there by the United States, to establish a camp near St. Louis," and to "send Colonel Bowen's whole command of organized militia to said camp as the nucleus for the formation of an army." All this, and more, as subsequent events have developed, was done by the rebel Governor. The camp was formed near St. Louis, and placed under the command of General Frost. Colonel Bowen's

command was first on the ground. Whole companies, notoriously devoted to the Southern cause, daily hurried to the rebel camp. Thousands of stands of arms, with cannon, were shipped for their use from Louisiana.\* Every thing distinctive of the whole affair clearly portended hostile intentions toward the Federal Government.

One prominent feature of the rebel programme was to keep from the loyal men of St. Louis all knowledge of their affairs and purposes. Had they been loyal, as they professed, and had their intentions been compatible with the integrity of the Union, why did they resort to falsehood and deception to mislead the best citizens of Missouri? Had they been at all true men, they would have co-operated with Captain Lyon, the government's representative, as did the really loyal. The truth is, the Federal Government had no more malignant enemies in the slave states than it had in those composing Camp Jackson. Their only safety and their only hope of success centered in the immediate capture of St. Louis and its belongings. They knew that they must fail if their designs were the least suspected. Consequently, in their estimation, any means that would insure success were justifiable; hence they protested loyalty to the Federal Government to the last, adding the crime of perfidy to the infamy of treason.

In perfect harmony with the secession code of ethics, the end, however injurious to some, war-

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\* These were guns previously stolen from the United States.

ranted and dignified the means, however dishonorable to all concerned. Hence the conspirators, headed by Frost and Jackson, did not hesitate to attempt the overthrow of the power of the Federal Government by professing deep attachment to it. They did not hesitate rallying under the "Stars and Stripes," that they might the more readily trail them in the dust, as they had done at Charleston and Memphis. Yet, when taken in the very act of high treason, they publish themselves the victims of envy, and martyrs to their fidelity to the Union! Like all the leaders in this causeless rebellion, these Missouri conspirators were utterly devoid of truth and honor, except the honor distinctive of rogues. They were the embodiment of all that deforms mankind and ruins nations.

The well-known sentiments of the men engaged in the Camp Jackson enterprise, often previously expressed, were strongly corroborative of their treasonable designs. Jackson and Frost were both original secessionists. He who could regard the call for seventy-five thousand men, with which to save the country from the horrors of disintegration, as "illegal, unconstitutional, and revolutionary," could at best feel but little solicitude for the safety and would do nothing for the perpetuity of the Union. Thus Governor Jackson wrote and felt. In addition to this, he called the efforts of the government to maintain its authority all over the Union, and to save itself from the rapacity of Southern treason, "an unholy crusade" against the oppressed South. He who can thus speak



in his official actions must be, as his subsequent career has proved him, a traitor of the darkest type.

If aught else was wanting to justify Captain Lyon's conclusions respecting them, and the capture of their camp, their subsequent conduct is all sufficient. Jackson went over to the Southern rebellion both soul and body, while his place was filled by a truer man.\* Nearly every officer, with his "parole of honor" warm upon his lips, entered the rebel service. They had exerted themselves to the utmost to destroy the Federal Government. They were all malignant traitors—bitter enemies of human equality and universal freedom. That Camp Jackson was an assemblage of traitors, and that they required only some increase of strength to have marched forth to subject Missouri to the dominion of Davis, and whirl her off into the destroying abyss of secession, is as certainly true as that South Carolina ever seceded. Consequently, the hue and cry raised against Lyon, and listened to by the conservative Commander-in-chief, was perfectly groundless, and the foul offspring of disloyalty and hatred. Captain Lyon never performed a more meritorious or better act than when he captured Camp Jackson! His loyal instinct and martial sagacity led him into the right course, and induced him to perform the right work. All this the government saw at a more subsequent period.

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\*Gamble, the successor of Jackson, was as much secessionist as loyalist. He was furious and unscrupulous in his efforts to save slavery.

Future history will eulogize his conduct, and the people will award him the highest praise for that noble deed.

The future commander arrived at St. Louis amid the ardent greetings of the disloyal, and the frowning despondency of the loyal. It was soon ascertained in what direction the wind blew. At once hostilities apparently ceased. An armistice was tacitly established between General Harney and the leading insurgents. An agreement was entered into by both parties that no hostile movements should be made, that no more recruiting should be done, and that the volunteers already organized should be disbanded. These conditions applied alike to the Federal Government and the insurgents! General Harney promptly carried out his portion of the agreement. Soon every thing was as quiet about St. Louis as if no insurgent horde had convulsed it a few weeks previously. But by negotiating with the insurgents, General Harney had humiliated the government and destroyed his own influence with the disloyal. They neither feared nor respected him who could stoop to negotiate with insurgents, and throw away all his military superiority. The rebels had secured all they desired, and for which they had asked. That which they most needed was *time*—time to organize their forces and prepare for battle. That necessary time was kindly given them by the generous Harney. They never intended carrying out their part of the agreement. They knew that so long as their bullets did not whistle about his

own head, General Harney would not disturb any of them, until it was too late to effect any good. They were certain not to seek his removal so long as he lounged away his time in his office, for he could best subserve their interests by letting them *alone*. They felt a degree of confidence or assurance that they might in perfect safety go on and make preparations on a gigantic scale to precipitate the state out of the Union, and to make relentless war upon the loyal people, provided they kept quiet about, and left Harney in peaceful possession of St. Louis. Thus it turned out in the end. The traitors knew perfectly well that, if they had leisure to quietly prepare their forces, and accumulate all necessary military stores, while General Harney did nothing, St. Louis and all that belonged to it would ultimately fall into their hands. It had nearly come to this ere his inglorious reign ingloriously terminated. The rebels were in ecstasies.

General Harney was not a traitor at heart, but every thing under his strange administration moved on just as the rebels would have had it, had affairs been altogether in their own control. A reward was apparently offered for the betrayal of the Federal Government, by the government itself, through the arrangements its representative had made with the insurgents. Thousands flocked to the rebel standard. They believed that the Federal Government would tamely yield to the claims and exactions of the rebel Confederacy; consequently, they desired to be upon the winning

side. An ordinance of the secession of the state from the Federal Union was passed by the Missouri Legislature, and indorsed by the Missouri Governor. Men, money, and munitions of war flowed in upon the rebel leaders like water. All that they needed they received in opulent abundance. The brightest prospects of success encouraged their hearts and strengthened their hands. The cloud hanging over the Union cause was deepening and widening. The rebel sun shone out resplendently.

While the conspirators were laboriously preparing for the final struggle, General Harney was unsuspectingly lying upon his oars, hampering the loyal citizens in their efforts to avert the storm gathering over them, and vainly hugged the phantom of peace when war was at the door. He was becoming more and still more distasteful to the patriots every day. He did not really intend compromising the Union cause, yet it was effectually done by his unaccountable supineness. None but pretended Unionists—concealed secessionists—commanded his confidence, or gained access to his ear. In his brief season of greatness and power he earned more infamy than applause. He seemed to forget that he was simply the humble servant of a powerful government, and not the government itself. Consequently, his only rule of action appeared to be that of self-gratification. Whatever was agreeable to his feelings, harmonized with his objectional prejudices, or accorded with his notions of national fitness, received his approval and indorsement. This course of official



conduct was any thing but agreeable and advantageous to the truly loyal. Such was the incompetency displayed in his brief sojourn in St. Louis that the government has seen fit to entirely dispense with his services. Though but little, if at all, beyond his prime, he is virtually, if not actually, upon the *retired* roll of generals.

Things rapidly grew worse. The threatening storm of rebellion grew greater and became darker, while the lightning of treason played in fitful gleams upon its somber brow. Confusion was worse confounded in General Harney's department. A fierce cry of alarm and indignation leaped from the lips of the loyal, as the lightning leaps from the storm-cloud. The danger to every American interest was imminent. The rebels were strong and insolent; the Unionists feeble and disheartened. If General Harney continued at the head of affairs in Missouri, as he had tied his own hands by an engagement with the rebels—an engagement that they did not respect an hour—no earthly power could save the state from its threatened doom. Consequently, for the immediate restoration of Captain Lyon to the chief command, a universal demand was made by the St. Louis patriots. There was no hope but in his reinvestiture with the supreme authority in the department. The government, startled by the sullen cry of alarm and discontent coming up from the loyal people, opened its languid eyes to the real condition of Missouri, and for the first time seemed to behold the dangers with which she was threatened. For the first time

the Washington officials seemed to discover the merit of Lyon's conduct in capturing the rebel camp. They hastened to make amends for the affronts they had offered him, and to conciliate him by official courtesy. To allay the growing discontent of the patriotic masses, to reassure the loyal, and to avert the impending storm, Lyon was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, and re-appointed Commander-in-chief. By a loud and prolonged shout the Unionists hailed the restoration of Lyon to favor and to power. It presaged their security and deliverance.

But the secessionists, just on the eve of a great achievement, were frenzied with disappointment. They sorrowfully condoled with each other, and with General Harney. Their right arm went with the superseded General. The right arm of the Union cause returned with the promotion and restoration of General Lyon. A broad and cheering light overspread the North, while the deepest gloom enveloped the South. The secession darkness that had overshadowed St. Louis rapidly receded as the golden light of loyalty rolled on in its sublime mission. The dismal night of rebel dominion was ended, and freedom's day dawned upon Missouri. The conspirators cursed, raved, denounced, and threatened the loyal people, but all was to no purpose. The rich and stirring scenes of Camp Jackson were to be re-enacted, but on a much broader, bloodier battle-field. Many had entered the rebel ranks and espoused the rebel cause, from the persuasion that there would be little or no fighting

in Missouri. Such were chagrined and sadly disappointed. General Lyon's reinvestiture with the chief command blasted all their prospects of a bloodless victory. Their mournful experience of the past fully assured them that Lyon would fight them to the last moment of his existence. Hence, fight they must, unless they dispersed and returned to their allegiance.

Within the period of General Harney's administration at St. Louis, the leading rebels had openly formed a camp at Jefferson, the Capital of Missouri. Here they enlisted, drilled, and equipped their men, while they were assiduous in gathering military stores. But as soon as General Lyon had the control of his own actions, and the command of the Missouri volunteers, he resolved upon the attack and capture of the rebel establishment. Of his intentions they were soon informed. Alarm sat on every traitor's face, and fear filled every rebel's heart, on ascertaining that General Lyon, at the head of his brave legions, was rapidly advancing upon their encampment. Paralyzed with a sense of insecurity, they determined to select a better and more remote location. The distance between the dreaded Lyon and the rebel horde was sensibly increased by the change. They ardently hoped that he would not follow them. But they were doomed to egregious disappointment. They had to do with a *living* General, not a fossil, who intensely hated secessionism, and was wholly intent upon its destruction. To escape the clutches of the pursuing Lyon, and

to avoid a conflict with him, the rebels fled, in consternation, to Booneville. Here, with greater numbers than they had at Camp Jackson, far exceeding the Federal forces, and much better prepared for battle than at any previous period, General Sterling Price, the new chieftain, resolved to make a stand. General Price was an untried commander. He had neither military knowledge nor experience; but what he lacked in these essentials of the general he made up in assurance. Had his martial abilities been equal to the estimate that he placed upon them himself, he would have been a full match for General Lyon. But between the one and the other there was the widest difference—the greatest disparity. Yet he was no contemptible adversary. Of fine, commanding appearance, captivating address, immense wealth, and vast influence over the vulgar masses, General Price was as well qualified to make the most out of the rebel material as any man in rebellion. Like Frederick the Great, he fled at his first battle; but, goaded into recklessness by the stinging taunts of his men and the odium heaped upon him by the public press, he eventually distinguished himself for great coolness and daring, while he became a very troublesome customer to our generals and armies. His success was ultimately greater than that of any rebel general who commanded in the West.

He successively made Herculean efforts to release Missouri from the presence, and rescue her from the power, of the Federal army. For the rebel cause he cheerfully subjected himself to the heaviest losses and severest sufferings. His devotion to the



revolted South bordered on fanaticism, and carried him to the greatest lengths in risks and adventures. Still, he was always unpopular with Jeff. Davis. He had, by some means, incurred the tyrant's strong dislike. Indeed, any man less enthusiastically devoted to the insurgent cause, receiving the harsh, ungenerous, and unjust treatment from the petty despot enthroned in Richmond that Price did, would have retired from the rebel service in disgust. But General Price did no such thing. No provocation, however aggravated, and no insult, however stinging, could dampen his ardor in, or alienate his affections from, the rebel cause. The energy with which he pushed his campaigns appeared to correspond in degree with the neglect, injustice, and severity with which he was treated by his unscrupulous Commander-in-chief. He was resolved to succeed. With his ragged and ill-fed corps he accomplished wonders, performing a prodigious amount of hard marching and hard work. He always moved with great celerity, never had adequate transportation, and carried with him his troops where others would have signally failed. He would attack our forces under circumstances in which most generals would industriously avoid a collision, inflicting serious injury upon us. Had General Price thus distinguished himself in the Union army, he would have mantled himself with immortality, and gone down to the grave honored as a hero by posterity. But he was a rebel—in a bad cause.

Than General Price no one stood higher with

the Southern rabble, nor commanded more of their confidence. By his diligence, commanding position, and impetuous ardor, he acquired a pernicious and fatal ascendancy over the rebel mind and masses in Missouri. To that ascendancy the ruin of the state is attributable. He beguiled the people into his army, and, with his debased and fanatical hordes, he swept over the country like a destroying angel, and desolated its fairest portions. For a century to come his distinct impress will be painfully visible and keenly felt. Able to command many of the men and much of the means of Missouri, he proved himself to be their evil genius. His temporary success at Springfield and Lexington so infatuated the rebels in his department that they readily left all, or invested all in their cause, and unmurmuringly followed whithersoever he led. This caused their hopeless ruin. With the terrible force of the tornado, he careered through the length and breadth of the state, devastating all as he went, carrying weeping and lamentation to every home. Yet is he so popular with the secessionists, that they never censure nor think of leaving him, with but few exceptions. All others may go astray and be guilty of serious blunders, but their chieftain—never.

Such was the rebel commander with which General Lyon was about to grapple. They were to measure their swords for the first time on the banks of the turbid Missouri River. They were about becoming deadly and life-long enemies.

As already stated, General Price had taken his

stand at or near Booneville. His numbers were greatly in excess of the Federal troops. But this great disparity in numbers did not deter Lyon from making an attack, and was more than made up by the superior character of our volunteers, and their excellent discipline. Most of them, with many of their officers, had had a large experience on European battle-fields. They had gallantly fought for liberty around the crumbling and despotic thrones of the Old World. Now they were struggling for the same great cause on the rich fields of the New World. The cause for which they were fighting inspired them with indomitable courage, and gave them invincible vigor.

Exhausted as were his men from their long and unpleasant march; General Lyon delayed not a moment in making his attack upon the rebel army. He would not give them time to recover from the surprise occasioned by his unexpected arrival. At once, on the 17th of June, he formed his line of battle. The patriots were few in numbers, but every one was a giant. They were the *avant-guard* of liberty, and were in the act of opening the fierce and bloody contest between freedom and despotism. With a firm, steady step, and in solid columns, they moved upon the enemy. An animated and stirring picture presented itself to the eye of the artist upon that once peaceful field. The scene, too, was pregnant with great historical results.

Grandly and calmly our army pressed forward toward the crest of the hill south of Booneville, upon which the rebels were posted. The sullen,

leaden boom of the cannon announced the inauguration of actual hostilities. For awhile these two armies, so disproportionate in numbers, played upon each other with their field artillery. But little injury resulted to either army from the firing at so long a range. Though sufficient in numbers to have crushed the Federal force at one blow, yet they clung tenaciously to the protection afforded them by the dense woods in which they were posted. Nothing, at first, could allure them from their shelter. General Lyon soon perceived that their defeat would be difficult while in the woods. To place his command upon an equal footing with the rebels, he resolved to draw them from their cover.

After firing a few rounds of heavy shot, he ordered a *retreat* in the direction of the river. Astonished and confounded, his officers anxiously scanned his countenance to read, if possible, his intentions. They *did* not believe, they *could* not believe that a *bona-fide* retreat was intended. They were not long left in doubt. His radiant face, sparkling eye, and self satisfied mien plainly told them that he had no intention of retiring in such a manner from the contest just begun. They became satisfied that it was a movement, whatever was its seeming, that would ultimate in excellent results, and they readily carried it out. General Lyon and army retreated from before the rebels.

As soon as the insurgents perceived that General Lyon was rapidly retiring toward his transports in the river, they started from their cover in irregular and hasty order. The Federals, "the hireling



Dutch," as they were pleased to call the Missouri volunteers, were flying from the *unensanguined* field, and they greatly feared that they would escape them altogether. "Now is your time!" exclaimed General Price. "Up, and at them, and they are ours!" At them they hurriedly went, but in a confused mass. With deafening yells and thundering cheers, they swept down the declivity of the hill upon which they had been posted, after the retiring Unionists, with the fierce energy of the tornado. On, on the excited rebels sped; faster and faster they flew along the way, the distance between the one and the other decreasing at every step and every shriek. As General Lyon pushed the retreat, for a short period, to the "double-quick," the confusion and confidence of the pursuers were greatly increased. They kept no order, and observed no discipline, in their headlong pursuit. They were huddled together in deep and heavy masses. The panting rebels were about reaching out to grasp the Federalists as prisoners. They felt certain of their prize, and were congratulating themselves upon winning so easy a victory.

"Halt!" shouted Lyon, in a voice of thunder. In a moment that retreating army was a column of statues. "About—face!" continued the Commander-in-chief. "About—face!" swept down along the lines, like leaping thunder, from the lips of the field officers. As one man, the entire corps faced the enemy. The utterance and execution of this brief but momentous command arrested the pursuit of the rebel army, then a disorganized mass. Confounded

by the courage and audacity of Lyon and his command, the rebels halted, and knew not what they were doing. They stood aghast, appalled at the deliberate action of the patriots. Upon this very result General Lyon had calculated. His *ruse* took most admirably, and General Price eagerly bit at the naked hook. He had drawn the rebels from their cover, and now, as he had expected, they stood before him a disordered and helpless rabble. Now, it was his turn to play the man.

Before the rebels could recover themselves, or resort to any measures of self-defense, the order, "Make ready—fire!" that ran along the Federal column, was answered by a vivid flash, the roar of musketry, and the deeper-toned voice of artillery. The field was instantly strewn with dead and dying rebels. In rapid succession, volley succeeded volley of well-aimed musketry. Into their very faces the deadly lead and iron were hurled. Beneath this wasting fire the insurgents swayed back and forth like the forest in a storm, then wheeled about and started for their cover and camp with a speed and passion far exceeding those with which they made the pursuit. Their resistance was little and feeble. The wild retreat became a terrible rout.

While these stirring scenes were transpiring, away in the distance, upon an eminence, remote from all danger, was seen the chivalrous Jackson, with glass in hand, contemplating with alarm the disastrous scenes taking place in the valley that spread out at his feet. Fully satisfied of the defeat of his minions, he precipitately fled from the field of

his shame, almost alone, and secured his person amid his sympathizing friends in a remote part of the state! In another direction, at the same period, General Price was seen flying in the greatest haste for that part of the river unobstructed by Yankee transports and Yankee soldiers. He could not endure his disgrace amid the scenes it was effected. He fled to hide his shame and mortification from the scrutiny of those whom he had led into battle, but could not command. Meanly and dishonorably he permitted his troops, disorganized and unofficered, to make the most of their critical condition.

Making but a feeble resistance, the rebels hurriedly fell back from before the Federal forces. At length, satisfied that they could not reach their covering without being badly cut up, they paused in their flight, and began to briskly return the Federal fire. This was precisely what General Lyon wanted. Both armies were now in an open field. Both were equally unprotected. Both had to fight upon the same conditions, if at all. The rebels no longer had trees or logs behind which they could skulk, and, without damage to themselves, shoot down our men. Such had been their mode of fighting at the opening of the contest. They lacked either the courage or the magnanimity to show themselves while fighting an enemy altogether unprotected. But, afterward caught in a trap, they were compelled to expose their precious persons to the fatal aim of Federal marksmen. But they did not expose themselves very long. Constantly and steadily advancing upon the disorganized horde of rebels,

our troops, with their brave officers at their head, poured into them round after round of musketry, grape, and canister. The ordeal proved too severe. Veterans of a hundred battles could hardly have stood firm under such a galling and destructive fire. Their breasts were not of steel; but by this storm of lead and iron they were mowed down in swaths, as the mower cuts down his grass. Again they staggered beneath the leaden hail, threw away their arms, and wildly fled from the field. With cheers like living thunder, our troops pursued them until perfectly exhausted. The rebels outran our soldiers; and being swifter on foot than the Federals, many of them escaped the fate they so much deserved. In a few hours that proud, boastful, and disdainful army was defeated, demoralized, and scattered in every direction. Our victory was complete. The rebel organization was again broken into a thousand fragments. The coast was once more clear, and St. Louis was safe. Under the circumstances, this was much more than an ordinary affair. Upon the parties concerned it stamps the impress of greatness. Again General Lyon cut the cordon that held Missouri in ignoble vassalage to the rebellious South. Once more her shackles of despotism were cut to pieces, and she was presented with the privilege of rising to her just and appropriate position among her sister states.

Associated with General Lyon, in this and subsequent engagements in Missouri, were Major Samuel Sturgis, Colonels Sigel and Boernstein. They were the supporting pillars upon which he leaned.



Major Samuel Sturgis is a native of the Keystone State. In Shippensburg he received his birth and being. He was the third son of poor but very respectable parents. His father carried on the hating business. A prominent and active member of the Methodist Church, James Sturgis, Esq., stood very fair in the estimation of his co-religionists and his acquaintances generally. His was a more than ordinary mind. His wit was keen, his discernment clear, and his sagacity quite unrivaled. His fine and superior abilities and varied attainments secured to him both influence over and offices from his fellow-citizens.

By such a father young Samuel was trained to a life of morality and industry. His home culture was of the most excellent character.

Like his father, Major Sturgis had marked traits of character. He stood alone in many respects. Even when a boy, his face was singularly handsome, while his body was of superior mold, development, and strength. Physically, he inherited every thing necessary to make him a superb military officer. He was evidently designed by nature to fill a more than ordinary position in life. Such an idea was an intuition of the young man himself. He aspired to a life—a career—higher, wider, and more glorious than that promised by the business in which his father was engaged. He looked higher than his father's counter, and was haunted by visions of greatness and renown that could not be realized in his father's shop.

So, through the influence of his father's political

friends, Samuel received the appointment of cadet to West Point, in 1841. In the ordinary course of events he graduated with honor and distinction. At once polished, athletic, aspiring, and hopeful, he entered upon active military duties. Up to the outbreak of the Southern rebellion he had served his government with distinguished ability. Like many others, he passed with honor through the Mexican war, earning promotion and gaining renown upon those ensanguined fields. At the period of which we are now writing he was in the prime of manhood. He entered Missouri as a Major of infantry. In the battles that subsequently occurred he wielded a mighty influence, and greatly contributed to the success of our troops. For gallant and meritorious conduct on many well-fought fields, he was promoted to the high rank of a Brigadier-General.

Colonel Frank Sigel is a native of Prussia. Imbibing the principles of republicanism early in life, he gallantly fought for the prevalence of freedom in his own country. It was there that his military capabilities were developed, and his military experience acquired. As the republicans of his own land were crushed by the iron heel of despotism, he became a refugee of free America. When secessionism raised its bloody head and struck at the liberties of the people, Sigel was among the first to spring to the relief of his adopted country. He soon rose to distinction in the Federal army, and displayed the highest order of ability upon numerous battle-fields. At the prolonged and terrible struggle upon the heights of the mountains of Ar-

kansas he earned, by his great skill and daring achievements, the high rank of Major-General of volunteers.\*

Colonel Boernstein was a Hungarian veteran of nearly threescore years. Venerable with years, his head frosted by the snows of many winters, he threw himself against the rebel hordes with a zeal as fresh and a vigor as great as if he had been but in his early manhood. On account of his gallantry, his heroic conduct, his enthusiastic opposition to Southern treason, the rebels who may survive the ravages of civil war will ever have occasion to remember him. Like the the old, venerable King of the Goths, of Toulouse, Theodoric, at the head of his invincible legions, insuring victory and carrying dismay into the ranks of the enemy by his presence, the aged Boernstein never appeared at the head of his troops, leading them out to battle, but what he defeated and scattered, like chaff, his rebel antagonists. Victory appeared to be carried wherever his snowy locks were seen streaming upon the wind, as he swept along his lines in the hour of deadly conflict. His presence always infused his troops with the most ardent patriotism and courage. Where he was, there was no such thing as failure. He was a host within himself. Such were some of the men with which General Lyon had surrounded himself. They were military giants.

After the decisive victory at Booneville, General Lyon's name became a tower of strength to the

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\* Battle of Pea Ridge.

Union cause, and a terror to all grades of secessionists. To a wonderful extent, and for a season, he hushed the breath of the tempest and lulled to temporary repose the storm of treason that had rocked the whole state. Governor Jackson and General Price were fugitives. Taking advantage of the state of things then existing, General Lyon toiled both day and night for the complete suppression of the rebellion, and the extirpation of leading secessionists. He found the task difficult and Herculean. He beheld, with profound regret, that there was no limit to the fanaticism of the secessionists. Nothing was too sacred for them not to revile, and nothing was too excellent for them not to despise or trample under foot, if it hampered their movements or retarded the success of their schemes. Every thing, whether sacred or profane, spiritual or temporal—of either national or individual relations, however venerable from its years, memories, or associations—every thing was polluted by their unhallowed touch, and rendered subsidiary to the advancement of their infernal cause! General Lyon saw, with alarm, that disloyalty was a disease that distorted and perverted all the powers of the soul, and that so soon as a man yielded to its malignant power, he was ready to forswear his allegiance, and forsake both his God and kindred. Alas! it is unquestionably true that the spirit of secessionism transformed men into all that was obstinate, malicious, cruel, and perfidious. There was no extreme of folly and wickedness to which they did not readily go to carry out their purposes.



Every effort that malice could inspire was put forth to subvert the Federal Government and ruin its supporters.

In the estimation of General Lyon, the prevalence of such a spirit left but little ground to hope to win them back to loyalty. Indeed, its savage fierceness and cruelty appalled and convinced him that nothing but the most severe and stringent measures—"war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt"—could reach the case and cure the disease. The only hope of success of preserving the Union intact he found in the total extirpation or humiliation of all who shared in the treasonable sentiments of the South. Mild measures, conciliatory measures, such as were advocated and thrust forward by the fragmentary remains of the exploded Democracy, would, he was fully convinced, prove measures of encouragement—would but confirm them in their disloyalty. Indeed, the rebels, from the leaders down to the most cringing minion, looked upon kind, forbearing treatment as evidence of national weakness and national cowardice. Thus they were emboldened in their treasonable purposes. Failing to appreciate or fathom the lofty motives leading to a conciliatory course of conduct, and judging us by themselves, the conspirators believed, or affected to believe, that the leniency of the Federal Government sprang from fear of retaliation, or the want of ability to act otherwise. The great blunder of the Administration was its half-war and half-peace policy—just stringent enough, during the first year of hostilities, to irritate, without producing any sal-

utary results. Thus the government cast its pearls before the insurgents, upon which they trampled with disdain, while they attempted to tear it to pieces.

Of all this General Lyon was fully persuaded in his own mind, and, naturally of a kind and forgiving nature, it sadly grieved him to be under the necessity of instituting harsh and severe measures; but, in order to save the Union and the South itself from utter ruin, he was shut up to this policy alone. Consequently, he instituted and carried into effect the most stringent regulations. He ceased to toy with the sullen monster. Of the great wisdom of his conduct, the whole history of the war furnishes the strongest proof. He did not afflict the rebels with needless severity, but with an energy and promptness that ever convinced them that he was desperately in earnest, he did whatever he deemed essential to success.

As had been anticipated, at length, after General Lyon had performed a large amount of hard work, and organized an army of considerable power, General Fremont, on the 9th of July, superseded him in command of the "Department of the Mississippi." He was now only *second* in command, but as ardent a patriot and as superb a soldier as when Commander-in-chief.

The loyal people every-where and the Army of the Mississippi greeted the appointment of General Fremont to this department with unbounded applause. In his abilities and loyalty they had the fullest confidence. That confidence has never been

impaired.\* The powers at Washington could relieve him of his command, and officially degrade him, but they could not prevent the people from still believing in him, while they regard him the victim of official jealousy and hatred. This is the irrevocable verdict of the people.

That General Fremont was the right man in the right place was the universal conviction of the people. The Unionists of Missouri welcomed him with tears of joy. His presence inspired universal hope, removed all despondency, and awakened in the hearts of the loyal the greatest enthusiasm. His very name exerted a wide and salutary influence over the faithful masses. They had faith in him, in his abilities, in his future. His long and peculiar experience in handling and commanding men, in connection with his known energy, was a guarantee that the future of Missouri would be as brilliant as her past conduct had been heroic. Had Fremont been let alone, and permitted to work out his own *role*, the expectations of the loyal people would have been more than realized. But he was not only essentially interfered with by the government officials, but was immolated to please the friends of slavery, and gratify the enemies of the Union. The loyal people, those who were interested most in the character of the Federal officers, did not seek the removal of General Fremont from the chief command; but his political enemies, those of his own officers who desired his great place, and those who

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\* This was written, and it was true, before he accepted the Cleveland nomination.

were prepared to sacrifice every thing to the salvation of the "peculiar institution," were the authors of his disgrace and the blasting of the hopes of the people. Nothing is more susceptible of proof than that he fell a victim to the malice of traitors and semi-traitors. Mr. Lincoln was beguiled into the sanction of the result of their wicked machinations.

Than General Fremont no man more clearly discerned the signs of the times, nor more fully perceived the real and varied wants of the occasion. He read the dim and distant future with much more than the accuracy of an ancient astrologer. Intuitively he beheld the imperative necessity of dealing to slavery, the sole cause and the only life of the war, a deadly blow at once. His rare sagacity enabled him to see that, without the absolute destruction of slavery, the rebellion could not be crushed. Of nothing was he so fully persuaded than that, so long as the Federal Government fostered the foul institution, and degraded the army into *negro-catchers*, the insurgents would be successful, and grow stronger, while we grew weaker with every recurring season. Then, that he might effectually prosecute the overthrow of the rebels, and forever prevent the recurrence of such a state of things, General Fremont, with a heroism worthy so noble a cause, took the hoary monster by the beard, and flung him to the ground! In other words, he had the excellent sense and courage to decree the death of slavery in his own department! This was a grand stroke of policy—the first great step toward the release of the United States from their shame, and the removal of



the only obstruction to the attainment of unlimited prosperity and power. It took from the insurgents their very life-blood, and appropriated it to the Union cause. In this military order Fremont became the benefactor of his whole country. It was so regarded by the true and intelligent patriots of the loyal states. Thanks and congratulations poured in upon him from every portion of the faithful and humane North. All who were really devoted to the weal of their country, and not affected with the *asphyxia nigrum*, heartily approved the measure. It was generally hoped that a new and better day was dawning upon the people.

But it proved too strong a measure for the indorsement of the conservative Administration. The intelligence of this bold but judicious movement greatly agitated the officials at Washington. The members of the Cabinet were variously affected by the tidings from Missouri. Some advocated the immediate recall and punishment of the offender. Others recommended care, caution, and delay. Concealed secessionists spoke with indiscreet vehemence of Fremont's arrogance, and denounced, as unwarrantable and despotic, his assumption of the legislative functions of Congress. No other event had occasioned such fierce commotion in the pro-slavery ranks. It was a stroke that they keenly felt; therefore they fluttered in their nests like the wounded bird. It was inflicting a deadly wound upon the head of the great beast; consequently they were furious with the conflicting emotions of fear and vindictiveness. They were not prepared to stand such an interfer-

ence with their darling institution—their present support and future hope.

Mr. Lincoln was the only one who appeared cool and self-poised. He alone was prepared to reflect upon the situation in such a manner as to bring him to rational conclusions. But even the President was not ready to support what was obviously a necessary and an efficient order. Whatever he may have thought or purposed to the contrary, he was carried along by the pro-slavery current, and compelled to instantly modify that part of Fremont's General Order that necessitated its existence, and gave it its importance. It was feared that it might irritate the Southern chivalry—the cut-throats of our government—and by “firing the Southern heart,” give us a little more trouble than would otherwise attend the rebellion. That General Fremont's order was right, and embodied the arrangements imperatively demanded by the condition of things and the spirit of the age, will be attested by all future time. His only fault was, that he was a year in advance of the spirit of the government, and that he attempted a work, the glory of which the officials of Washington had reserved to themselves.

Though General Fremont simply did, on a *small* scale, what Mr. Lincoln subsequently performed on a *grand* scale, yet he was a doomed man from the moment of the appearance of his emancipating order. Emancipation was all well enough, but Fremont could not be permitted to bring it about. He was too much in earnest, too daring, not suf-

ficiently obsequious to please the reigning dynasty. Refusing to be the mere tool of designing and unsteady politicians, by those very politicians he was stripped of every thing, and degraded to the ranks of civil life. Jealousy, vindictiveness, and other vile passions of the human heart, were the cause of the country's losing the services of one of the best of officers and truest of patriots. The Administration, with the unscrupulous Secretary of War in the van, seconded by the tame and wavering Adjutant-General, resolved to have none in command but the most supple and cringing officers. That the policy and rude espionage that resulted in the removal of General Fremont from the Department of Mississippi were the work of Secretary Cameron, no one acquainted with the facts will question. His miserable pretext for his conduct was the numerous complaints that came up to Washington against him. But the character of those who complained, and the circumstances that called out the complaints, destroy all their force with every unprejudiced and upright man. The accusers of Fremont were vehement rebels, wearing the garb and using the language of patriots, bad men who were ready for any enterprise that promised them advancement, and disappointed office-seekers! At first these bad men approached the War Department with great timidity and many misgivings. They expected, unscrupulous as they were themselves, to find sufficient virtue in that department to protect its servants in the faithful discharge of their duties, and to be slow in listening to censures upon

their conduct. But they were agreeably disappointed, and found the War Department eager and ready to listen to any thing said against Fremont. Thus encouraged by an officer who could reward the meagerest services in the most munificent manner, charges against Fremont rolled in upon the War Department in overwhelming abundance. To these charges, the real nature of which was perfectly understood, a high but false importance was attached. Mr. Cameron had himself and Adjutant-General Thomas appointed a commission to visit Fremont's department, to ascertain the truth of these allegations: Never was there so grand a farce! Never were justice and honor so fearfully degraded and burlesqued! His doom was sealed before this illustrious commission left the Capital. After they had entered upon their investigations, those only who were Fremont's deadly enemies were examined. Prominent among them were a member of the lower House of Congress and one of Fremont's general officers. The former had sought a place upon his staff, but failed; the latter desired to be Commander-in-chief. Then, on their return to Washington, before they immolated their victim, the Adjutant most indiscreetly published to the world the result of their investigations. While this *valiant* report furnished to the enemy information of the highest importance, it must have deeply moved the scorn of every truly loyal man. The gallant "Pathfinder" was too independent, and too much disposed to think for himself, to suit the rulers of the Capital. Fremont was removed from



the command of the Department of the Mississippi. His removal, when just on the eve of victory, and the temporary appointment of his enemy, the soft and pretentious Hunter, to his place, were regarded as the greatest calamity that could have befallen Missouri. The authors of it were anathematized by the people, and have never been forgiven.

Upon entering his field of labor, General Fremont found that General Lyon had been doing a great work with a small and inadequate force. He feared that if the rebels really knew how small his army was, he would be crushed by overwhelming numbers. The Federal Government was poorly prepared to successfully grapple with the fierce spirit of secessionism that had risen up in Missouri. The rebels had exerted every power and exhausted every resource to retrieve their losses at Camp Jackson and Booneville. From every direction, out of all adjacent Southern states, the insurgents came pouring into Missouri by thousands, under the command of their best generals. They were intent upon crushing the Federal army before its numbers could be seriously augmented. General Thompson, a renegade American, a blustering pretender, and a fearless marauder, hovered in the vicinity of New Madrid with a considerable military force. General Hardee, a charity scholar of the United States, occupied the mountain regions of Rolla, with several thousand rebels. General Price had taken command of a large body of Missouri volunteers, and was encamped near the Arkansas line, in the vicinity of the Ozark Mountains. In easy supporting

distance of Price lay Generals McCulloch and Van Dorn, with myriads of rebel satellites.

To oppose these rapacious swarms of traitors, General Fremont could command only a few thousand volunteers. Nor could he, in time for the struggle, so augment his forces as to make them equal to the rebel army. For the Union cause it was a dark and dangerous day. None felt this more keenly or saw it more distinctly than Generals Fremont and Lyon. Without a moment's delay, from the time he entered his department, he addressed himself with all his great energy to the work of preparing an army equal in magnitude and discipline to the great work to be performed. Soldiers were enlisted, companies formed, regiments organized and drilled, and all military stores were rapidly accumulated. Second in vigilance, sagacity and energy to no general in the service of the United States, General Fremont soon infused new life into his whole department. Two men better qualified for the stupendous enterprise before them than Fremont and Lyon could not, perhaps, have been found in the United States. They created material, and increased their military strength where others would have utterly failed. In a short time there sprang up around them a formidable army. Nor did it exist any too soon. The skill and indomitable perseverance of Fremont inspired every heart with the utmost confidence. It was felt that the illustrious "Pathfinder," if untrammelled by "red tape," seconded by the government, while he was aided by the hero of Camp Jackson

and Booneville, would soon reduce chaos to order, and annihilate the enemies of liberty. This would have been effectually accomplished had not the public functionaries at Washington fought Fremont more fiercely than they assailed the rebellion. Before this formidable coalition of friend and foe, both Fremont and Lyon eventually went down.

On both sides the most formidable preparations had been made. At this important juncture the rebels had the decided advantage of us in their advanced preparations, in numbers enrolled, in organized armies, in guns and munitions of war. But the desperate energies of Fremont and Lyon soon supplied those deficiencies to a great and wonderful extent. But in spite of every effort that our generals could put forth, the rebels, for the time being, succeeded in having in readiness a larger armed force than they could command. This was their misfortune, not their fault.

It was the intention of the rebel chieftains to strike two points at the same time. They hoped in this way to secure the control of the entire state. Generals Thompson and Hardee were to assail and take Cairo and Bird's Point; while Generals Price and McCulloch were, with their wild and savage legions, to enter and overrun the south-western part of the state. The latter were lying, with their heavy force, near the extreme part of South-western Missouri, and the former were stationed at New Madrid. The plan was excellent, and if they succeeded in carrying it out, the Federal forces could not hope for victory.



With the rebel programme General Fremont was perfectly familiar. He knew the complexion of the blow that they were preparing to deal him. To avert it, and inflict upon them the injury they intended doing him, became his great business at this juncture. Consequently, General Lyon was sent out to defend and hold South-western Missouri. On his route to his head-quarters at Springfield, he attacked and broke up a rebel camp at Florida, chastised a detachment at Fort Hays, and severely punished a band of insurgents at Tilton. Near the close of the month of July he reached Springfield in safety. On the 2d of August, having advanced to Dug Spring, twenty miles south-west of Springfield, he fell upon General McCulloch's advancing brigades, and inflicted upon them very severe injuries. His assault was made with the greatest vigor, and sustained by the grandest heroism. Up under such fierce and impetuous fighting the rebels could not stand, and, hastily withdrawing, they left forty dead and fifty wounded on the field. As trophies of victory, these fell into the hands of the Federal army.

Ascertaining that McCulloch's design was to fall upon him at Springfield, and, "by the very enormity of his numbers," cut him to pieces, Lyon slowly fell back upon Springfield, where he purposed staying at every risk. Here he purposed collecting together all the elements of a formidable army. But notwithstanding his mighty and sustained efforts, his army could not be brought up in numbers equal to those with which the rebels were menacing him. For reinforcements he earnestly and frequently



called. But to those calls little or no response was made. General Fremont was doing for him all that was within the range of his abilities. He had his hands full at St. Louis. Generals Thompson and Hardee were about to carry out their part of the rebel programme. They were moving upon Cairo and Bird's Point with a large and well-appointed army. The small garrisons at these points could have made but a feeble resistance to the advance of so overwhelming a force. General Thompson's army was much larger than that with which Fremont hoped to defeat him. If Cairo fell, St. Louis, with the entire state of Missouri, would also fall into the hands of the rebels. Besides this, they would have the full command of both the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. General Fremont determined, at every hazard, to prevent such a fearful calamity befalling the Federal cause.

While Thompson's attack upon Cairo engaged the attention of General Fremont, it also prevented him from reinforcing General Lyon. Without reinforcements, Lyon's command, as the rebels hoped, would fall an easy prey into General Price's hands. Yet Fremont purposed sparing Lyon a few of his best regiments. But when in the act of succoring the brave soldier at Springfield, an incident occurred that came nearly ruining his whole department. With a less determined man at the head of affairs, Missouri would have easily fallen under rebel rule.

The Secretary of War, Mr. Cameron, peremptorily ordered General Fremont, just at this grave period, to forward at once and immediately, to the

beleagured Capital, *five* of his oldest, best-drilled, and most efficiently armed regiments. As a soldier, General Fremont could do nothing but comply with the Secretary's imperative order. In sending away his *five* best regiments, he was sending away the life of his army and of Missouri. This made his situation doubly desperate. The powers at Washington required him to perform a work of immense magnitude, yet they took from him, at the hour of peril, a part of the means essentially necessary to do that for which they held him responsible. The order from the frightened War Department was absolute, and his best regiments were immediately transported to the Capital.

In contemplating the enfeebled and exposed condition of his department, after the departure of *five thousand* upon whom he most relied for success, the intrepid "Pathfinder" was affected to tears! No wonder; for it seemed as if he was intentionally exposed to inevitable ruin. "To deceive the numerous hordes of rebels hanging upon the skirts of my army, and threatening me from every direction, I pretended," said he to a friend, "to have a muster-roll double in numbers to what it was. With *all* my men I was in danger of being overwhelmed simply by numbers. With these five regiments less I can hardly hope to keep the enemy out of St. Louis." It was a dark hour. Yet his spirits were but temporarily depressed, and soon regained their usual elasticity. The rebels never entered St. Louis but as prisoners.

After losing his best division, as Jeff. Thompson

was about attacking Cairo, General Fremont could not, if he hoped to keep the marauders at bay, spare Lyon a single soldier. If either Cairo or Springfield had to fall, the latter must go by the board. Both places could not be saved with the small force at his command. The key to the whole department must be saved at every cost. Fremont could not do this, and relieve his brave coadjutor from peril at the same time. The evils resulting from the loss of Springfield would be much less, and be much more easily repaired, than those resulting from the loss of Cairo. To the adoption of this course he was driven by the inexorable circumstances with which he was surrounded. Of two evils, both of which could not be averted, he selected the least pernicious. The best could not have done better. Yet, because he did not work out impossible results, after he was ruthlessly stripped of his best troops, General Fremont was, from one extreme of the loyal states to the other, anathematized in the most unstinted measure. A sullen howl of execration rolled along the political horizon in tones of reverberating thunder. He was pronounced the murderer of the brave Lyon. He was charged with the atrocious crime of sacrificing him to his vanity and ambition. Then the whole was gravely charged to his imbecility. He had undertaken that which he had no ability to accomplish, and the fearful effects of his egotism fell upon the head and army of Lyon.

But nothing was ever further from the truth. Instead of deserving the anathemas poured upon him like liquid fire, he merited the greatest ap-



plause. Under the command of almost any other officer, with so few troops, wretched equipments, and want of effective organization, we would have lost both Springfield and Cairo. The wonder is not that he did not do more, but that he did so much with such an inadequate force. Had it only been his own life instead of the life of the nation that was at stake, he would have gladly succored General Lyon, and received the deadly blow himself. He knew that, his condition and necessities unexplained, he would be subjected to the bitterest invective and denunciation. But he also knew that when the facts would come to light, he would be effectually vindicated from all blame and censure. Indeed, he did well; he achieved wonders, and is eminently entitled to our gratitude. With the most consummate dexterity he met his active and enterprising adversaries at every point, and baffled all their attempts to assail his posts or take his garrisons. Only for a while did they embarrass his operations; but, gathering up his scattered forces, and bracing himself for the contest, he sent the assailants of Cairo back to their rendezvous, disappointed if not defeated. Cairo was saved by his shrewdness, and the key of the whole country was retained under the "Stars and Stripes."

It was, therefore, evident that if General Lyon could not maintain his position with what men he had, he would be sacrificed before reinforcements could reach him. The men he had under him were of the best fighting material. The gallant Missourians, the brave Iowans, and the heroic Kansas regi-



ments, with those of other states, formed his small but efficient army. With a few more such regiments, he could have been complete master of the situation.

Generals Price and McCulloch were advancing upon him at Springfield with an army numbering three to his one. Of all this General Lyon was fully apprised. He keenly realized the desperate condition in which the wretched management of his superiors had placed him. He felt fully satisfied that General Fremont had done all for his relief that was at all practicable under the circumstances surrounding him. The cringing fear of the Washington officials that led them to unnecessarily mass troops at the Capital, and keep them in inglorious idleness, when the brave men of the West were threatened with annihilation by overwhelming numbers, both exasperated and disgusted him. But, notwithstanding all these discouragements, he did not falter for a moment in his purposes to meet and grapple the enemy. His lofty courage and noble patriotism bore him above and beyond the common infirmities of mankind. Yet he deeply felt the difficulties of his station. Deity alone knows the amount and keenness of the agony that wrung that great heart during the last dark week of his eventful life! A somber cloud, like a funeral pall, had rolled itself over his mighty soul. The anxiety that he felt was in itself sufficient to have crushed any ordinary man. Though he nobly breasted the storm, the future promised him nothing but grief and disaster. The idea that the noble,

patiently-enduring fellows who had gathered around him at their country's urgent call should be sacrificed, needlessly, fruitlessly sacrificed, as in all likelihood they would be, through the blundering incompetency of those at the head of affairs, was more than he could bear with equanimity or contemplate with a spirit of resignation. For himself he felt but little concern at this awful period. He had no wife nor children to mourn over and suffer from his death. But it was otherwise with many of his brave soldiers. The painful suspense, the imminent dangers with which his heroic band was threatened, and the apparent indifference with which the government regarded his earnest representations, kindled a fire of the most intense anguish in his brave and loyal heart. Amid these trying scenes his nights were sleepless, his vigilance unceasing, his manner mournful and abstracted, his countenance haggard, and his great soul depressed but not despairing. Under these circumstances, he could only adjust his feelings to his inevitable allotment, look with the burning eye of faith to the great Arbiter of battles, and hope, amid the elements of despair, for the best. This he nobly did.

It was night—the 7th of August; the hush of profound repose rested upon Springfield and its vigilant guardians. But the indomitable chieftain, the *faithful* Lyon, found not temporary oblivion from his troubles in sleep. He watched with the sentinels. He was on the look-out for the approach of the stealthy foe. At length, as the murky night wore away toward its close, there fell upon his list-

ening ear, borne by the breath of the approaching morning, in muffled sounds, the thunder-tread of marching legions. The enemy was coming. General Lyon felt that the period for either fighting or retreating had arrived. But to retreat before fighting was what he and his braves knew nothing about; and, besides increasing the actual danger, it would be deeply dishonoring. They feared the slightest dishonor more than wounds, gaping and bleeding, or death, instant and on the battle-field. To have retreated without striking a blow for the old flag and the freedom of Missouri, would have disheartened her citizens, ruined the Union cause in that section of the state, and inflated the rebels with intolerable insolence, while it would have exposed the loyal citizens to the rapacity of the unprincipled enemy. General Lyon resolved to fight the rebels, and even to go out, meet, and attack them on their own chosen ground. The night of the 7th was selected as the period for the attack; but circumstances over which he had no control induced him to make a temporary delay. The order for the movement was recalled.

Within his army and among his officers the subject of retreating was freely discussed. Numbers of the officers, in consequence of the great disparity of numbers, advocated the immediate evacuation of the place. Yet all were willing to abide by the final decision of their illustrious chief.

“When do we leave Springfield?” asked an officer a day or two before the battle.

“Not before we are whipped,” bluntly but court-

ously replied the General. His last and unalterable resolution had been reached. He concluded not to give up Springfield only through the potency of disaster. He hoped, in the good providence of God, to defeat *twenty-five thousand* rebels with *six thousand* patriots. And, as the sequel will show, he came near doing it.

The severity of the ordeal through which he was passing, and the keenness of the agony that he experienced, may be clearly discerned in the following language, said to have fallen from his lips a short time before the engagement :

"Well," said he to an intimate friend, "I begin to feel that my term of soldiering is about completed. I have tried earnestly to discharge my whole duty to the government, and appealed to it for reinforcements and supplies; but, alas! they do not come, and the enemy is getting the better of us!" Unfortunate, neglected man! For the sacrifice of his life, just in its prime, *others* must answer to posterity. His earnestness in crushing out the rebellion actually cost him his life, without securing the full approbation and co-operation of the government. How deeply he must have felt when uttering the complaint, "*Alas! they do not come!*" Through this sentence his bleeding soul may be seen looking out. It is a verdict against the government. It could have reinforced him; it could have saved him and his brave army from ruinous defeat. "But, alas! they did not come!" How mournfully despondent this language! Contemplating this indomitable General in his critical situation, and



in which the Federal authorities left him helpless, and where he was likely to lose his troops and hard-earned laurels, our hearts are moved to the profoundest sympathy. For him we most deeply feel, and execrate those who coolly left him to his threatened fate. The tear that hung upon his drooping eyelash when saying, "Alas! they do not come!" starts a responsive one in our eyes. We can not, *would* not refrain from weeping on account of his premature and needless death. Had he fallen while struggling on equal terms with the enemy, his death would have added new luster to the American name. But his exclamation, "Alas! they do not come!" unfolds a tale of neglect, of sacrifice, and of anguish! His keen, piercing eye looked out over the wide plains for the desired reinforcements in vain. No deliverers were approaching. The "noblest Roman of them all" was permitted, without an adequate effort to save him, to sink beneath the waves of secessionism to rise no more!

Myriads of confident rebels were swarming over hills and through vales, within a few miles of General Lyon's encampment. The adroit rebel General sought to surround the Federal army, and take it and its General prisoners. A few more days of waiting and inactivity would have resulted in such a disaster. Consequently, impelled by the proximity and imminence of the danger, General Lyon summoned a council of officers on the evening of the 8th of August. The propriety of going out to meet the enemy, and give him battle when least expecting it, was freely discussed. From such a hazardous un-

dertaking nearly all the officers shrank, as being too unequal and too desperate in character. Nearly a unanimous voice was uttered in favor of evacuating Springfield, and retreating toward Kansas or Rolla. To this decision there was, besides that of General Lyon, but one firmly dissenting voice. Against such a rash and ruinous step General Sweeney most eloquently pleaded and indignantly protested. He so forcibly urged the absolute necessity of fighting at all hazards, that it was agreed to that the enemy must be promptly and immediately encountered upon his own field. The rebels were to be attacked by our forces in two columns, and at two different points. General Lyon was to lead, in person, the main body, while Colonel Sigel was to command the others, and attack the enemy's right flank.

Early on the evening of the 9th of August General Lyon and Colonel Sigel led out their respective columns toward the enemy, strongly posted on Wilson's Creek, fourteen miles from Springfield. Colonel Sigel was to gain the flank of the enemy, and attack them with spirit as soon as he heard the guns of General Lyon in front. At an early dawn both the commanders reached their destinations, and took the rebels, in front and flank, by surprise.

As soon as Colonel Sigel heard the boom of Lyon's cannon, he assailed the rebel rear and flank with an impetuosity that carried every thing before it. His success at first was all that could have been desired. But, in witnessing the retreat of large bodies of the rebels in a southerly direction, and not hearing the reports of Lyon's guns, he supposed

that the enemy was routed, and, pausing in his advance, he waited, as it had been agreed upon, for the appearance of Lyon and his men, to form a junction with him. In a short time a large body of troops were descried approaching him from different directions. "They are Lyon's men," was exclaimed all along his line. With careless ease and unloaded guns they awaited the approach of their friends. But in a few moments the silence was disturbed by the thunder of two batteries opening upon them in front and on their flank. In consternation our men cried out, "Lyon's men are firing upon us!" The confusion that ensued was awful. So confident were Sigel's troops that Lyon's forces were firing upon them in mistake, instead of rebels that had come upon them under the "Stars and Stripes," that he could not induce them to fire until it was too late—until they were within ten paces of the muzzles of their guns. A hurried and irregular retreat commenced. Colonel Sigel's army was disorganized, and became a mass of flying fugitives. He lost all his guns and hundreds of his men. The result was most disastrous.

That which aggravated the disaster, and materially contributed to the disorder and insubordination consequent upon such a surprise, was, four hundred of Colonel Soloman's three months' troops, unwilling to go into the fight at all, just at this sad juncture stampeded in a body, leaving their comrades to their melancholy fate. Their defection and contempt for the orders of their officers did more to bring about Sigel's defeat than the actions of the

rebels themselves. Such troops are not of the American army, though they may be in it. They forfeit, by such base conduct, all title to ordinary respect. Their memories, covered with the odium of cowardice and desertion, will be execrated by the latest generation of patriots. Let these *four hundred* share in the contempt of all true men!

In front of the rebel forces the line of battle had been formed under the eye and direction of General Lyon. The insurgents were taken by surprise, but soon gallantly rallied, and stood manfully to their ground. Then, one of the most sanguinary battles of the war, considering the numbers engaged, began. All along the entire front of the loyal army the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon were terrific. A handful of intrepid men were grappling with a huge army! But the multitude of rebels did not daunt them in the least. Though most of our men had never drawn a trigger upon an enemy, yet they fought with the steadiness and valor of veterans. With a sullen determination to conquer, they went into the engagement. But one purpose and one soul animated them upon that great occasion. They endured and fought with a heroism that finds no parallel for its magnificence in the deeds of the past. Before the concentrated and well-directed fire of the rebels their ranks melted rapidly away. But this did not dampen their ardor nor quench their zeal. The gallant First Missouri performed wonders, and suffered in the most heroic manner. With the most of their number stretched upon the



battle-field, either killed or wounded, they still pressed on as victors, until recalled, and their place filled by the brave First Iowa.

At the head of the attacking column General Lyon was ever to be found. He disdained the idea of exposing his men to dangers that he did not cheerfully encounter himself. He felt it to be beneath a general to be any-where but at the head of his army. He left it with cowards to skulk and occupy places of safety, whether commanders or commanded. He was no drawing-room General, occupying, on the day of battle, a position remote from all danger. In conformity with these manly convictions of duty, he was perfectly reckless of his person. Wherever the fighting was the most desperate, there was General Lyon, encouraging and steadying his men. He determined to set his men, on that terrible occasion, an example worthy of their fullest imitation. He felt called upon to *do* and *dare* every thing likely to insure success, or prevent a disastrous defeat. His intrepid conduct electrified his forces, and inspired them with a spirit of heroic emulation. They determined not to be behind their General in fearless daring. Nor did they fail to make him their exemplar throughout that bloody day.

Thus far every thing had progressed finely. For some time the rebel troops were pressed back and cut to pieces by our brave boys. But this decided success did not continue long. The rebels soon rallied and recovered their self-possession. They threw upon us heavy lines of fresh infantry that

could not be met by fresh troops on our side. From the first opening of the battle General Lyon had all his available forces engaged. The receding tide of the insurgent cause was arrested, and with it the advance of our intrepid volunteers.

In a few hours the engagement had become most terrific. The rebels fought with increased fury. Our troops were thrown upon the defensive. While the insurgents were pressing upon our decimated ranks with thousands of their fresh troops, General Lyon was twice wounded, and had his horse shot from under him. This event had a strangely depressing effect upon his mind. Extricating himself from his fallen steed, he arose to his feet exclaiming, "The day is lost!" For a moment, but only for a moment, he did not seem to be himself. "No, no," replied Major Schofield, "the case is not yet desperate. Let us make another effort." Another tremendous and concentrated effort was made. The remnant of the heroic First Missouri was again in the front ranks. Osterhaus's battalion showed to the enemy a firm and fearless front. Totten's battery of six pieces was posted in a most commanding position, while Colonel Blair's troops poured a galling fire into the rebels, repulsed by the "grape and canister" of Totten's guns. The battery of Lieutenant Dubois had opened upon the eastern slope of the valley from which the rebels were emerging. Captain Lathrop and his regular riflemen rendered most efficient aid in the bloody struggle. The Iowa and Kansas volunteers were stationed where their presence was most needed, and where

they stood as immovable as a rock, and fought like tigers!\* This bold and concerted movement carried death and dismay into the crowded ranks of the enemy. They were yielding under the terrible pressure of our legions. The field began to wear a brighter aspect. The clouds of coming disaster began to clear away. Every regiment of the Union army was fighting up to the utmost of its ability, while brave officers and men were falling in every direction.

But the rebel generals, perceiving that the cause was going against them, hurried up to the scene of

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\*The First Kansas Regiment was commanded by Colonel G. W. Deitzler, of Lawrence. This was one of the best regiments, in every respect, under the command of General Lyon. Early in the battle, Colonel Deitzler's horse was pierced with four bullets. But just as the noble beast fell, the Colonel himself received an ugly wound in his thigh. Tying a handkerchief around the wound, he mounted a fresh steed, and continued to direct the actions of the regiment until, from the loss of blood, he could no longer maintain his seat in his saddle.

This was a superb regiment. Every company was commanded by an experienced, zealous, and daring man. These captains had been schooled for the battle-field in severe and frequent contests with the "border-ruffians"—the *elite* of Southern aristocracy. They knew how to meet the rebel foemen by having previously met them.

Among these singular and heroic men was Captain Clayton, of Leavenworth, commanding Company E. He went into the battle with *seventy-three*, and came out with *twenty-six* uninjured men! Toward the close of the contest, the company got separated from its own regiment and joined what it supposed to be the First Iowa. In a moment the Captain discovered that he had joined the enemy. The regiment proved to be under the leadership of the scoundrel Colonel Clarkson, of "border-ruffian" notoriety. In their excitement the rebels did not identify the Federal soldiers. Retaining his presence of mind, Captain Clayton did not even

action all their available troops. Of these a vast multitude approached our lines. Determined to arrest their movements at once, General Lyon ordered an Iowa regiment to charge the approaching column. But this gallant regiment had lost their Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel. They had no controlling, guiding head. "Lead us, General," said the Iowans, "and we *will*!" Leaping from his horse, he placed himself at their head. A wild shout of delight greeted the General as he planted himself in their front. Their bayonets were fixed.

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*apprise* his own men of their situation. "*Boys*," said he, in order to extricate his command from its perilous situation, "you are crowding here; oblique to the right." This was done. They were fifty paces away before the rebels suspected any thing wrong. An officer rode up and asked, "What troops are you?" "The First Kansas," was the Captain's prompt reply. "Who are you?" the Captain asked in return. "The Adjutant of the Fifth Missouri." "Southern troops?" "Yes, sir," replied the rebel Adjutant, putting spurs to his horse. But in an instant Captain Clayton dragged him to the ground, and, with a loaded pistol at his breast, ordered him to give up his sword. This he did. By this time the rebels had discovered the nature of the case before them, and immediately prepared to fire. Clayton still retained his hold upon the rebel Adjutant, keeping him between the rebels and his little band. In this situation the Adjutant was most exposed to the rebel fire. "Order your regiment not to fire," said the Captain. This the Adjutant refused to do, but commanded his men to open fire regardless of himself. He was instantly shot fatally and bayoneted. This rebel Adjutant was certainly a brave fellow.

The rebel Missourians fired upon Captain Clayton's small band, and felled about a dozen of his men. Replying with one volley, the Kansas boys ran for their lives. They soon reached one of their own regiments, and they were safe. The remarkable coolness and astonishing intrepidity of Clayton saved his command from being cut to pieces or captured.



Their muskets were brought to the position of a charge. Shoulder to shoulder they stood, solid as a cemented wall, awaiting the command. They did not have long to wait. "Forward! Charge!" shouted the General, and away they sped at a "double-quick." Ere they had traversed half the distance between them and their numerous enemy, *a rebel ball struck General Lyon in the chest, and he fell!* "O, my army!" were his last and expiring words! Goaded into frenzy by the fall of their chief, the Iowans pressed on and over his dead body, attacked with fury, and scattered like chaff the rebel hordes. His death was but partially avenged. The loss that the army sustained in his death could not be repaired by the death of any number, however great, of rebels. With the fall of General Lyon came a general, but brief, cessation of hostilities.

The command of the army, after this great bereavement, devolved upon and was promptly assumed by Major Sturgis, of the Regular Army. While, in connection with his officers, he was deliberating upon what action to take, or what course to pursue, the rebels fell upon his whole line with the impetuosity of despair. The assault was most gallantly met, and successfully repulsed by the Federal troops. The rebel hordes were cut down by scores, or driven in confusion before our men. An advance of the whole line was ordered. With the crushing tread and destroying power of an earthquake, they advanced upon and hewed down the disorganized and retiring insurgents. Success was

returning to the Federal standard, while the "Stars and Bars" were flying from before our triumphant squadrons. But just at this juncture, when the insurgents had fallen back upon their camps, and were preparing for a general retreat, and when our troops were ordered to charge with the bayonet, the exhaustion of the artillery ammunition was announced to the commander. This was a sad discovery. Without the aid of the artillery no charge could be made. At once the order for the general movement was recalled, and, for the want of ammunition, our victory was left incomplete. Thus it was made a *drawn* battle. That the rebels considered themselves defeated, and had given up all idea of further resistance, is evident from the fact that they destroyed their large train of stores, munitions, and camp equipage. They feared their capture by the Federal troops. They burned most of the tents in which they had spent the previous night. None but a badly defeated army would thus wantonly destroy its very life, or that which was essential to its efficient existence.

If other evidence of their defeat was needed, the fact that they did not attempt to pursue our retreating army is most conclusive. They did not attempt to molest them in any manner, and under the skillful generalship of Sigel and Sturgis, our troops, with all their sick and stores, reached Rolla in safety.

Had not our ammunition given out, the rebels would have been followed up and scattered to the winds. But it was glory enough for one day, for

*six thousand* men to compel *twenty-five thousand* to enter upon an ignominious retreat. It was a magnificent achievement. Our army was saved the disgrace of flying without any resistance. But he who had nobly worked out these results did not live to enjoy the triumph, nor share with his gallant troops the joy of success. He went down at the head of his men on the path to victory and glory.

Thus this hero gloriously fell, as he had anticipated, upon that bloody field. In his death the brightest intellect in Fremont's department was extinguished forever, and as brave a heart as ever throbbed in the breast of man eternally quieted. In cool courage, in pure patriotism, in intrepidity, all that makes up the excellent soldier, he had but few equals and no superiors. His rare and magnificent qualities of heart and head have been fully attested by the magnitude and excellence of his works. His devotion to his *whole* country was as fervent and inextinguishable as it was pure and elevated. He lived, acted, and died alone for his country's well-being. Opulent in worldly things, no pecuniary considerations could have induced him to do and endure in the Federal army as he did, especially when apparently neglected by the Federal authorities. That he did not seek distinction, only so far as doing right could distinguish him, is clearly inferable from his entire career. He was as unselfish as he was brave, and as unambitious, except of the right, as he was loyal. The promotion of others over him, though younger and less deserving

than himself, did not, while he may have keenly felt the wrong, impair his devotion to his country nor in the least diminish his fidelity as an officer. This, it is true, may be regarded a minor virtue, yet many do not have even this to adorn and beautify their memories.

He was the great warrior—the Marion—of 1861. As such he will live as long in the recollections of the people, and share as fully in their affections, as the American nation survives the vicissitudes of existence. General Nathaniel Lyon was a great and *good* man, free from many moral blemishes and defects attaching to and distinctive of many similarly situated. He loved the right and adhered to it in all his life-deeds. Consequently, his command cherished for him the highest regard, and reposed in him the greatest confidence. On all occasions he proved himself the soldier's friend. Over his premature but honorable grave those who fought under him, and who will survive the ravages of this cruel war, will strew flowers and shed tears of affection. His death saddened a nation's heart.

To the name and memory of General Nathaniel Lyon every true American should bow in reverence. "Brief as was his career in the fiery scapes of this Satanic rebellion, it was illustrious in his steadfast devotion to the flag of his country, brilliant in his achievements under its resplendent folds, and glorious in its termination on one of the consecrated fields of America's bloody conflicts for its life. No brighter name has emerged from the smoke and



tumult of this awful strife with rebellion—no nobler record will be transmitted from this evil day to our posterity, reading the luminous record of America's triumph over her intestine foes, than that which tells that Lyon gave his life for, and in his will bequeathed all his estate to, his country!"

By a strange concurrence of events General Lyon's lifeless body was left on the field of battle. It tranquilly reposed where he fell. The cry of anguish wrung from his soldiers by his fall, and the wild tumult of the conflict, fell alike unheeded by the dull ear of death. To the earnest protestations of affection there was no response.

Left upon the ensanguined field, his body fell as a trophy into the hands of his murderers. At the hands of those who once knew and loved him, but then estranged by the diabolical spirit of revolt, he received rude but respectful sepulture. His grave, with the graves of his fallen braves, was within the rebel lines. For the time being, until the rebel hordes were driven from the country, it seemed impossible to do aught else than resign his body to the custody of those who, when alive, he loathed.

But one of the General's friends thought differently. She determined to secure, at whatever risks she might encounter, his precious dust, and bestow upon it the last sad expressions of affection. As he had hazarded every thing, even life itself, for her and hers, she felt that it was her turn to hazard something to meet the claims he had upon her, and

attest her high appreciation of his valorous deeds. She would rescue his body from the polluting custody of the despoilers of her native state, whatever it might cost of time, of exposure, of suffering, or of effort. She *would* secure and take charge of that body until it could be delivered into the hands of his immediate kindred.

Thus the heroine of Missouri, Mrs. Phelps, wife of the Hon. Colonel Phelps, determined to act. Her home was at Springfield. She was truly loyal to the "Stars and Stripes." She had seen much of the lofty and heroic conduct of General Lyon. She had witnessed the agony occasioned by the last fiery ordeal through which he passed. Her heart was deeply touched by his misfortunes. For him she had cherished the highest regard, and to him she had given her fullest sympathy.

Accompanied by an intelligent and trusty servant, Mrs. Phelps set out upon her sad but noble mission. She resolutely braved every difficulty and surmounted every obstruction. To succeed in her enterprise was no easy task. But she grappled with every danger and opposition with an energy that ultimately insured her full success. She persevered in her unaided and melancholy search among the buried heroes until the body of General Lyon was found and identified.

As tenderly as if it had been the body of her son, she conveyed the remains of the General to her residence and gave them a temporary home in her family vault. Here his body was vigilantly guarded

until an opportunity presented itself to send it to his native state.\*

Noble woman! She performed a noble work! It entitles her to the lasting gratitude of every patriot. She preserved the remains of *our* General from outrage and insult; and through her energy and humanity they now repose with those of his illustrious ancestors.

The body of General Lyon now sleeps amid his kindred in his own native state. He has returned to the place where he first breathed the vital air, and *there* we propose leaving him and his history until summoned from the grave by the Judge of all.

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\*His burial in his native town proved a stirring event. His nephew, Arthur Lyon, fifteen years old, was one of the chief mourners upon that sad occasion. Learning the facts in the case, he immediately left school, and on the next day after seeing his uncle buried enlisted as a soldier. He desired to fill his place, and avenge his death.

## CHAPTER X.

## WEBB'S CROSS-ROADS.\*

THE severe rigor of winter was gradually giving way before the warming breath of spring. The great din of preparation for the ensuing campaign had measurably subsided throughout our camps in various parts of Kentucky. The citizen volunteers had been drilled into hardy and skillful soldiers. They were ready and eager for the sanguinary conflict. They had grown weary in waiting the tardy movements of their methodical officers. They had confidence in themselves, confidence in their cause, and confidence in their leaders. Their tireless devotion to their new profession, and uniform soldierly conduct, inspired their generals with the greatest hopes for the future. They felt that they could trust such men, and implicitly rely upon such soldiers in the hour of trial. There was mutual trust and mutual hope. All felt that the period for action had arrived. All were restlessly impatient to buckle on their harness and go out to meet the foe.

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\* Why this has been called the battle of "Mill Springs" has never been clear to my mind. The place where Zollicoffer was defeated is known in all that region as "Webb's Cross-roads." Mill Springs is ten miles from this place, and on the other side of the Cumberland River.



The gloom that had settled down along the Union horizon and depressed the loyal hearts had been heavy upon us for some time, and a sighing for relief was heard every-where, and came up from every direction. Since the great disaster at Bull Run but few had the courage to look up, or the heart to speak hopefully. Nothing less than a decisive victory over the insolent and vranting foe could bring back the old fire to the loyal eye or flush the pale cheek with enthusiasm and hope. It had been a dark, very dark season. The only rays of light that shot across the brow of gloom that frowned upon us came from Camp Wildcat and the triumph of General Garfield over Humphrey Marshall.

The feeling that something must be done, and that speedily, to lift the curtain of darkness enveloping us was universal. At the period of which we are writing, the cry in favor of active operations reached the ears of our generals in thunder tones. They could disregard the *will* of the people no longer. Indeed, the most, if not all, of the generals felt precisely as the people felt upon the subject. The resolution to do something worthy our cause was speedily taken, and measures entered upon to carry out that resolution. To this no one dissented; from it no one receded. The hour for action had arrived.

Our principal danger grew out of the presence and menaces of General Zollicoffer's rebel force upon the Cumberland River. Subsequent to his severe repulse at Camp Wildcat by General Schoepf, he advanced to the Cumberland River and took up

his position on its northern bank, at the mouth of White-oak Creek, and opposite Mill Springs, on the southern bank. This location was admirably adapted to military purposes. For two miles back from the river the country was cleared of all timber and diversified by numerous hills, some of which were of immense altitude. Six of these hills, commanding each other and the approaches to the camp from every direction for miles around, were strongly and skillfully fortified. Extensive breast-works and numerous redoubts rendered it a formidable position. "Zollicoffer's Den" was no trifling obstruction to our southward advance. The situation was naturally strong, but the vast amount of labor expended upon it by the rebels rendered it almost impregnable. In this position Zollicoffer formed the right wing of the insurgent army.

Within sixteen miles of this rebel post was General Schoepf, with a division of Federal troops. Somerset, the head-quarters of Schoepf, was our base of operations in that part of Kentucky. But that division was too small to even think of attacking the insurgents in their stronghold.

To make a front and direct attack upon such formidable works, and occupied by so strong an army, would have been very destructive of human life, and would have utterly failed of success. With nothing would Zollicoffer have been better pleased than with such an attack by our troops. The only plan that promised a success equal to the imperious demands of the Union cause was that of surrounding or outflanking him in his intrenchments. Upon

this mode of attack General Buell and his associates had fully decided. General Schoepf was to descend the Cumberland and assault the rebel works on the north-east, while General Thomas approached and assailed them on the south-west and rear. For the consummation of this every thing seemed to progress finely. Hopes of surprising Zollicoffer in his formidable works were cherished by the best generals.

To carry out his part of the general programme, General Thomas broke up camp near Lebanon, Kentucky, on the 1st of January, 1862, and marched for the rebel works at Mill Springs by way of Columbia. There moved out with him the Ninth Ohio (German), Colonel McCook; the Second Minnesota, Colonel Van Clear; the Tenth Indiana, Colonel Manson; the Fourth Kentucky, Colonel Fry; and Colonel Wolford's cavalry, and one Ohio battery. Their march was one of the most annoying, laborious, and exhausting character. Rain fell almost incessantly, and in torrents. The roads were wretched, especially after they left Columbia, with often nothing more than a path wide enough for a single footman or a single horse. Frequently they had to cut a road through the dense forests and thick undergrowth of the South ere they could move at all. Only from three to six miles could they march in a day. Drenched, covered with mud, weary, faint, and hungry, they arrived at Webb's Cross-roads, late on Thursday evening, the 16th of January, 1862, twelve miles south-west of Somerset.

On the next night, the Fourteenth Ohio, Colonel Steadman, the Tenth Kentucky, Colonel Harlan,

a portion of the Eighteenth Regulars, and three companies of the First Regiment of Michigan Engineers and Mechanics, with an Ohio battery, arrived within a few miles of General Thomas's camp. On the morning of the 18th, General Schoepf sent the First and Second Tennessee Regiments, with the Twelfth Kentucky and an Ohio battery, to form a junction with General Thomas at Webb's Cross-roads. It was a difficult task, but they performed it. Fishing Creek, a large and rapid stream, lay in their route. This they had to ford. On reaching it they found it unusually swollen by the recent heavy and continuous rains. Its banks were deeply covered, and its waters spread out over them for rods on either side. To cross at all seemed to be impossible. Yet it had to be attempted. The boys were too eager to measure their strength with the enemy, and too much delighted in getting away from the monotony and *ennui* of camp-life, not to make Herculean efforts to effect a speedy and secure crossing. After prodigious toil and great exposure, a rope was successfully stretched across the creek from shore to shore, and made fast to the trees. By holding to this rope, the water reaching to their arm pits, the men succeeded in slowly but safely fording the stream. Happy in the prospect of a fight, though wet and chilled to the bone, they moved on in enthusiastic style, and reached their destination awhile before the dawn of the Sabbath morning.

Informed of the trap that the Federal generals were preparing for him, General Zollicoffer determined to anticipate such an operation by attacking



our forces in detail, and defeat them before a junction of the various detachments could be formed. He was utterly ignorant of the junction that they had already formed by heavy forced marches. For this purpose he marched out of his intrenchments at the head of his entire army on Saturday, and confronted General Thomas early on Sunday morning, January 19.

Now, while the two armies are engaged in taking their positions and getting into line of battle, we will attempt to entertain you with a brief but accurate portrait of the principal officers engaged in that contest.

General George H. Thomas is a native of Southampton County, Virginia. So loyal, so brave, and so true are the inhabitants of the Congressional District of which Southampton County is an important part, that but one out of seven graduates from West Point, who had been appointed from that district, left the Federal army to join the secession ranks! Besides this, the wives of three of our most distinguished naval officers, Admiral Farragut, Commodore Blake, and the late Commodore Pendergast, are from the same district. These distinguished ladies are unswerving in their fidelity to the Federal Government. These things speak well for the county of the General's birth.

In 1840 he graduated from the West Point Military Academy with distinguished honors. While in the Military Academy, he was remarkable for his sobriety of life, his gravity of demeanor, his obliging disposition, his capacious mind, and his rare diligence as a student.

Bearing some resemblance to General Washington in features, and more in general appearance and deportment, he was respectfully designated by the *soubriquet* of "General Washington." The last man to trace and claim such a resemblance himself, this designation by his fellow-students neither inflated his vanity nor excited his ire. He kindly took it as excellent sport.

Thomas's face is not handsome, but it is striking in its strong intellectual cast. After once seeing him, there is no danger of mistaking the prominent traits of his character. The distinct and well-marked lines about his mouth, his broad and smooth forehead, and deep-set, steady eye, black as ebony, and swimming in luster, are the infallible *indices* of his intrepidity, firmness, pugnacity, and magnanimity. About him is nothing little; every thing great. He is a martial giant, but as unassuming as a timid child. He never could consent to become his own trumpeter, such is his self-distrust and personal modesty. He thinks more of others than about himself. In consequence of his modesty and retiring manners, it was a long time before it was generally suspected that in him resided such gigantic powers as he has exhibited. It required extraordinary occasions to call out his extraordinary abilities as a military chieftain. Nothing less than the battle throes, the fearful carnage, and terrible agony of Chickamauga could fully develop the volcanic fires that slept within him. He was all himself in that terrific whirlwind of passion. He has no superiors, and but few equals. We do not find in him the

pomp and splendor of Pope's assault upon the foe, nor the majesty of Sherman's invincible columns, as he hurls them upon the enemy; but there is found in him the firm tread, iron will, and resistless onset of an unconquerable general. He does not move before us so much the genius of the storm itself, as one who has resolved to grapple with the whirling elements to the last, though helpless and at their mercy. He rose with the dangers that surrounded him at Chickamauga, and met them with the firmness of one who had determined not to be overcome. His magnificent fighting on that awful day, and the crushing blows that he dealt the rebel hordes, extorted exclamations of admiration from both friends and foes, and his heroic audacity caused the world to stand aghast.

After General T. J. Wood had lost the day by his faulty if not criminal conduct, General Thomas saved the army from defeat and annihilation, while his pertinacity permitted the fragments of our shattered right and center to enter retreats of safety, where they rallied and re-formed.

No one ever dreamed that within the quiet, undemonstrative commander of the battle of Webb's Cross-roads there resided such mighty power, irresistible energy, and great moral force. But so it was. So little was said of him in connection with that battle, but so much about his colonels, by the army correspondents, that one would have supposed that he was but a cipher, dependent upon his subordinate officers for his military movements and martial success. He was hardly named in connec-

tion with that signal triumph of our arms. Indeed, it was unblushingly stated that he was not upon the field, that he issued no orders, and that the troops acted without general orders. Yet Colonel Kise, commander of the Tenth Indiana, declares that he received all his orders from General Thomas.\* This was manifest injustice. It was principally for Colonel McCook that the correspondents threw up their hats and huzzaed. The people, dependent upon them for their army news, became their echoes. It is likely that the principal cause of this was, General Thomas neither said any thing about himself, nor paid any one to say it for him. He looked alone to the official record of his deeds to prove his ability, fidelity, and patriotism.

Immediately after graduating he was commissioned an officer in the Third United States Artillery. The land of flowers was the theater of his first achievements—where he fleshed his maiden sword. As early as 1841 he was brevetted First Lieutenant for his brave deeds and manly conduct in the war against the Florida Indians. One of the many brave young men who accompanied General Taylor into Mexico, he fought valiantly in the assault upon Monterey, and was the foremost of those who scaled the walls of the fort. Indeed, he was present and prominent in all the engagements that eventuated in the capture of the place. For his gallant conduct and chivalrous bearing on that occasion, in that hard-fought battle, he was brevetted Captain.

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\* See official report of Tenth Indiana by Colonel Kise.



In the wild, fierce, and bloody scenes of Buena Vista, for three successive days, he was a prominent and successful actor. Here were obtained glimpses of the workings of his extraordinary powers. While rendering himself the center of all eyes by his skill and daring, he was utterly unconscious of attracting attention at all, so natural was it for him to be both great and grand in action. He was impelled but by one thought, influenced by one purpose, and was engaged in only one work—the defeat of the Mexicans. He was fully persuaded that to escape annihilation every American soldier, whether officer or private, was under the necessity of fighting as men never fought before. He did as he felt the necessities of the case demanded, and as he would have those do who were under him. On that historic field blood flowed as freely as water, and that of young Thomas was mingled with the general current. The courage, the hardihood, and the invincibility of American soldiers were forever fixed by the battle of Buena Vista, and Lieutenant Thomas aided in fixing that reputation. Upon the field all crimsoned with human gore, covered with the dead and dying of both armies, and torn up by the hoof of the war-horse, Captain Thomas was promoted to the brevet rank of Major. Thus he rose in a few days, and alone by meritorious conduct.

At the close of the Mexican war he was appointed chief of cavalry and artillery instruction at the National Military Academy. This responsible position he filled a little over three years. In 1855 he was promoted to a majorship in the Third Cavalry.

This was a new, and designed to be a splendid regiment. It was raised and organized while Jeff. Davis was Secretary of War. It was pre-eminently a Southern regiment—the great pet of the Southern Secretary—and was to be the great nucleus around which the Southern knights were to gather in days to come. The truth of these statements will become palpably apparent when it is known that Albert S. Johnston was its Colonel, Robert E. Lee its Lieutenant-Colonel, W. J. Hardee its First Major, Earl Van Dorn its first and Edmund Kirby Smith its second Captain. Where these officers were found in the rebellion the reading public need not be informed. One has fallen as a Major-General of the Southern Confederacy. All of the officers named, except Thomas, are prominent generals in the rebel army. Robert E. Lee commands the Department of Virginia. Hardee was a corps commander in Bragg's army in Tennessee; and so also are the others in the army of treason.

When the slaveholders' rebellion broke out in lurid flames, Major Thomas was absent on furlough. He soon returned to head-quarters, and reported himself to the Federal Government for duty. He was appointed a Brigadier-General of volunteers, and assigned to the command of a division on the Upper Potomac, under Patterson. In this department he remained until the rebels first invaded Kentucky. Then, with Generals Sherman and Schoepf, he was sent to that state to take charge of the Federal troops and repel the invaders.

Immediately he reported himself at, and took

charge of Camp Dick Robinson, near Lexington, Kentucky. He superseded General Nelson, formerly a lieutenant in the navy. General Thomas's appointment to this command was most opportune and befitting.

His career has blended in it all the elements of true greatness—of the successful soldier. He has gone on quietly and bravely in the prosecution of the work of subduing the rebellion. His progress has been almost as noiseless as the travel of a star, and as grand as that of any other general. He is one of the very few generals who have escaped the severe, unjust, and savage criticism of the press. For two years no one attempted to either write him up or down. He was unambitious. He did not appear to be in the way of unscrupulous army aspirants. He did not arouse their jealousy. They lacked the capacity to discern his latent powers and his rare moral excellency. He did not appear to this class of officers worthy of special notice. None dreaded his rivalry or his ability to outstrip them in the race for military distinction. As he was rather a pleasant companion, somewhat reserved in manners, and an excellent listener, they rather liked him than otherwise. He had accomplished little or nothing to attract attention to him. The credit of the victory over Zollicoffer was transferred from him to his colonels. They felt that they need not be concerned about him. He would retain his obscurity. For two years hardly any body knew that there was such a general of division as Thomas.

Indeed, it would seem that he was purposely kept in the background by his distrustful chiefs. At least he was never placed in a position to accomplish much in any battle until that of Chickamauga. When Buell's army marched to the assistance of Grant, Thomas was left in the rear to protect railroads and guard military stores. At the strange and unfortunate battle of Perryville he was not permitted to strike a solitary blow for his flag. There appeared to be a want of confidence in his ability to command, or the entertainment of a fear that he would win too many laurels. When our troops were fighting at Stone River, he and his corps were quite idle. They were out of the range of the storm of battle. Had he been upon our left, as he was upon the right wing, the misfortunes that befell McCook would have been wholly avoided, and the rebels signally repulsed.

But at Chickamauga he made up for all past inactivity. He was the Hercules of the Army of the Cumberland. For two long and fearful days he stood up in the tempest of lead like a rock in mid ocean, breaking into foam the secession waves that swept against him. Grim with powder and dust, he seemed an avenging angel, hurling his bolts of destruction among his foes. Never has an American general appeared so grand, so terrific, so superhuman, as did General Thomas, with his battle-scarred, mangled, bleeding braves about him, in that fearful struggle. Grant was magnificent at Vicksburg, Banks was grand at Port Hudson, and Meade was heroic at Gettysburg; but Thomas was more



magnificent, grander, and more heroic at Chickamauga than either and all of them. He had infused into his men his own calm but fearless and indomitable spirit. He held in his hands the destiny of North America. This fact he fully appreciated. He resolved to fall, with all his command, upon the slope upon which he stood, rather than yield to the superior numbers of the rebels. His unconquerable will—his unrivaled heroism—saved the army and our national existence. In this single battle he overtook and distanced all his competitors. He wove himself a garland of which the greatest generals of the nation might well be proud. While the other corps commanders were flying from the field, alarmed and unmanned, seeking orders fifteen miles from the scene of strife, he maintained his ground and held the insurgent hordes at bay until these fugitive chieftains gained a secure retreat! Thus he deported himself on that great day. He is a glorious old warrior. As a reward for his splendid and successful fighting, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the army he had saved!

No man is capable of greater deeds. In his sedate, quiet way he has done great things from the beginning. To be a Union man cost him every thing but his honor. In adhering to the old flag—the flag under whose folds he marched to glory and victory in Florida, at Monterey, and Buena Vista—he had to renounce his Southern friends and sacrifice all his property in Virginia. Upon the altar of the national Union he laid every thing—

life itself. To be loyal cost him much, *very* much. His was a *bona fide* sacrifice.

Yet this is the man whom the rebels brand with the foulest epithets, and accuse of the foulest crimes. Chagrined at his fidelity to his flag, the conspirators at Richmond have exerted themselves to the utmost to blast his character and destroy his influence. But in this, as in most of their atrocious projects, they have miserably failed. In the estimation of all true men—of men whose approbation is worth having at all—he could not have a better recommendation to our confidence than the slanderous assaults of the rebels. Their pretense that he applied to Jeff. Davis for a very humble office in Richmond is as false as the Southern conspirators are corrupt and cruel. No man would have been more cordially welcomed among them than General Thomas. They knew his great worth, were conscious of the great powers he possessed. Had he been a cringing poltroon, as the rebels now assert, would Davis, when Secretary of War, have placed him as a major in his favorite Southern regiment, all the officers of which were Southern men with strong Southern proclivities? By no means. Small men could not fight the great battles of the South. Officers in that regiment were designed to retain the offices in the interests of the revolted South. This these officers did, with but one honorable exception. It is evident, then, that the South does but slander General Thomas. He is, in every important particular, all of which a people may be justly proud, and just such a man as the people delight to honor.

General Allin Schoepf is an adopted citizen of Maryland. By birth he is a Hungarian, and graduate of the military school of Vienna. He had taken a prominent part in the Hungarian struggle for national independence. An efficient officer in the Provisional Army, he fought in numerous battles, and aided in achieving many victories. But, like all generals, he was occasionally defeated. No one co-operated more heartily with Kossuth than General Schoepf. His motto was, "Hungary liberated, or Hungary annihilated."

But when General Görgei sold the Hungarian army to the Austrians for a "mess of pottage"—betrayed it to the despotic house of Hapsburg for a life of infamy, and involved the Magyars in hopeless slavery—General Schoepf became a fugitive. To escape from the proscriptions and persecutions inflicted upon his countrymen, he sought and found an asylum upon the American shores. By the American people he was most cordially welcomed. They extended to him the generous hospitality belonging to a distinguished exile. He soon felt at home in "the land of the free and the home of the brave," though he sighed for similar freedom in his native country.

At the commencement of Southern hostilities—hostilities for the extension and establishment of African slavery—he held a position in the United States Coast Survey. Known to possess military talents of a very high order, and an extensive military experience, on the recommendation of Hon. Joseph Holt he was appointed a Brigadier-General,

and assigned to duty in Kentucky. At the period of which we are writing he commanded a division of the Union army at Somerset, about fifteen miles from Zollicoffer's fortifications.

A brave and skillful officer, he was regarded with great confidence by the people, and much was expected of him. But he signally failed to meet the expectations that he authorized to be entertained. He was never popular with his men. His harsh, irritable nature led him to be both unjust and tyrannical. He labored to plant the grinding despotism distinctive of an European army upon the free soil of America. In this attempt he failed, and ruined his own prospects for the future. He seemed to forget that he commanded an army of volunteer freemen, as intelligent and as capable to command as himself. When in the hight of passion he would *strike* his officers, or treat them in the rudest manner. Consequently, he was denounced by the officers in the strongest terms, and the necessity of his resignation became more and more apparent every day. The propriety of preferring charges against him became the subject of serious consideration and earnest debate among those who felt most aggrieved. But, as he resigned his position, this was not done.

Though of unquestioned courage, and highly capable of commanding a division, he accomplished little or nothing while holding such a command. For this he censures his chief. He was, apparently, studiously kept out of all engagements. Why this was done is not really known. Disgusted with the manner in which General Buell conducted his cam-



paign against Bragg, he declared that he would not serve any longer under him, and accordingly resigned his command. Subsequently, he was assigned to command at Fort Delaware.

Colonel Speed S. Fry is a native of Kentucky. He is the son of Thomas Fry, formerly of Danville. When the battle of Webb's Cross-roads took place he was about forty years old. By profession he was a lawyer. In this vocation he was very successful. His clients continually multiplied upon his hands until his practice at the bar became quite lucrative. He was distinguished for urbanity, inflexible justice, devotion to truth, and detestation of the trickery often distinctive of the profession. No consideration, however great, no plea, however eloquent, could induce him to swerve from what he conceived to be both law and justice. Neither would he engage in a case in the prosecution of which he could not conscientiously employ his powers, with right on his side. In no way would he pander to vice and injustice, or extortion. He was an ornament to the legal profession, and a blessing to society. His broad reputation for sterling integrity, and his love of Christian truth, did more to secure him patronage than his legal abilities, which were of the first order. Those who employed him felt that justice would be done them, and that, if they lost their cause, it was because law and justice were against them.

He was in the hight of prosperity when the Mexican war was inaugurated. Though destitute of a military education, he did not hesitate to take charge of a company of volunteers in Colonel McKee's regi-

ment. As a captain he greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Buena Vista. His regiment came off from that bloody field covered with glory. It fought with a heroism that could be equaled only by American soldiers, and suffered in killed and wounded to an appalling extent. The gallant and intrepid McKee fell mortally wounded at its head. The Lieutenant-Colonel was also killed. Major Cary Fry, cousin of Speed Smith Fry, was in command at the close of the battle.

During the engagement, Captain Fry performed one of the coolest and most deliberate deeds of that battle-field. A Mexican, separated from his comrades, was observed to load and fire with great deliberation, three or four times, upon his company. Captain Fry was not the man to stand helplessly by while his men were murdered in such a manner. Taking a musket from a fallen soldier, he raised it to his shoulder, looked along its barrel for a moment, and fired. When the smoke cleared away, the adventurous Mexican could not be seen, and was not heard from afterward. The Captain's aim was sure and deadly. In his native woods he acquired the art of handling his gun with facility, and of firing with a fatal certainty.

Returning from Mexico at the close of the war, he resumed his old profession, and once more entered upon the peaceful pursuits of life. As a lawyer, he was again eminently successful. At the opening of the slaveholders' rebellion he was Judge of Boyle County Court. At once he entered the arena of strife, becoming a bold and fearless cham-

pion of the Federal Government, and a determined opponent of secessionism. While many were fearful of committing themselves to the right, or of opening their mouths upon the subject, meanly deserting their own cause, he boldly attacked the rebels on the stump and elsewhere. He performed a noble and invaluable work. He was the first in that portion of the state to move in the right direction. At the outset he stood almost alone, but he soon had thousands to go with him. At the earliest period he began to raise Union troops. He recruited the Third and Fourth Kentucky Regiments. These were the first Union regiments organized in the state. Of the Fourth he became Colonel.

At the battle of Webb's Cross-roads he acted a most conspicuous part, and displayed the greatest valor. His regiment was the first to support the sorely-pressed Tenth Indiana, and the last to desist from the pursuit. It contested the prize of victory with the rebels with the stubborn valor of veterans. The Colonel handled his men with the greatest skill, and fought them with the greatest gallantry.

In the early part of the battle he and General Zollicoffer met upon the field face to face, as the latter was leading a flank movement upon our left. They were within a few rods of each other. Emerging from the thick undergrowth and smoke of battle, he accosted Colonel Fry as a friend. Zollicoffer ordered the latter not to fire upon the approaching columns, as they "were friends *and* Mississippians." Just then he discovered his mistake. His Aid immediately fired upon Colonel Fry, only hitting and

felling his horse. In the twinkling of an eye he released himself from his dying steed, leveled his pistol with a steady hand, and sent a ball to the rebel General's heart! He reeled in his saddle, and fell heavily to the ground! Zollicoffer was dead! Colonel Fry had felled him to the earth! The head of the rebel army was gone; the body would soon follow.

In a few moments Colonel Fry was remounted upon General Zollicoffer's splendid gray charger. Seated upon his new war-horse, he pressed the rebels with greater vigor than ever. He knew the day was ours—the victory sure. Like an inspiring centaur he galloped along his lines, and cheered his thinning ranks on to triumph. None did more nobly.

Colonel Robert L. McCook was a prominent actor in the tragedy of Webb's Cross-roads. He was the Colonel of the Ninth Ohio Regiment. He was a member of the great McCook family, remarkable alike for its martial spirit and military talents. He is one of *five* brothers who have rendered themselves conspicuous for their loyalty and gallantry. They are the illustrious Gracchi of our Republic. Of no other family bearing the same name, and lineal descendants of the same parent stock, have so many entered the United States volunteer and regular armies, and occupied such deservedly distinguished positions, as have the McCooks. The senior head of the McCook battalion is Dr. George McCook, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. At the beginning of the slaveholders' war for the preservation and indefinite extension of slavery, there were sixteen of them,



occupying commands from Lieutenant up to Major-General. As a family, they contributed their full share in crushing the rebels, and gathered their due proportion of the glory of the work.

Judge McCook, the venerable father of Robert, was as loyal, brave, and active as any of his great sons. From the first he took the profoundest interest in the success of our arms, and labored assiduously for the triumph of the principles entering into our side of the contest. For some time he held the post of Paymaster, with the rank of Major. He had been upon most of the great battle-fields of the war previous to his death. Present at the sanguinary and disastrous battle of Bull Run, he witnessed the fall of the first of his martial sons. Charles McCook, the youngest of the five brothers, was there as Captain of a volunteer company. Detailed as a hospital guard, when near one of our hospitals on that unfortunate field, he was suddenly surrounded by a battalion of rebel cavalry. They ordered him to surrender at once, and raised their carbines to their shoulders to emphasize the command. "I shall *never* surrender to the insurgent enemies of my country," he boldly replied. Yet he was powerless. He was at their mercy. He was nearly alone. His death was inevitable, unless he instantly surrendered. His father, fearless as the bravest knight that ever wielded a sword or wore a helmet, urged his inflexible son to surrender, and save a life dear to his friends, and that might be valuable to the government. "I can not, father!" was the firm response

uttered by lips tremulous with emotion. His father's appeal touched his heart, but could not shake his resolution. In an instant a volley was fired upon him, and he fell dead, pierced by a dozen bullets. The father saw it all. He heard the terrible crash of musketry that robbed him of his "Joseph," but he bravely breasted the storm of anguish about to set in upon him, and he sternly continued to be a man! Proud of being the parent of such a boy, with tearful eyes and quivering lips, the old man took the lifeless body in his arms, and carried it to a suitable place of interment. To be alone amid those sad and terrible scenes he felt to be a painful necessity. Yet his heart failed him not. He was transformed into a thrice more determined enemy of the rebels. This event kindled the martial fires of the father into so intense a flame that nothing but death could extinguish them. Until he fell himself at the hands of the Southern marauders, he was ever afterward upon the war-path.

In the early autumn of 1862, his son, Robert L. McCook, Brigadier-General in the Army of the Cumberland, was brutally murdered by Southern banditti, near Salem, Alabama. Upon the veteran father this was a crushing blow. It smote the old man's heart with the vigor of a thunderbolt. Nothing had occurred during the two years of war that had depressed or exasperated him to so great an extent. He determined to avenge the wrong and retaliate upon the villainous horde for the foul murder of his son. To compass those objects he patiently awaited a befitting opportunity. For the

completion of this one great work he lived, labored, endured, suffered, and planned. His time for action at length seemed to draw near. When General Morgan, the chief of guerrillas, and his band of cut-throats entered Ohio, the old man felt that his day of retaliation had indeed arrived. He earnestly desired to aid in crushing out an armed tyranny, such as that which prevailed through the presence and power of Morgan, and under which such a mode of warfare prospers as left him to lament the early death of a brave, skillful, and loyal son. Accordingly he shouldered his trusty rifle, and, on horseback, engaged with all his ardor in the pursuit of the flying rebels. As a volunteer, he attached himself to the command of General Judah. Our troops had driven the guerrilla chief and his hordes of guerrillas to the Ohio River, near Pomeroy. Pressed hard upon their flank by General Judah from Portsmouth, the rebels hastily moved up the river, purposing to effect a crossing at Buffington Island. But by this time they were hemmed in on every hand, while the Federal flotilla guarded the ferries of the river. Consequently, after an exciting chase of thirty days, our troops were about to capture the enemy *en masse*.

Early on Sabbath morning, the 19th of July, 1863, General Judah, in a dense fog, was approaching the neighborhood of Buffington Island, in advance of his corps, accompanied by his staff, and about one hundred volunteer escorts. One of these gallant men was Major McCook. As the fog was still dense, and lay low upon the ground,

Major McCook and companions found themselves confronted by a brigade of rebels in line of battle, when they were neither prepared for nor were apprehending such an encounter. Just then the fog was lifted by the increasing breeze, and a long line of rebel bayonets shone out in the sun. Our troops were within a few rods of them. The rebels were in force; ours were simply an escort, and they wheeled to fly back to the main army that was slowly winding its serpentine length along the changeful banks of the Ohio River. On detecting this movement, and divining its cause, the rebels poured into them a heavy and destructive fire. With others, Major McCook fell, a victim to the imprudence of the commanding General. The old soldier fell, mortally wounded, from his horse, and lived just long enough afterward to be conscious of the fact that the thieving rebels were outraging his person, and robbing him of his effects! To the last these unscrupulous enemies of all that is honorable and elevating, and the pitiless foes of the helpless, were his tormentors. They thus embittered his dying hours, and deepened the dark stains upon their character by stripping the old patriot when dying!

On the picturesque banks of the Ohio this American Nestor fell, bravely battling for his country's liberties. There he sleeps his last sleep. He had nobly finished his work. His great mission was bravely wound up.

Such was the father of the McCooks—of the *five* brothers—and Robert L. was worthy of such



a father. Robert L. McCook was a native of Jefferson County, Ohio, and was born in 1828. He is one of the great number of Ohioans who have distinguished themselves by ardent patriotism and magnificent deeds during the war for the Union. His appearance was peculiar and impressive. The impression that his presence made upon the beholder was favorable, deep, and lasting. He was not what might be termed a handsome man; yet his features were both agreeable and attractive. His head was large and well proportioned. In him no one faculty or propensity predominated; but his abilities, though fine, strong, and masterly, were excellently poised. They were co-workers together, and were mutual aids. His forehead was broad, high, and projecting, the base of which was adorned by two heavy, black, and well-formed brows. His eyes were large, dark, and constantly sparkled with the luster in which they were always bathed. His eyelids drooped, indicating the serenity of the great mind and repose of the great soul looking out from under them, ever conscious of their rectitude, power, and energy. His nose was large, rather fleshy, but well-formed, with thin, waving nostrils. His mouth was large, and his lips tolerable heavy—an index to his oratorical powers. He could stir the soul with burning words, as well as lay the enemy prostrate with his skillful sword. His chin, an index to human character, was slightly projecting, broad, and thick. The manner in which he closed his lips, the energetic chin, and the wide under-jaw, forcibly pointed out the inflexibility of

his will. That this was no false inference that he had a will as strong and as unbending as iron, and as fervent as fire, his whole career fully attested. His *physique* admirably accorded in bulkiness, height, vigor, and symmetry with his great mental qualities. He was *sui generis*. He was marked in person, in features, and in all his ordinary movements.

His great moral endowments, were as prominently discoverable in his conduct and sentiments as any other of his great qualities. He ardently revered truth, profoundly respected sacred things, was scrupulously conscientious, and as faithful to his engagements and in meeting the responsibilities of his various relations as any man now living. He was morally as well as intellectually great. Within the morality distinctive of him resided much of his power over his men in the camp or upon the battle-field.

From early boyhood he attracted the attention, commanded the respect, and secured the confidence of his seniors. Though but a boy in years and stature, he was a man in deportment, in the maturity of his judgment, the sobriety of his habits, and in the general rectitude of his conduct. That which interested and amused boys of his own age possessed no charms for him. No amusements, however attractive, could allure him from his staid and manly deportment. Consequently, he soon distanced those of his own age enjoying equal, if not superior, privileges. His industry, integrity, and manliness soon raised him to a position envied by

his idle companions, but which seemed far, *very* far beyond their reach.

By the time he had attained his twenty-first year he had creditably graduated in law, and opened an office in Columbus, the Capital of Ohio. From the first he succeeded far beyond his most sanguine expectations. His practice at the Columbus bar, distinguished for its talent, legal learning, and eloquence, soon became quite lucrative. He was not long in proving himself both a superior lawyer and an eloquent pleader.

Desirous of entering a wider field, affording a greater variety of cases, he removed to Cincinnati. Here he resided when the tocsin of civil war clanged out through the startled land. While in this great city—the proud Queen of the West—he had established a superb reputation for diligence, sterling integrity, and giant abilities. He was regarded one of the most promising, if not the most promising, lawyers at the Cincinnati bar.

He had been a life-long Democrat—a Buchanan Democrat—but not a blind, unscrupulous, and partisan Democrat. He was a patriot. He was one of the first men of the West to execrate the imbecility and denounce the treason that marked and dishonored the close of the Buchanan Administration. He gave party attachments to the winds, when the coherence and conduct of party endangered the interests and existence of his country. He was too pure a man and too ardent a patriot to even think of sacrificing every thing to the success of his party. Than this, of his pure and lofty

devotion to the existence and well-being of his native land, nothing affords us more conclusive evidence. His earnest assault upon and arraignment of the idiotic and traitorous Buchanan was prompt, fierce, and unrelenting. As he was an intelligent, earnest, and pure-minded citizen, he was the uncompromising enemy—the deadly foe—of all who would strike at the life of his country. He detested meanness wherever found, and abhorred treason whenever seen, and at once assumed an antagonistic attitude of a most determined character.

But his patriotism and zeal for the Union did not expend themselves in vaporings, as was too often the case with others. His words of denunciation were immediately followed by appropriate and corresponding action. He became the active enemy of treason, and the champion of loyalty. And for this earnest, energetic action no man was so cordially hated by the enemies of the Union—by the Copperheads both *North* and *South*—as Robert McCook. From the first onset of the rebellion he inspired the traitors every-where with a wholesome dread of his strong right arm.

Upon the issuing of the first call for volunteers, young McCook laid aside his law-books, sprang to the relief of the government, and girded himself for the fierce conflict about to ensue. From the earliest outbreak of the rebellion he had a distinct idea—a prophetic persuasion—of its vast magnitude. Hence he gave himself to the work of crushing out the rebels. At once and imme-



diately he raised a regiment of Germans. He saw that in them was the very best material for soldiers. He recruited, organized, and drilled the famous Ninth Ohio.

Early in April he and his regiment were ready for the field. As many of his men had seen service in Europe, and others had been extensively drilled in volunteer companies, they did not need so much time for preparatory discipline as many other regiments. Yet they were detained in camp nearly three months. But these months of tedious camp-life were not thrown away. Colonel McCook sedulously employed them in drilling his men into a perfection of movement, a precision of action, truly wonderful. General McClellan pronounced it the best regiment he had ever seen, either in Europe or in America. This was high praise. The regiment retained this high character for efficiency and perfection of discipline after having entered upon active duties. Ever afterward it was complimented for its martial excellencies.

The first field in which Colonel McCook commanded was that of West Virginia. General McClellan attached him and his noble regiment to him as his van-guard. After entering the sacred soil of the Old Dominion, he soon reached Philippi, where the army was concentrated. For the first night he encamped upon the mountain with the other regiments. With this exalted situation he was not at all satisfied, though the mountain appeared much more secure than the valley at its

base. But as he regarded the beautiful and fertile valley much more desirable as a camp than the mountain summit upon which the other troops were perched, he determined to descend and pitch his tents in it. Against such a movement the officers remonstrated, regarding it dangerous, if not perilous. They pretended to fear the Ninth would be attacked in overwhelming numbers, and be crushed ere those of the mountain camp could come to its relief. "We came to fight," said Colonel McCook, after patiently listening to their remonstrances, "and if the rebels think they can drive my Dutchmen out of the hollow, let 'em try it." But they did *not* "try it"—the Ninth nestled in the lovely vale unmolested.

In consequence of seniority, Colonel McCook had command of Philippi for a few days. But General Rosecrans's arrival relieved him from the responsibilities of the chief, and restored him to the position he loved to occupy. He and the Ninth were ordered in the van in their descent upon Buchanan; and, as senior Colonel, at the head of his men, he triumphantly entered the place. Though but three weeks in the field, his reputation for daring, high courage, and great skill as a tactician exceeded that of any other officer, of a similar grade, in the Army of Western Virginia. For reliability and success in reconnoitering he was regarded second only to General Lander. By official orders he led the van of this army so long as General McClellan commanded it.

On the 10th of July he was selected to make an

armed reconnoissance before Rich Mountain. This was a difficult and hazardous task. But it was executed with so much skill and conducted with so much prudence that it drew forth the cordial applause of the whole army. Here he lost, by the enemy's bullets, his first men. Five of his "bully Dutchmen" fell in the reconnoissance. His was the first regiment to render doubly sacred the threatened cause of freedom by freely pouring out its warm life-blood. In nothing that was distinctive of good soldiers and honorable to freemen were he and his regiment any ways deficient. Prompt and energetic, they were always found where duty called and honor placed them. They were always *first*—if permitted—upon the battle-field, and *last* to leave it.

Veterans could not have deported themselves better than did the Ninth before Rich Mountain. Their steadiness and mobility were surprising. If Colonel McCook and his men did not take as prominent and perform as brilliant a part in the battle as their numerous friends expected, the misfortune was theirs, but the fault General McClellan's. This we need not pause to explain. The Ninth did all it was assigned or commanded to do.

After the glorious battle of Rich Mountain, Colonel McCook was stationed on New Creek, along the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Here he performed much severe labor, without gathering many laurels. While here, he crossed and recrossed Rich Mountain six times in the space of one month!

Under the command of the gallant Rosecrans he entered with great spirit into the Gauley River cam-

paign. He was assigned to the command of the Second Brigade. For this responsible position, though without a regular military education, no better man could have been found within that great army.

At the bloody battle of Carnifex Ferry, in September, his brigade was held in reserve for several hours. To him and his brave men this was a most trying and intensely irritating situation. As good soldiers they could not but obey the order of their chieftain; yet the privilege to engage the enemy would have been hailed with shouts of delight. To stand and see their comrades falling on every hand, without the permission to fire a gun, or the ability to render them any aid, was, indeed, a terribly trying ordeal. For the command to advance they were every moment listening. At length that order came. "Forward!" shouted Colonel McCook, as, from the intense excitement into which he had been wrought, he stood erect in his stirrups. Upon no previous, or even subsequent, battle-field did a more enthusiastic and moving scene transpire. His men were animated by the same fiery spirit that stirred his own brave heart. With a few impassioned and arousing words, addressed to their patriotism, he kindled within his fearless men a fire that nothing but death could extinguish. At their head, under the direction of the gallant Hartsuff, in splendid order, solid as a wall of granite, they marched into the battle with the intrepid bearing of conquerors. But, unfortunately for them, he and his "Dutchmen" were arrested in their headlong charge upon



the rebel works when just within easy range of the enemy's artillery and sharp-shooters. Here they stood for some time shivering in the deadly storm of iron and lead, without the opportunity of returning the fire. It was not fear or alarm, but chagrin and indignation, that caused their muscles to quiver. Rather than have retreated, every man would have stood, like a bronze pillar, in that deadly fire, until all would have fallen, had no order to advance been given. Colonel McCook begged for the privilege of immediately leading his "boys" over "the sticks and dirt" behind which the rebels were posted. This coveted privilege was granted. With a deafening and startling yell, the Ninth sprang forward to the assault, and before them every rebel barrier went down, and every rebel soldier fled in consternation. The rebel works were gained, and the rebel army defeated. In a most conspicuous manner the bold, intelligent intrepidity of the Colonel and the stern heroism of his men were displayed on that great occasion. They stood higher, and shared more largely in the respect and confidence of their General, than heretofore. The martial reputation of both was fully established. Swiftly, and with unfaltering step, Colonel McCook and the immortal Ninth followed the retiring rebels. They were soon overtaken. At Sewell Mountain and on New River he engaged the enemy in heavy skirmishing, losing many of his men. Having signally aided in driving Floyd from Cotton Hill and the adjacent country, and after six months of severe toil, incessant labor, and extraordinary services, in which he exhibited

the high courage, tireless energy, consummate enterprise, and the matured judgment of a veteran officer, he was ordered to report to the commander of Kentucky.

It was upon this new theater that he wove for his manly brow his greenest, freshest laurels. Here he is seen in all the plenitude of his noble, princely qualities of heart and head. Here he aided in achieving one of the most glorious and most important victories of the war, because it broke the terrible spell into which the Union disasters had drawn the people, and inaugurated one of the most brilliant series of successes that has distinguished any of the campaigns of the war for the Union.

A more gallant man than Colonel McCook was not to be found in the Federal army. A braver man never lived. He was as courteous and as talented as brave. For his great place he was admirably qualified in all that constitutes the general and makes the soldier. His devotion to the Union and all its varied interests was the master passion of his soul. While the war or his life continued, he could know no happiness but by being in the field, striking for the overthrow of the insolent enemy. He had wholly given himself to his menaced and distracted country. For him no sacrifice was too great, no task too onerous. He was ever ready for action, and cheerfully sprang to the performance of any duty.

Fully comprehending the nature of the slaveholders' rebellion, Colonel McCook was disposed to make war upon the insurgents upon the grim principles of war. He detested the idea of playing at

soldiering. War was essentially a stern business, and he determined to make a stern business out of it. As the pretentious South laid upon us the necessity of conquering them or of tamely becoming their slaves, Colonel McCook resolved to handle them without gloves. He deemed it the most humane and Christianlike to lay aside all tenderness until the conflict was ended, and finish up the cruel work in the shortest period possible. He had no scruples about effectually crushing the rebels—crushing them so wholly that none of the fell spirit that engendered this rebellion would remain on earth. He was not traitor enough nor partisan enough to deal gently with his “erring brethren.” He was eminently right. If the Federal Government was justifiable in going to war with the traitorous, greedy, unscrupulous, and tyrannical South, it was justified in making stern war upon them with all the crushing and extirpating power it could command. Such were the convictions of the brave, courteous, and humane McCook. From his heart he could be as kind as any man; but kindness in this war—an effort to soften the harsh aspects of war by prosecuting it in a feeble and languid manner—would be great cruelty. Upon this principle he acted while he lived, until his death.

A few days before the battle at Webb's Cross-roads he declared that, if the exigencies of the occasion required it, his regiment would throw away its cartridges, and depend alone upon the bayonet. In the employment of cold steel as a remedy for treason he had the sublimest confidence. Like

General Zachary Taylor, he declared, "The bayonet is the thing, my hearty bucks." On the battlefield of the 19th he made his words good, and carried out his declaration to the very letter. His bayonets defeated the rebels and secured to us the victory.

He was one of the few officers wounded at the battle of Webb's Cross-roads. A rebel ball struck him in the leg, and inflicted a deep, painful, and ugly wound. At the close of the battle he called upon the surgeon to dress it. While the surgeon was thus engaged, an order to pursue the rebels reached the Colonel. At once he ordered his horse, had the surgeon hastily bandage the wound, and, assisted into his saddle, he started in pursuit of the flying foe! Such was his fortitude, and such his zeal in the national cause, that the wound, severe and undressed as it was, could not hold him back from the pursuit. Neither did he, as many would have done, take advantage of his wound to enjoy a long furlough at home. He could hardly be kept at home long enough to gather sufficient strength to ride his horse. So soon as he could do this, and long before his wound was healed, and when yet quite weak, he bade an adieu—his last—to his loved ones, and hurried back to join his comrades in the field. This example of devotion is nearly alone characteristic of himself. While he held a commission and drew full pay from the government, he scorned the baseness of the act of being any-where but in the field.

But this brave, popular, and accomplished officer fell in his prime. When assassinated, he was but



thirty-five years old. On the 6th of August, 1862, near Salem, Alabama, General McCook fell into the hands of pitiless, remorseless, and malignant Southern banditti, and was most brutally murdered! Of this melancholy event the following are the most distinctive circumstances.

Commissioned a Brigadier-General for his gallant conduct in the battle of Webb's Cross-roads, he was conducting his brigade, one regiment of which was the superb Ninth Ohio, to a new and distant post. The General was riding between the several regiments composing his command. The Eighteenth Regulars, and a portion of the First Ohio Cavalry had passed over the road before. The rebel assassins, lying in ambush near the road most of the morning, remained undiscovered by the troops that led the brigade. Fully posted by the disloyal citizens respecting the movements of the brigade, they patiently awaited the General's approach. Composed of residents of the immediate neighborhood and some of Forrest's rebel cavalry, they numbered about one hundred and fifty.

On the day of his death, the General was accompanied by his usual escort of twelve of the First Ohio Cavalry. Three of these, just before the guerrilla attack, were sent out with orders to different portions of the columns. Three others were off the road, looking for a camping-ground. But six of the escort remained. The first rebel shot started five of these on a flight for safety. In vain did the remaining escort attempt to rally these flying cowards. Like craven-souled things, they

betrayed the General that had trusted them. In consequence of sickness, the General was riding in a spring wagon. Captain Hunter Brooke was riding with him. "The bushwhackers are upon us," exclaimed the General, after hearing the first shot. In an instant he was struck with a ball that inflicted a mortal wound. Twenty-four hours afterward, General McCook ceased to live!

General Felix R. Zollicoffer was the Commander-in-chief of the insurgent forces that attacked the Federals under the command of General Thomas. He was a native of Mowry County, Tennessee. He was born in 1821. From his earliest existence he was familiar with the deprivations of poverty, and experienced the depressing effects of an obscure parentage in the South. For a number of years he ate the bread of bitterness. He determined to escape from the trammels of indigence, and throw off the incubus of his humble origin. Having to labor for his bread where labor was disreputable and a mark of servility, he resolved to enter upon that kind of toil that would be most remunerative and the least disreputable. Instead of attempting to break down the aristocratic notions of the South, and that imposed upon the toiling masses such crushing disabilities, he started out with the intention of reaching a position in aristocratic circles. To compass his purposes he selected and engaged in the printing business.

Having completed his apprenticeship, he established his first paper in Paris, Tennessee. With con-

siderable natural talent, shrewdness, and tact, and distinguished for a rude eloquence that captivated the masses, he succeeded far beyond his most sanguine expectations. His hopes and self-importance rose more rapidly than his wealth. But in the process of time, as the reward of his industry, he became the proprietor of the *Columbian Observer*. Soon after, elected the state printer, he held the position till 1842. Enlarging his pretensions and business, he then moved to Nashville. Here he established, and edited for a number of years, the *Banner*, an old-line Whig organ. He was a bitter partisan, and an eloquent, piquant, racy, pungent writer. He assailed with the greatest acrimony every thing that did not pass under the name of Whig. In the support of his party, his zeal was more fiery than intelligent or well directed. He labored to accomplish by denunciation and dogmatism that which should have been effected by convincing logic and honest reasoning. Consequently, his success was not equal to his sustained efforts.

He was ever an eager aspirant to office. He intensely desired an affiliation with the ruling *caste*. To aid him in the attainment of his darling object, he laid a contribution upon every thing that came in his way. He constantly made his position subsidiary to his elevation to a seat in the Federal Congress. At length, in 1853, he succeeded in reaching his goal, and continued in Congress for three consecutive terms.

Having succeeded in his first venture in the game of partisan politics, his ambition became un-

bounded. Not only did he seek to become Governor of Tennessee; but he considered himself fit for and worthy of the Presidency of the United States. But his political career had reached its culminating point. He began to rapidly descend. The Democratic party had acquired complete control of the popular vote of Tennessee, and none but Democrats could secure the higher offices. He was defeated as a candidate for the governorship of his state. For the future he was laid upon the shelf.

Galled by these defeats, to succeed in the future he became a leader of the Know-nothing organization. Unpopular from the first in the suspicious South, this also utterly failed him. From this sad period to that of the advent of the rebellion, he lived in political obscurity, and pined away in private retirement. All hope of retrieving his political fortunes had been abandoned. He had made up his mind to yield to the necessities of the case, when the secession storm swept across his path. This was precisely what he wanted. It afforded him the opportunity of rising to opulence and distinction. He had lost all political prestige, and what little wealth he possessed was invested in the suspension bridge across the Cumberland, at Nashville. He could lose but little; he might gain much.

He readily floated with the secession torrent that rolled over his native state. He eagerly embraced the doctrine and espoused the cause of the South Carolina traitors, though he had been a



Union-saver, and supported the Bell and Everett ticket. For this apostasy, and for his zeal, he was soon adorned with the star of the Brigadier-General.

He was not a soldier by profession, nor was he much of a soldier by natural aptitudes or mental fitness. He had little of the general but a commanding person. His form was of the finest proportions. He was tall, muscular, and strikingly handsome. He *appeared* the general—that was all. He lacked nearly all the essential qualifications to fit him for such a command. He did not lack courage; but courage does not alone constitute a general, any more than the ability to face and wheel in order constitutes a soldier.

His warmest admirers admit that “he was not a brilliant man.” He was too lymphatic in temperament to be “brilliant” as a soldier. A slow and heavy man, he was too inert to ever succeed where men of enterprise, energy, and ability were opposed to him.

The only thing in which he succeeded well, or excelled, was as a debater. When aroused upon the floor of Congress, he became a rushing torrent—a crushing avalanche—that carried every thing before it. He was the Demosthenes of the American bema; and was one of the few men in Congress able to cope with Stephens of Georgia. In 1854 he closed in with the latter, and laid him helpless at his feet! He was a skillful debater, but that was not equal to the skill of leading an army.

Like all politicians and public men of the South,

Zollicoffer was insolently proud—proud of his opulent connections, proud of his own distinctions, and proud of the South. His was a personal and sectional pride. Being an American citizen was nothing to him, but being of the South was every thing. In his vain heart he conceived the South to be the United States.

He was infinitely greedy of gain and distinction. In the attainment of his desires he was unscrupulous in the selection of means. The only inquiry he made was, "Will it succeed?" Success, personal success, was the end; every thing in which he engaged was the means. The intensity of his patriotism was graduated by the personal advantages it brought him—his love of country went no further than his pocket. Had he been certain of the success of the Federal Government, and the failure of the South, he would have been found associated with such men as Brownlow, Carter, and Maynard. But, like many other Southern politicians, he believed that the old Union was forever dissolved, and that the government at Washington could not hold together a year.

It is claimed by his Southern friends that "he was a Union man while it was honorable to be such."\* Here the whole truth is contained in a nutshell. Southern knights have strange ideas of honor. "While it was honorable"—while it was popular—while no risk was run in avowing Union sentiments—while it paid in offices and emolu-

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\* Lynchburg *Virginian*.

ments—Zollicoffer “was a Union man.” Whenever it ceased to be profitable—whenever he found that he was losing *caste*—whenever it was ascertained that the majority of politicians went with the conspirators—he ignobly forsook the cause of his country, and meanly allied himself with its enemies. Such Unionism would ruin any country, and is only a dignified title for the meanest selfishness.

As soon as he found that he could have his broad shoulders ornamented with the insignia of a Brigadier-General, so soon did he betray the flag under which he rose to influence and distinction. He had no benevolence. He was heartless, crafty, and selfish.

In addition to all this, he was *cruel*. This is the natural consequence of a want of benevolence. It is affirmed that he “mingled great firmness with marked kindness and urbanity.”\* He may have been urbane—a man of pleasing address. Cunning, selfish, and cruel men are generally very agreeable when their interest is concerned. But his “marked kindness” was absolutely wanting. No man was ever so detested while living, nor more bitterly execrated when dead, than General Zollicoffer. He manufactured enemies by the hundred, while he made few or no friends. His rash, indiscriminating severity, his harsh treatment of the Union men with whom he once affiliated, and the rancor with which he persecuted all who did not chime in with

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\* Lynchburg *Virginian*.

his newly avowed notions, made him a monster, hated, abhorred, and anathematized.

In hunting down the Union men of Kentucky and Tennessee, he was as pitiless and as unrelenting as a blood-hound. He ordered his subordinate officers "to disarm all Union men;" "to patrol all the public highways to intercept the fugitives" from his tyranny; "to seize the arms of the Union men every-where," although remaining quietly at home attending to their farming interests, "and place those arms in the hands of such men as would use them in the rebel cause; and to subsist the troops upon the stores of the Union men" they were engaged in destroying! Colonel Stanton was ordered to "first entrap, then capture all Union men with whom he fell in."\* He was to deceive, then make them prisoners, to die on the gibbet, or drag out a miserable existence in a loathsome dungeon, as thousands have done. This is the way in which the "marked kindness and urbanity" of Zollicoffer manifested themselves. He smiled upon and caressed but to destroy. All means were to be employed to arrest the loyal men found every-where, in Tennessee and Kentucky, who were fleeing from despotism and injustice, to afford the renegade General the opportunity to glut his vengeance upon them. They were innocent. They had committed no wrong. No crime was laid to their charge. They were simply loyal to their own country. They refused to offer incense to

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\* Zollicoffer's Official Orders.



the secession Jupiter. But this was enough to arouse the wrath of the tyrant. Consequently, he took the greatest pleasure, not as a military precaution, but as a personal gratification, in torturing his old friends—his late pupils. At all hazards he determined to “cut off” every loyal man within his extensive military department. He was the terror of loyal citizens, while he was the scoff of our army. He could “entrap and capture” peaceable citizens, and terrify women and children, but upon the field of battle he was contemptible!

This cruel and treacherous conduct rendered him the idol of the South, but the abhorred of the loyal. He was the secession Messiah. Had his opponents been only old men, women, and children, the deliverance of the South from the presence of loyalty would soon have been completed. For months Zollicoffer's name was the terrible word, by the utterance of which the Unionists were alarmed and the timid terrified. Like the angel that swept, with destructive wing, through the land of Egypt, the secessionists of Kentucky boasted that he would carry weeping and wailing into every Union house. This was not done, not from the want of inclination, but from the want of power.

The Union citizens of Kentucky and Tennessee were jubilant over the news of Zollicoffer's death. The news of his fall sent a thrill of joy through every loyal heart, and imparted to them a sense of security not felt since the commencement of rebel hostilities. Those who first heard of his death rushed from house to house to impart the glad

tidings. Their cruel and terrible enemy was dead! They could afford to rejoice. Thousands rushed to the field of battle to gloat their eyes upon his lifeless body, and insult him, when dead, who knew no mercy when alive.

Zollicoffer's defeat and death permitted the exiled Unionists to return to their homes and loved ones. Thousands were the happy hearts on the twentieth. Fathers once more embraced their families, and sons returned to the old homestead. They wrote exultingly, "At Home Again;" "Home Reached, thank God!" "Zollicoffer's Embargo Broken;" "At the Old Fireside;" and, most touchingly of all, "With my Wife and Children Again!"\* It was a jubilee for the oppressed, exiled, outraged, and cruelly treated Union men! They were happy. Zollicoffer was dead, and Colonel Fry, a brave Kentuckian, had killed him. These brave men embraced the gallant Colonel, and sprinkled him with their tears of joy! They knew that, as Zollicoffer was dead, if there was any change in their condition, it would be for the better; it could not be worse than it had been in the fearful past.

Such was the Commander-in-chief of the rebel army. But he was not alone. Associated with him was General Crittenden, the second in command. He was a degenerate son of Kentucky. With but little ability for any thing, he had not the first qualification for a generalship. But the South were necessitated to use up what material they

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\* *Louisville Journal.*

could command, not what they desired. He was more remarkable for his excessive dissipation than for aught else. He was not, perhaps, a coward, yet he preferred a perfectly safe distance from Federal bullets and Federal bayonets. Like the distinguished chieftain of the Peninsular campaign, he never came within musket range of the enemy: his life was so essential to their cause.

Only for the facility and celerity with which he got out of the reach of Federal muskets after the fall of Zollicoffer, did he distinguish himself on the field of battle. By no one of the Union army was he seen, and it was only through prisoners that they learned of his presence upon the field during the contest. He is good in a retreat, if for naught else. He carried back with him, to their intrenchments, the defeated and demoralized troops of Zollicoffer. But, fearing the prowess and presence of the Federal troops, he hastily regained the south side of the Cumberland, placing the river between himself and our victorious army. Unfortunately for us, he moved with such great speed that our troops could not overtake, "entrap, and capture him."

General Crittenden was admirably adapted to the cause for which he professed to be fighting. Both he and his cause were worthless; both were a dishonor to the human race, and both were supported by the unrequited toil of the enslaved race. Without the sweat and blood of the poor negro, both would perish together.

These two secession Generals led out against General Thomas *ten thousand* infantry, *eighteen hundred*

cavalry, and *sixteen* pieces of artillery. A proud and vain Mississippian declared that this force was sufficient "to defeat *fifty thousand* Yankees." "We can whip four or five to one!" said this conceited rebel, three days previous to the battle. Such was the strength and confidence with which they moved out upon the Federal camp.

The force under the direction of General Thomas was about equal in numbers to that of the rebels. But he was inferior in cavalry. Neither General Thomas nor his men expected an attack from the insurgents. The former designed attacking the latter in their intrenchments. But Zollicoffer would not await the tardy movements of our Generals. He took the matter into his own hands, and molded the opening events after his own liking. He left his intrenchments on Saturday, intending to make a night attack upon our troops; but, on account of unavoidable delays, he did not reach our encampment until daylight on Sunday morning, the 19th.

In conformity with the orders of the General commanding, two companies of the Tenth Indiana were stationed, on Saturday evening, as pickets, one mile from the Federal camp, on the road leading to the rebel fortifications. In the advance of these infantry pickets squads of Wolford's Kentucky cavalry were posted. In this manner these brave companies spent the entire night.

The morning of the 19th was dark and lowering. Every thing indicated a wet, unpleasant day. While speculating upon the probabilities of the weather,



about seven o'clock the firing of our pickets was heard. A courier arrived and reported the rebels upon them in great force. It was generally conceded that a battle was on hand. The "long roll"—the roll that stirs the blood of the coldest and most sluggish—was beaten. To this the noble Tenth Indiana promptly responded, was soon in line, and hastened to the relief of its pickets. During these preliminary movements the firing in front grew grand in its uniformity and extent. There was hot work at the advance. The scene of strife was soon reached, and the enemy was found in thousands, making Herculean efforts to crush the two companies from the Tenth Indiana. But by this handful of intrepid men the rebel thousands were met with a heroism so sublime, a firmness so immovable, and a fire so withering and destructive, that their ardor sensibly abated, and their confidence in an easy triumph began to obviously forsake them, while they were content to remain at a respectful distance from our men. On our side the battle was opened in the grandest style.

Colonel Kise immediately formed his regiment of Hoosiers into line of battle, and speedily disposed it for fighting. The fire was enthusiastically opened upon the insurgent hordes pressing up in battle array, under their treasonable banners. Then commenced one of the fiercest, bloodiest, and most heroic battles, considering the numbers engaged, of this great war! For an hour there was one constant roar and rattle of musketry. For an hour Colonel Kise and the Tenth Indiana stood up like a granite

mountain against the assaults of three rebel regiments. For an hour never did men fight more bravely or display more heroism than the gallant Tenth. For an hour it was without support of any kind, confronting and keeping at bay the whole rebel army, as it came up and wheeled into line of battle. At this conjuncture, when the contest was the hottest, and the ranks of the Tenth were "being gradually thinned and mutilated," a regiment of rebel cavalry attempted to flank it on the left, and a regiment of infantry on the right. The cavalry were handsomely repulsed by Captain Gregory's company. But they soon rallied, and were closing in upon it in increased numbers. No hope of escape from the flank movements of the enemy existed but in falling back, unless reinforcements speedily arrived. The Tenth was completely flanked upon both wings, when the right was ordered to fall back a short distance, maintaining its connection with the center.

Just as the right wing of the Tenth was carrying out the order to swing back upon the center, the Fourth Kentucky, under Colonel Fry, came up at a "double-quick" in splendid style. Colonel Fry took his position, and opened fire upon the enemy, on the left of the right of the Tenth Indiana. His fire was of the most deadly precision. The enemy being thus checked, the right of the Tenth rallied and resumed its old place in the line. Every moment the battle grew in intensity and destructiveness. Two Federal regiments were now pitted against the whole rebel army. They were as im-

movable as a wall of adamant, and hurled a blinding storm of lead into the faces of the rebels. But one noble purpose animated the soul of that small but gallant band. Its purpose to conquer or die was as inflexible as the laws of human life. These brave fellows might be stricken down, as many already were, but they could never, *never* retreat. They mowed the insurgents down in swaths.

As General Thomas forwarded the regiments as rapidly as they could be formed, at this grave and critical period of the battle, when each Federal soldier was struggling with five rebels—completely reversing the secession boast—Colonel McCook's brigade, composed of the Ninth Ohio and Second Minnesota Regiments, wheeled into line, and planted itself upon the left of the Tenth Indiana. These two brave regiments came into the action in the most superb manner, and at once opened a general and fatal fire upon the enemy. The blaze of their musketry fire lighted up the whole line with the broad glare and vividness of a heavy flash of lightning. It was one continuous stream of fire. A wide sheet of consuming flames confronted the eager, advancing rebels. Its intensity and steadiness arrested their progress, and made it all they could do to hold their own for the time being. The terrible discharges of musketry that rolled along our compact lines, felled the enemy with frightful rapidity. Never had anything like it, in severity and precision, been seen on this continent. The crisis of the engagement had arrived. The battle, having raged for three

hours, was about to culminate in victory to one or the other combatant.

Just when our firing was the most steady, continuous, and deadly, a heavy force of the enemy was seen advancing, in solid column, and with rapid strides, upon the extreme left of the Fourth Kentucky, then engaged with the foe in its front to the utmost extent of its ability. The Tenth Indiana was sent to the left of the threatened Fourth, to repel the fresh influx of rebels. General Zollicoffer was leading a flanking column in person upon our left wing. It was while engaged in that enterprise that he encountered Colonel Fry, and lost his life. Had he succeeded, it would have gone hard with our brave boys. But the invincible Tenth, that had fought itself into a savage and unconquerable mood, had reached the point of danger, and, with the struggling Fourth, fell upon the approaching enemy like a crushing bolt. After a half hour's severe fighting, they drove them before them with great loss. The conflict was of the most stubborn character, and the rebels, for awhile, disputed every inch of ground, over which they receded, with the greatest tenacity. They had not dreamed of such resistance from, nor such brave fighting by, the Union troops. They had been taught to despise them as poltroons, and to regard them with contempt. They had expected to encounter but few troops and less courage. Disappointed, beaten back; and hard pressed on every side, they were loth to give up the idea of victory. Hence their tenacity. But the courage of the boldest gave way before the terrible onset of our



troops. From before those heroic regiments the rebels were slowly but surely falling back, and our forces were as surely but slowly gaining upon them. At this conjuncture Colonel Kise ordered a "bayonet charge." To this order the whole left wing responded in the grandest manner, and swept the rebels from the field as the wind sweeps the chaff. Thus the rebel right was disposed of.

Driven in confusion across the wide, open field, they halted and rallied upon a piece of high ground in the rear of heavy reinforcements of fresh troops. Here this portion of the rebel army made its final stand. The whole rebel force had given way from before our invincible legions, and now stood at bay for the last time on this elevated slope. The fragments of our four gallant regiments, that had fought ten thousand rebels for more than three hours, moved up upon the enemy in the most magnificent order. Then a most terrific struggle ensued for about thirty minutes. Nothing could exceed the gallantry displayed by both our officers and men. The severe intensity of that half hour's contest exceeded any thing that had yet occurred upon the field. More than was done mortals could not do. The insurgents could not bear up against the storm of lead hurtled into their naked breasts. Under this heavy fire they bent backward, wavered, and began to hastily retire. But many still retained their ground with invincible tenacity behind trees and fences, and in deep ravines. The nature of the ground and the character of their shelter rendered it difficult to dislodge them with musketry fire alone. The dog-

ged manner in which the rebels maintained the fight by falling back from tree to tree, and the stubbornness with which they disputed the Federal advance, greatly exasperated Colonel McCook. "Fix bayonets!" shouted the Colonel to the Ninth. In a moment, in the teeth of a most galling fire, the butt of every musket bounced upon the ground, and the ringing clink of steel told the order was obeyed. "Forward—charge!" With a yell and a leap, the Ninth responded to the order, and with a front as straight as a line, and as solid as adamant, it swept forward with the force of a whirlwind. The rebels did not await its approach. As soon as they beheld this formidable column they began to retreat toward their fortifications with precipitancy, while the Ninth gained upon them at every leap, and laid many of them in the dust. The retreat became a rout, and the rout became general. A wild shout of triumph went up from our entire lines that told a tale of victory, and that sent a sickening sensation to every rebel heart. The battle was ended. A magnificent triumph had been achieved, and the last act of the tragedy was the magnificent bayonet charge of the Ninth Ohio. This charge wound up the contest, proved our troops capable of such a desperate deed, and gained the victory.

But *four* of our regiments were actively engaged in the contest, aided by Kinney's, Standart's, and Whetmore's Ohio Batteries.\* Why other regi-

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On the 18th, the Thirty-first and Seventeenth Ohio—two as brave and efficient regiments as ever went out from Ohio—regiments that

ments were not brought into battle is not positively known. It is highly probable that, as the attack was unexpected, and that some of our regiments were several miles from the scene of strife, they could not be gotten ready before it was seen that they were not needed, or before it was too late. At all events, General Thomas seemed disposed to risk the day in the hands of those *four* gallant regiments. Nor was he disappointed. They proved too much for the ten thousand rebels. *They are now the immortal four thousand.* Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio, and Minnesota achieved a renown that will endure with the unmeasured cycles of coming time!

To the Tenth Indiana a beautiful flag had been presented by the ladies of Lafayette. It had been gallantly carried through the campaign in Western Virginia, and waved over the boys in the battle on Rich Mountain. On this occasion it floated as proudly over the regiment as heretofore. Brave and

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displayed the highest valor and greatest powers of endurance at Chickamauga and Mission Ridge\*—were sent to the lower or Hudson Ford on Fishing Creek, as it was apprehended that the rebels might advance upon Somerset from that route. But on ascertaining that the command of General Thomas was the object of rebel vengeance, these two regiments were recalled and dispatched to his assistance. In consequence of the wretched condition of the roads and high waters, they did not reach the battle-field till late on the 19th, and the victory was won. Chagrined and mortified that they were too late to participate in the strife, they entered upon the pursuit of the flying foe with fiery energy. They were soon in front of the rebel works.

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\*Of these two veteran regiments we will have occasion to write noble things in our second volume.

bold hands held it aloft during the tempest of whizzing balls. It never reached the ground, but it was torn to shreds by the bullets of the enemy. After the battle it was all tattered and torn, but upon it was no stain of dishonor.

In this fiery and severe struggle many of our gallant men went down. Some of our young, promising, and most heroic officers fell at the head of their columns. Gloom and sorrow were carried into many a loyal house by the tidings of our victory. Thirty-eight of our noble men were killed, and one hundred and thirty-four wounded. None were taken prisoners.

The rebel loss was actually much greater. Brigade Surgeon W. W. Strew asserts that one hundred and ninety were buried upon the field by our troops. This number does not include the bodies of General Zollicoffer and Lieutenant Bailie Peyton. The rebels confess that they sustained a loss of three hundred in killed and wounded, besides many prisoners. For the coolness and intrepidity of our men, and the precision of their firing, this fact speaks eloquently and decidedly. With such great odds against them, how so many escaped and so few were killed, in an engagement of more than three hours, is, indeed, inscrutable, and is only partially accounted for by the steady valor and deliberate firing of our troops. The interest attaching to this subject is greatly heightened by the reflection that the rebels were under cover, and sheltered by temporary breast-works, most of the time of the battle, while our troops were wholly exposed. In many important and creditable respects this battle will stand out



prominently and alone amid all that will follow it.

Among the regiments not engaged in the battle of the 19th were the First and Second Tennessee. In consequence of this they were severely handled, and unjustly treated by unmilitary men. It was more than insinuated that they were cowards, that all their Unionism was a paltry pretense, and that they could not be depended upon in the hour of trial. That great injustice was done these regiments is clearly proved by their gallant conduct on subsequent battle-fields. But irrespective of the superb record they have since made, it is self-evident that the Union men of Tennessee could not be cowardly. In maintaining their allegiance to the old flag, they sacrificed every thing, endured every conceivable indignity, and fearlessly braved death in its most revolting forms. Such men can not be poltroons, and to charge them with such a crime is but a poor compensation for the great sufferings that they have undergone. Than the Tennessee Unionists there are no braver men beneath the flag of our country.

What if they did not participate in the battle? Have generals discarded the judicious custom of holding a portion of their armies in *reserve* to meet any emergency that might arise in the course of a battle? It will be difficult to satisfy the public that General Thomas was imprudent enough to deprive himself of the benefits of a reserve force. The two Tennessee regiments that had reached the camp of Thomas from Somerset were simply a portion of

the reserve brigade. This, instead of being a disparagement, was an honor—a compliment paid to their gallantry. It is always the bravest troops who form the reserve; for, if called on to act at all, it is when a great work is to be done—it is when the fortunes of the day are to be retrieved—it is when the tide of battle is to be turned back upon a partially successful foe. For this work the two Tennessee regiments, with the Twelfth Kentucky, had been held in reserve. Happily their services were not needed. The necessity of remaining idle, while their comrades were falling on every hand, was much more galling to them than the rebel bullets could have been. They fretted under their restraints like a chained lion. They felt that it was especially their fight, but were kept out of it by orders, to their great chagrin. Had the order to advance been given, they would have bounded into the contest with the vehement energy of giants. But as the “reserve,” they were held back, and their services were not needed.

At an early hour, and as soon as practicable, our whole army commenced the pursuit, with Colonel Carter’s brigade of brave Tennesseans in the lead. Weary, wet, hungry, and exhausted as were our troops, they started after the flying rebels with the greatest enthusiasm. They pressed the pursuit with the greatest vigor. They were close upon the rear of the routed insurgents, and flung into their midst many a destructive shell. Numbers of them fell into our hands as prisoners. The road from the battle-field to the rebel fortifications was strewn

with muskets, knapsacks, blankets, and other infantry trappings. In the spoil of the battle-field were three fine cannon.

As the departing day was deepening into night General Thomas reached the outskirts of the rebel works. He intended taking them by assault that day, but darkness coming on before it could be accomplished, it was postponed until morning. With the appearance of early dawn, our troops were ready for the assault. But the broad light of the morning disclosed the rebel army disappearing on the south side of the Cumberland. They evacuated their works during the night, and crossed the river in a steamer and barges. Their works were entered without opposition. Not a living rebel was to be seen, except their wounded, left in their quarters. All, *all* had made good their escape. General Crittenden, affrighted by the valor, and hotly pressed by the energy of our soldiers, dreaded nothing so much as another encounter with them. Hence, he hastily fled, and left every thing but his effective troops. Every thing fell into our hands. The spoils consisted of fourteen cannon, fourteen hundred horses and mules, five hundred large wagons, one thousand muskets, their entire stores of subsistence, numerous boxes of ammunition, and a large amount of hospital stores. Besides these valuable captures, a steamer and nine barges, in which the rebels crossed the Cumberland, fell into the custody of our troops. These were immediately employed by General Thomas to throw his own troops across the river in pursuit of the foe. Thus the good work was continued.

Upon the rebels this was a stunning blow. Their defeat was overwhelming. They could ill afford to lose so many stores, and would find it difficult to replace them. They were sadly disappointed with the issue of the contest. They were so confident of success that, like the Persians on the field of Marathon, they were preparing for a jubilee over the victory!

For our cause nothing had previously occurred of such decided advantage. The ability of our volunteer soldiers to successfully cope with the rebels was most forcibly demonstrated. Their boast of superiority was forever hushed. It was no more claimed that one dirty, ragged, and vermin-covered rebel could handle five Union soldiers. They were fully convinced that the Federal troops were their equals, if not really their superiors, on the field, as well as in many other things.

That our volunteers were capable of employing the bayonet with telling effect was also clearly demonstrated. At the point of Federal bayonets the rebels were driven from the field, broken, affrighted, and confused. Distinct and well sustained bayonet charges were made, at different times, by different regiments, upon that day; but the best, most terrific, and effective was made by the Ninth Ohio. With a front of shining steel, and as a wall of iron, their charge was grand and conclusive. The reproach that Federal troops could not use the bayonet was forever wiped away. Even the rebels themselves believed that the "Yankees" *could* employ the bayonet.



To the loyal people of the loyal states the intelligence of this victory was as exhilarating as the breeze from the spice island of Ceylon. It proved a resuscitating elixir. It raised them from their despondency, and invested them with hope and confidence again. They were once more proud of their sons, and hopeful for the future of the Republic. As a thank-offering they girded thousands of their sons with the warrior's panoply, and sent them out against the encroaching foe, praising the Lord for the victory of Webb's Cross-roads.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE MONITOR AND MERRIMAC.

**T**HIS is pre-eminently a progressive age. Every thing is advancing. The energy and ingenuity of man are effecting wonders in all the departments of human activity. The greatest discoveries have been made and the grandest inventions achieved within the last half century. That to which our ancestors were attached, and by which the arts, the sciences, and activities of life were distinguished, have been discarded by their more highly favored descendants. Since their day the mode of doing almost every thing, and the machinery with which it is done, have been greatly changed for the better. Labor is much more profitably invested, and in the prosecution of almost any undertaking man is greatly aided by the various contrivances of ingenious men.

The achievements of art and science are wonderful. The heavy and unwieldy contrivances of past ages have been displaced—their use superseded—by light, strong, efficient, and commodious structures. At no previous period has invention attained to so noble and commanding a height. The mightiest minds, the acutest intellects, and the most inventive geniuses have expended their ample powers in orig-

inating contrivances for the enlargement of the conveniences and comforts of the human family. In this they have most marvelously succeeded. In this way, and by these means, societies and nations have been revolutionized, and the life of man invested with the higher elements of rational enjoyment.

Robert Fulton gave us the "floating palace;" Morse has girdled the world with the telegraph, closely approximating the remotest continents and nations; while Ericsson created the world-renowned Monitor! This is among the last great inventions with which the persevering efforts of genius have been crowned and our country blessed. To the inventor, the invention, and its stirring history is this paper devoted.

JOHN ERICSSON, the inventor of the Monitor, is a native of Sweden. He was born, 1803, in Vermland. He grew up amid the grandeur and magnificence of the Iron Mountains of his native country. By these peculiar and natural surroundings his young and growing mind must have been deeply and favorably impressed. Under the most auspicious circumstances, his great mental powers were rapidly and carefully developed. From the first buddings of his intellect, exhibiting an unusual fondness for and surprising skill in mechanics, he had every desirable facility afforded him, by a judicious and appreciating father, for the gratification of his great constructive powers. He soon discovered a remarkable taste for mechanical pursuits. This taste was fostered and encouraged by his father's occupation. Consequently, before he was ten years old he

constructed several contrivances that were really surprising for the genius and judgment they displayed, and that would have done honor to older heads and more experienced hands.

At the age of eleven, 1814, he received the appointment to a cadetship in the engineer corps of the army of Sweden. While in this position, he gave constant evidence of superior inventive powers, and a mind of more than ordinary capacity. He was expert in fathoming the profoundest truths in his department. He advanced along and up the rugged heights of science with the greatest readiness and ease. Almost by intuition, he secured the knowledge that others acquired with the greatest labor and the most patient application. Such were his abilities, and such the confidence of the Swedish government in him, that, while a cadet, he was intrusted with the supervision of several great affairs, though outranked in age and position by numbers in his corps. As genius every-where commands respect and confidence, he was no exception to the general rule, but at once took a high position, and secured an honorable place in the service of his own government.

To the limited range afforded him by his own country he could not confine his mighty powers. He felt hampered and compressed within paralyzing limits. He sought for new and more extensive fields of activity. He panted for "room and verge enough" in which to give full scope to the energies of his capacious mind. Consequently, in 1826, he visited England, and took up his temporary abode



in that rich and polished kingdom. While there, he constructed several engines after a model of his own invention. These engines met with encouraging success.

During his stay upon the Albion Isle, an opportunity presented itself, in the ready improvement of which he found a wide field for the exercise of his higher and finer inventive abilities. In 1829 the managers of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad offered a prize for the best locomotive engine that could be constructed. The engine was to be tested on their road ere the prize was awarded. With this offer Mr. Ericsson was delighted. It placed him in a situation that would best call out all his constructive powers. At once he set about the work, and determined, if possible, to secure the prize. The result of his efforts was the "Novelty Steam-carriage." It proved, when tested, a complete success. He distanced all his competitors. In triumph he carried off the prize, valued alone as a testimonial of his great success in mechanics. His engine sped like an arrow along the track, at the amazing rate of fifty miles an hour! The applause and admiration of the thousands of spectators were unbounded. It was the first great triumph of his rare genius.

After this, Mr. Ericsson constructed several steam *fire-engines*. These proved every thing that their builder could have desired, and fully answered the great purpose for which they were intended. To marine engines he was the first to apply centrifugal blowers with the use of anthracite coal.

Of the New World Mr. Ericsson had heard the most wonderful and favorable accounts. These accounts wrought upon his fruitful imagination, until he conceived it to be the very country for which he had been seeking. It was the subject of his thoughts while awake, and of his dreams while asleep. His great success, and the importunity of powerful friends, could not detain him in England. He was drawn toward this continent with the force of an irresistible magnet. He *must* cross the Atlantic. And cross it he did. To America he emigrated in 1839. He had reached his goal. His El Dorado was before him, about him, under him.

As soon as he got settled upon our shores, he set about the construction of that which would be worthy his great reputation, and raise him to greater distinction. His efforts resulted in the formation of the steam-frigate Princeton. This was the first steamer built with its machinery below the water-line. In the erection of this vessel, so remarkable was Mr. Ericsson's success that the French government engaged him to plan the French frigate Pomone, of fifty guns. In this effort he met the most sanguine expectations of his French employers, and fully established his European fame.

His next enterprise was the steamer Ericsson. Though it did not meet the expectations of its builder, nor the high hopes of the people, yet it was not a failure. He did not succeed in embodying his great idea, but he did not despair of the future. He kept his hands and his head busy in working out the great problem.

But all these masterly achievements appear to have been but preparatory to—the wonderful symbol of—the great work of his life, the astonishment of the world. In October, 1861, Mr. Ericsson contracted with our government to build the Monitor. In a little over two months from the drawing of the first line, and the laying of the first plank, the steam machinery and propeller were put in operation, while upon the hundred and first working day she was launched. Thus the mighty structure, to which we are under greater obligations than to any other vessel, was rapidly completed. To the genius and energy of no man does the nation owe a heavier debt—as we shall presently see—of gratitude, in its day of gloom and trial, than it does to Captain Ericsson. To him a nation's homage should be paid, and to his memory every loyal American should erect a monument in his heart.

Such is the man to whom we are indebted for the means of achieving one of the greatest naval victories on record, and one of the greatest deliverances ever wrought out. Such is the constructor of the giant Monitor. Such, in brief, is the man who has, with the force of his genius alone, revolutionized the method of naval warfare.

The Monitor is the naval wonder of the civilized world. To no vessel afloat, not even to the Great Eastern, has so much attention been given as has been bestowed upon this "Little Giant" of the ocean. Upon the Monitor the eyes of all Europe reposed in amazement. Its stupendous achievements carried consternation into every Euro-



pean court. It taught them that their boasted wooden walls, the means by which the supremacy of the seas was secured and maintained, could be scattered to the winds like chaff, or sunk to the bottom of the great deep like lead! The potent sovereigns of the rotten thrones of Europe were alarmed, and almost panic-stricken. For weeks, from the anointed king to the most unpretending *tar* on board a man-of-war, the mighty Monitor was the subject of conversation. England, in particular, was aroused and alarmed. The great rebellion in America was forgotten in the deep solicitude awakened by the presence and achievements of this iron-clad steamer. The worthy British trembled for the security of the future. They had insulted and outraged the Federal Government when grappling in deadly embrace with a gigantic rebellion. Of all this meanness they felt guilty, and, consequently, cowardly. They were haunted with the fear that, having the means in the Monitors, the Cabinet at Washington would take advantage of their naval weakness, and chastise them severely for their perfidy. At once they set about putting their navy upon an equal footing with that of America. In a short time, hurried on by their torturing fears, created by the consciousness of guilt, their dock-yards were alive and ringing with the labor of the artisans in the rapid construction of iron-clad steamers.

Thus, in one day, this small vessel rendered the mighty fleets of Europe, of which they were so proud, and with which the high seas were swept in relentless triumph, perfectly worthless!



The Monitor was as singular in appearance as she was great in prowess. "She is a Yankee cheese-box upon a raft," wrote a sneering critic from Norfolk, Virginia. This brief description of an enemy conveys a clear and distinct idea of her when afloat upon the ocean. She was more "like a cheese-box upon a raft" than aught else beneath the sky.

The Monitor was oval-shaped, and seventy-two feet wide at the center. Her black hull arose perpendicularly out of the water. She was as straight all round as a stone fence, and as flat on the top as a table. She was destitute of both rails and guards. She had two square smoke-stacks, about seven feet in height. In time of action these were moved out of the way of hurtling balls and screaming shells. The smoke and steam, when the stacks were displaced, escaped through grates in the deck, the iron of which was eight inches thick. When in battle, nothing remained on deck but the pilot-house. This was a square iron statue, about three feet high, and of the size of an ordinary dry-goods box. In an ordinary rough sea she lay as motionless as if upon dry land. Upon her iron-ribbed sides the waves made but little or no impression. Her deck, beneath the feet of her officers, was as solid as a rock.

A tower, about nine feet high, arose from her deck, looking, when near it, very much like a large iron gasmeter. The sides and top of this tower were about one foot in thickness, while it had a diameter of twenty-two feet. It was fur-

nished with two oval-shaped port-holes close together on one side. The interior of the tower, in a most striking manner, exhibited the wonderful strength of the whole vessel. About it was a solidity—an evident power of resistance—that rendered the thoughts of any earthly power disturbing its movements or crushing its material, palpably absurd. The quality of the great strength and solidity of the Monitor, and her evident ability to resist the mightiest force that could be brought to bear upon her, justified the officers' opinion that their little vessel was "invulnerable" to the mightiest rebel missiles. "We fear nothing on land or water," they exclaimed.

But *two* guns formed the armament of this formidable vessel. And yet they were sufficient. They were placed in the center of the tower. Their muzzles were in such close proximity that the two balls, if discharged at the same instant, would strike the enemy's vessel at the same moment, and near the same place. This fact increased its destructive powers. The moment the mammoth guns were discharged, two immense pillars of steel on the interior of the tower, about six feet long, two feet wide, and one foot in thickness, slid down before the port-holes, completely closing them against the enemy's balls.

Beneath the deck the Monitor was as neat, strong, and compact as above deck. It was fitted up with great taste, for the convenience of the officers and men. The ward was airy and pleasant, and the state-rooms comfortable. The engine-rooms were

spacious, and perfectly ventilated, by an ingenious contrivance, communicating with the outer world of air from the deck. The security and well-being of the brave men to whom the safety of the Monitor was intrusted were well and amply provided for. The known humanity of the noble inventor would not have permitted him to build a vessel in any other way. He never lost sight of the comfort of man in all he did.

A completely iron-clad vessel, the Monitor's speed was really wonderful, and placed the most powerful wooden vessels at her mercy. She readily made, in moderately good sailing weather, *ten* knots in an hour. This was two more knots per hour than the celebrated Merrimac could make. Of course the former could have escaped from or run down the latter, just as circumstances indicated.

About the time that the Monitor was building, the rebels were also engaged in constructing an equally formidable vessel. When the imbecile or disloyal Federal officers destroyed and *deserted*, needlessly, our great Navy-yard, at Norfolk, Virginia, they scuttled and sunk, among a number of other ships of war, the Merrimac, the newest, finest, and most powerful vessel belonging to the United States navy. She was a superb vessel. In their fear, treachery, or haste, the work of destruction was bunglingly and imperfectly done, and the rebels succeeded, in a short time, in raising her, and placing her in the dry dock for repairs. They saved both her armament and machinery. Nothing on board was damaged. Even her magazines—so

complete was their structure and workmanship—were untouched by a drop of the water in which she had been submerged. For the destitute and needy insurgents it was an invaluable prize. The Merrimac was injured but little, and in no important respect. She could soon be made more efficient and destructive than heretofore.

These repairs and changes were immediately made. To her rapid transformation the insurgents bent all their energies, and brought all their resources. From a three-deck man-of-war she was cut down and formed into a single-decked but powerful gun-boat. Her large hull and tortoise roof were covered with several layers of railroad iron. Only her oval-shaped deck floated above the water. When afloat she appeared like some monstrous thing of life, dark, huge and formidable. Her appearance, under headway, inspired emotions of awe and dread. No labor nor expense had been spared to render her one of the most powerful and destructive engines of war upon the American waters. To her prow a formidable iron "ram" was attached. Thus fitted out, armed with sixteen of her original and heavy guns, she proved, when brought to the fearful test, all and more than the most sanguine rebel had expected. To the treason or incompetency of Federal officers the insurgents were indebted for the means of inflicting the greatest injury upon our navy that it ever sustained. In contemplating the events that followed the completion of the Merrimac's transformation,



this fact forms one of the bitterest and most drastic ingredients in our experience.

The seemingly invulnerable Merrimac was completed before the little Monitor. Her appearance, in the Elizabeth River created the most serious apprehensions in the minds of the old and experienced officers. Commodore Goldsborough had no vessel in his squadron that he dared to put against her. It was feared that she would walk the sea unmolested, desolate our commerce, seaport towns, and wooden navy at will, unchallenged and unopposed. It was generally believed, though the real strength of the Merrimac was not actually known, that our wooden walls would go down before her terrible onset with but feeble resistance. A dark and fearful storm was brewing along our Southern coast. There appeared no way to avert it. The loyal officers and men could only close in and wrestle with it, though they might be crushed in the effort. In this way some of its destructive force might be destroyed.

The somber-looking Merrimac, now and then, for several days, showed her formidable sides and projecting ram, preparatory to her fierce and final onset. As she expected to have every thing her own way when she did emerge from her covert, like the stealthy cat, she thus tortured her victims ere she attempted their destruction. But she did not continue this initiatory practice very long. The day of sad disaster—the day of national humiliation—the day in which the naval aspects of the world were transformed, and on which Deity sig-

nally interposed in our behalf, was close at hand. The painful suspense with which many loyal hearts had been tortured, was about to close, and the frightful reality experienced. Events were soon to determine who were to possess the empire of the Atlantic waters.

On the 8th of March, 1862, the Merrimac, armed to the teeth, made her appearance for her sanguinary work. She was accompanied by two small iron-clad steamers, or gun-boats. The morning was clear, mild, and balmy with the sweet breath of opening spring. Never did morning's dawn promise a more peaceful and auspicious day. The serene beauty of the expanding day exerted a powerfully tranquilizing influence upon the minds of both our officers and privates. They felt kindlier to their implacable enemies than at any previous period. There was also less of anxiety and apprehension felt than usual. But this proved the deceitful calm preceding the terrible storm.

The day that opened upon the world with so much beauty and promise, was destined to close in blood and disaster. About eleven o'clock a dark-looking object was descried rounding Craney Island, through Norfolk Channel. By the aid of glasses the approaching object was recognized as the long expected Merrimac. Those upon the look-out knew that that bold and unequivocal movement signified nothing less than battle. She was making a bee-line for the Cumberland and Congress, two superb men-of-war, lying off in Hampton Roads, near Newport News. These two frigates—right within the

path of the Merrimac, and which she would doubtless first attack—were as well prepared for the struggle as they could be at any subsequent period. That very hour had long been anticipated, and the frigates were not taken unawares.

As soon as it was fully ascertained that the Merrimac was really entering upon her mission of blood and career of devastation, the officers and men of the Cumberland bravely and defiantly planted themselves at their guns, awaiting, in profound silence, the approach of their formidable antagonist. Nor had they long to wait. Looking like a half-submerged crocodile, the Merrimac plowed right on to the bow part of the Cumberland. She approached her victims at the rate of seven knots an hour.

The Cumberland was commanded by the brave and gallant Lieutenant George M. Morris. He was supported in this trying hour by two as heroic men as ever walked the decks of a man-of-war. These officers were Lieutenant Selfridge and Master M. S. Stuyvesant. But these were not the only brave and true men on board the Cumberland. Within the breast of every one of the *five hundred* by whom she was manned there beat as intrepid a heart as ever throbbed with loyal blood. They were all ready to do, dare, and, if need be, perish where they were. Lieutenant Morris determined to fight it out to the last, though all the advantages were with the rebels. If nothing more, all resolved to prove themselves not unworthy successors of the naval fathers, and deserving of the

renown which has so signally distinguished the American navy.

Upon the Cumberland command was given to make ready for instant action. With superb alacrity the men sprang to their duties. They were eager to enter upon the obviously unequal contest. They stood like pillars of granite, to receive the onset of the piratical Merrimac. Not a man on the old Cumberland hesitated at that awful period. They might not gain a victory, but they could preserve their honor, and secure a hero's grave.

About one o'clock the Merrimac had reached within one mile of the Cumberland. Then upon the former the latter opened with her pivot-guns. As soon as she could bring them to bear upon the approaching vessel, the Cumberland hurled into her iron ribs whole broadsides. But these did not in the least arrest her progress nor slacken her pace. Onward she came, the balls of the Cumberland bouncing from her armored sides as if made of the most elastic substance. Their only apparent effect was the cutting off the rebel flag-staff, and thus bringing down their colors. After receiving five or six broadsides from the Federal frigate, the Merrimac replied with but one gun, the solid shot of which killed five of our marines, and did other damage. Pressing down upon her with the greatest head of steam, the rebel ram drove her prow into the side of our vessel, delivering, at the same time, a destructive fire. The opening thus made in the hull of the Cumberland was four or five feet in diameter. She was driven back upon her



anchors with the greatest violence. Every timber in her quivered like a leaf in the wind. The water rushed in through the opening in her side in great volumes. She was rapidly filling, without the possibility of relief. Her pumps made no impression upon the accumulating water, neither had the crew time to use them. The case had already gone against her, but she did not, however, relax her efforts of resistance. During the occurrence of these grave events she poured into her enemy her heaviest fire. Nor did the rebel vessel pass uninjured when in such close proximity to the Cumberland's heavy guns. Her mail of iron was perforated and broken, but not to a sufficient extent to impair her efficiency.

Having thus dealt the Cumberland a most damaging blow, the Merrimac drew back to strike again and complete the work of destruction. When thus backing out, she remorselessly swept the decks of the crippled frigate with her broadside, killing and mangling her men by scores. The havoc was frightful. The sick in their berths were scattered in bleeding fragments over the deck. In every direction the moans of the wounded could be heard, and the forms of the dead were seen. At the same time one of her shells set the Cumberland on fire. This, however, was extinguished before any injury had been done. But at length, advancing with increased momentum, she struck our vessel again, carrying away her upper works, and cutting in her another large hole below her water-line.

The work of destruction was apparently finished.

Through this second opening the water rushed in vastly augmented volumes. The shattered Cumberland began to rapidly settle. The scene grew horrible—heart-sickening! The cock-pit was filled with the sick and wounded. Under the direful circumstances it was impossible to save them. The water had submerged the forward magazine, but from the after magazine a supply of powder was secured. By our unintimidated, unconquerable, and decimated men, the firing work was briskly kept up. At the same time, and while thus heroically struggling against an assailant secure in her armor, they were conscious that the frigate was gradually sinking under them, and that she would carry them down into a watery grave with her. Nevertheless, they fought on with the inflexible resolution of drowning men, and with the bravery of the most chivalrous knights! They determined never to strike their colors to an insolent foe, as destitute of honor as of humanity. They still retained their courage and patriotism, though about to lose their lives. And while thus standing on the verge of the spirit world, amid the terrible din of the conflict, they lustily cheered for the Union and the *old* flag! They were heartily joined by the noble fellows who lay, torn, mangled, and bleeding, upon the deck!

All this time the Merrimac stood off at easy point range, and rained her showers of iron upon the sinking Cumberland. Nothing so savage, so cruel, so fiend-like ever occurred on this continent before! In all the elements of relentless vindictiveness this

conduct has no parallel. By the first stroke of the rebel ram, and first discharge of rebel artillery, the Cumberland was destroyed. No merely human power could have saved her. More than this an honorable and humane enemy would not have sought. But so brutal at heart were the assailants, and so malignant their purposes, that they would not desist from the work of death and ruin, so long as the *freemen's* vessel floated, or that a free-man remained alive on board of her. Their object was not the achievement of manly conquests, but they sought the utter desolation of the government and people from whom they revolted. The anomaly of the most Christian and civilized people carrying on the most cruel and savage warfare ever known among men is presented to the gaze of the world by the slaveholding South!

By this time the water had reached the after magazine. But our brave men did not yet leave their stations, or cease to work their guns. Lieutenant Morris refused to desist from the contest so long as his ship kept any available portion above water. His hardy men earnestly seconded him in his heroic purpose. Powder was, with great difficulty, passed up from below, and the guns, not yet covered by the rapidly encroaching waters, were kept at work. Several noble fellows, passing up shell from the after shell-room, in their eagerness to serve their country, lingered there too long and were drowned! Brave men! The grandeur of their sacrifice equals the melancholy character of the fate that befell their ship.

The water having reached the main gun-deck, it was felt to be useless to continue longer the terrible contest. The order, after more than two hours' fighting, for every one to save himself, was given. Still some of the brave men of the Cumberland lingered by their guns, loth to yield the struggle in that manner. After the order to retire from the vessel was given, a gun was fired, while the adjoining one was under water! This last gun, fired in the support of freedom, and in defense of the "Stars and Stripes," was touched off by a young and intrepid marine, named Matthew Teney. His courage and zeal had been conspicuous throughout the entire action. He fought with the greatest coolness and valor. But he did not escape a watery grave. As his port-hole was left open by the recoil of his gun, he attempted to leap through it with the intention of swimming to the shore. But just then the water rushed in with such violence that he was borne back and drowned! Alas! that one so young, so patriotic, and so brave should thus perish! But so it was. He fired upon the exulting foe the last gun, and perished in the performance of the noble deed.

Few of those spared by the enemy's shot escaped a watery grave. Many who continued upon the ship to the last, unable to find any avenue of escape, went down with her to the bottom. In a couple of hours from the firing of the first gun, all was over. The old Cumberland had sunk in water up to her trees, and one-half of the five hundred patriots who manned her had perished! This was a great and



almost irreparable loss. It was, indeed, the greatest disaster that ever befell the navy of the United States. Beneath the blow the nation bowed in the profoundest sorrow.

Among the illustrious victims of that dreadful catastrophe was the Rev. Mr. Lanhardt, chaplain of the Cumberland. He went down, with scores of others, in the ill-fated ship. His was not an involuntary sacrifice. He voluntarily gave his life to the cause of his God and his country. Brave, patriotic, and deeply, fervently pious, he could not reconcile it with his sense of duty to desert the sick and wounded of his charge when they most needed his presence and assistance. He cheerfully sacrificed his life at his post. He was one of the excellent of the earth. He has left but few such behind him. He was a most genial companion, a devoted Christian, a courteous gentleman, a refined scholar, and a talented minister. A native of the East, he inherited the courage and piety so distinctive of the Puritan fathers. With the loftiest heroism—a heroism rarely equaled, but never surpassed by the career of man—he stood firm at his post until life was extinct! No one more worthy of a mausoleum has fallen during this war with treason. But, strange as it may seem, the sublime sacrifice of the most heroic man upon the Cumberland is barely alluded to in the official report of the battle. “Chaplain Lanhardt is missing,” is the sum-total of the recognition of his conduct of surprising bravery—a bravery that found its source and vigor in his intimate communion with Deity. It is, indeed, sur-

prising that such superb conduct should be passed over with the very concise statement that "Chaplain Lanhardt is missing." But "he was *only* a chaplain." That is true. He bore not upon him the insignia of office, nor exercised the powers of delegated authority. He was simply an untitled, unpretending navy chaplain. That was all. Consequently, his sublime devotion to his divine calling, and his unequalled heroism, amount to nothing in the estimation of a sordid and haughty world. His wonderful self-abnegation, and the loss of his life in the faithful performance of his pastoral duties, flinging into insignificance the deeds of kings, generals, and admirals, of whom historians write and poets sing, and whom the world delights to honor, are treated with a sneer or cold indifference by the unstable masses, because he went down with the intrepid of the Cumberland without military distinction or a naval title! Had he been a lieutenant of the navy, a commodore, or an admiral, his deeds would have been emblazoned upon the national register, his name would have been upon the lips of universal man, and the fame of his daring and devotion wafted to every clime and to all people. To his memory, consecrating his heroic deeds, a costly monument would have been erected by a grateful people, proud of the possession of such a name. Against the propriety of this we say nothing. In itself it is all well enough. But we do maintain that the brave—the authors of great and noble actions, whether titled or untitled, in high or lowly life—should be treated with scrupulous impartiality.

From no one, however humble his position, should his just awards of honor and credit be withheld. Such, however, is not the practice of the sordid world. It is meanly, unreasonably discriminating in the bestowment of its praise and its favors.

The Rev. Mr. Lanhardt was simply a humble Christian minister, bearing to wretched and perishing man the rich tidings of mercy. As a chaplain, he was barely tolerated by the powers that were over him. As such, he was awarded as few privileges and treated with as little respect as if he had been among the benighted Fijians. Even this meager courtesy would, probably, have been withheld by the shoulder-strapped gentry, had not some regard for public sentiment controlled their conduct.

But as Mr. Lanhardt did not enter upon the work of the chaplain to secure social distinction, nor to secure the companionship and smiles of naval officers; but to preach Jesus to the humblest sailor as well as to the highest officer, none of these things—these slights, indignities, and hinderances—swerved him from a life of the greatest fidelity. Faithfully, nobly, with unbounded sympathy for the poor sailor, isolated from all ordinary religious society, he ceaselessly prosecuted his great mission. He labored not for human applause, but to save human souls. He toiled not for earthly distinction, but for spiritual elevation. He tenderly loved the neglected sailor, and his fathomless devotion to their spiritual interests induced him to sacrifice his life to advance his work. With a heroism that rendered him one of the most remarkable men of the present age, he



went down with the living and dying crew! He would not forsake his charge in its hour of extremity, even to save his own life, but went with them into eternity! It was a scene both touching and sublime. The calm, retiring, unpretending minister would not separate himself from his children at that awful period! He did not think of himself, of the dangers thickening about him, nor of the briny grave opening to receive him, but alone thought he of the pressing wants of the dying mariner. He heard nothing but the cry of the suffering; he saw nothing but the mangled forms before him, needing his instruction, consolation, and prayers. His heart was profoundly touched by the state of these dying heroes. In ministering to their religious wants, with the language of earnest prayer upon his lips, he both ceased, at once, to live and to labor. Within the submerged Cumberland he received his sepulture, lying with those for whose spiritual welfare he gave his life.

Yet this heroic act, this sublime deed, received but a passing notice and the coldest comment. "Chaplain Lanhardt is missing," is all. Except by the few deeply pious, Lanhardt's magnificent sacrifice was hardly noticed at all. No official eulogy was pronounced upon him. His bereaved wife and orphaned children were not commended to the favorable notice of the Executive of the United States, as should have been done. Like the noble husband and father, they were permitted, without even the solace of knowing that the offering he made was appreciated, to remain in their sorrowing obscurity.



But Mr. Lanhardt was one of that proscribed, abused, tantalized, buffeted class, upon whom the drudgery of a man-of-war, or of the camp, is laid, as upon a menial. This accounts for the official and public silence in reference to his glorious end. It is fashionable in military and naval circles to snub the chaplain, and stubbornly ignore his claims to the ordinary treatment of a man.

The poor chaplain has a miserable time—occupies an unenviable position. It is true that there are instances where the chaplain and his arduous labors are fully appreciated and highly prized. There are a few officers, in both military and civil life, that treat them as the legates of the sky—the ministers of God. But they are only exceptions to the general indifference to and contempt of spiritual things and the ministers of the Gospel, distinctive of army officials. In the majority of cases the chaplain is only *tolerated* in the army, not appreciated and assisted. In the performance of his legitimate duties, he is more frequently hampered than helped. Numerous obstacles are thrown in his way, and he is subjected to such annoyances that eat away his courage and paralyze all his energies. He is continually reminded that he is in the regiment solely by the high patronage of shoulder-straps. He is made to constantly feel, in one way or other, that he is in the way, that he is an incumbrance, that he is an irritating restraint upon the appetites and passions of officers and privates. He is rarely wanted unless some camp drudgery is to be performed, or the wounded are to be looked after upon

the battle-field. His officers often treat him with open contempt, and his religion, or rather the religion of Jesus, with levity. As it is from the conduct of the higher officers that the "rank and file" take their cue for the treatment of the chaplain, he is frequently mocked and rudely repulsed by the soldiery. His life is full of vexation and grief. When really interested in the moral welfare of his regiment, under these adverse circumstances his mental agony must be of the most torturing character. He witnesses the rapid increase of immorality, and scores hurrying to eternal ruin, without the ability to arrest the one or prevent the other. To the pious minister nothing could be more painful. His efforts to do good are neutralized by the equivocal conduct or open opposition of those held responsible, by the Deity and mankind, for countenancing him in his great work.

This discourteous, irritating, hampering treatment of the chaplain is kept up till, sick at heart, worn out, despondent, he resigns his commission in disgust. He would have cheerfully endured all the hardships and deprivations of camp-life, if he could have accomplished any good; but that was impracticable.

Though thus treated, hindered in their work by every device of the wicked, and by these things driven from the army, no class of men have been more traduced, vilified, censured, condemned, or designated by more opprobrious epithets, than the chaplains, by truculent newspaper correspondents. Their incessant toil, deprivations, and self-denial went for nothing. It is admitted that a few bad,

unprincipled, and ignorant men have obtruded themselves into the office of chaplain; but, at the same time, while it is maintained that the chaplains, as a class, are of the best, most talented, and most pious of the whole land, it is strenuously urged that those alone who are *without sin* should "throw the first stone." The corrupt and base are as bad judges of the purity of character as the blind are poor judges of color.

As if to complete their humiliation, and drive them, *en masse*, from the field, Solicitor Whiting, of the Treasury Department, published an order withholding from the chaplains their salaries when confined to the hospital by disease, or with wounds received on the field of battle, till they reported for duty again! The inhuman and flagrant character of this order will stigmatize him so long as the English language is the language of this nation. The salary of the chaplain, though seemingly large, is, when it is all received, barely enough to meet his expenses and supply the wants of his family. Not one of them out of a hundred will be able to save any part of his salary, unless single. As long as the chaplain has a dollar the needy soldier shares it with him. Thousands are spent in this noble manner. Eternity will show that the grandest record made during the war belongs to the chaplains—the hampered, slighted, and abused chaplains. Yet they are the men whom Solicitor Whiting would deprive of the means of subsistence when sick or wounded! Alas for the humanity and piety of government officials!

The majority of chaplains have given up their hard, useless positions, and returned to their homes and people. For doing this, nine cases out of ten, they are not censurable at all. The wonder is not that so many retired, sad and half heart-broken, from the field, but that so many had the courage to endure and do so long, and consent to be a cipher for so great a period. And now there is but one chaplain to every six regiments of infantry in the Army of the Cumberland!\* This is lamentable. This small number must be constantly worked down without being able to accomplish a tithe of what ought to be done. Were it not for the benevolent and tireless toil of the members of the Christian Commission, thus essentially aiding the few chaplains, our sick and wounded soldiers would greatly suffer for those attentions demanded by their situation. The chaplaincy *could* be rendered one of the

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\* This was so in January, 1864. The Rev. Henry Jones, chaplain for two years of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, on resigning, to take charge of the "contraband interests," says: "Of the fifteen or twenty chaplains who went out with the Burnside expedition, two years ago, all have now passed away. By resignations, by disease, by *wounds* in battle, by incompatibility, by malfeasance, by orders, all have left, and I am the last. Some have been replaced, but in most instances, I regret to say, the office continues vacant. Two important posts in North Carolina—Washington and Plymouth—with several regiments of troops in each, have been destitute of a chaplain all summer, except as they have been supplied a small part of the time by the Christian Commission. This state of things attracted the attention of General Peck, who recently, with equal good sense and Christianity, issued an order in which occurs the following:

"The commanding General's attention has been called to the



most beneficial offices in the army. But, in one way and another, it is tortured into almost a useless appendage to the military organizations. It has been robbed of its elements of utility. Those who are responsible for stripping it of its benign and elevating power, whether minister, general, colonel, or captain, must answer for it to God and the people. The day is approaching in which these affairs will be fully adjusted, and the delinquent and guilty punished as they deserve. The agonizing cry of the neglected and suffering soldier—deprived of all solace by the caprice of his officers—will fall in thunder tones upon the ears of the crouching criminals! May God then help them!

The torn and disabled Cumberland, with her precious freightage, went down with her *flag still floating at her peak!* “It floated for days and weeks above the waters with which she was overwhelmed. It was a memento of the bravest, most daring, and

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number of regiments and posts without chaplains. As this state of things is the result of choice or indifference, it may be regarded as evidence that the volunteers have retrograded from the high moral standard which they maintained and prized at their Northern homes. It is a sad and humiliating reflection that many of our gallant soldiers, in the most malarious state in the Union, are deprived of ministerial advice and consolation, and have not even the hope of Christian burial. These things ought not to be so. They are repugnant to the instincts and feelings of the American people.’”\*

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\* From this it will be seen that the blame of failure does not rest on the chaplains. The regiments preferred being without chaplains, and from the first labored to get rid of those they had! The chaplains may be called “lazy rascals,” and be charged with the crimes of “drunkenness and gambling,” but the people will be very slow to believe that the men, so useful in private life, so pious and beloved at home, so soon degenerated into beasts in the army, and lost all power to do good.

yet most hopeless defense that has ever been made by any navy of the world!" In its invincible heroism, grandeur, and dignity, the defense of the Cumberland stands solitary and alone. In all that exhibits the magnitude of human prowess and confers honor upon human endowments, it has no parallel in the story of the past. This event proved that if this was not the heroic age of the American Republic, her destiny was intrusted in the hands of the most heroic men—men who deserved to stand by the side of the royal crusaders. It was generally known that Americans were brave, fearless, and enthusiastic; but it required the events that signalized the defense of the Cumberland to afford a full and accurate knowledge of the unrivaled and magnificent qualities of American freemen. It is not saying too much, when it is asserted that, in all the constituent elements of the soldier and patriot, they have no peers. The whole history of this war is but an extended and elaborate illustration of this assumption.

The stirring events of that day, especially the destruction of the Cumberland, awakened in the hearts of the loyal Americans a spirit of determined resistance that nothing but the overthrow of the haughty and heartless enemy could allay.

The Cumberland was disposed of—sunk to the bottom of the sea; but there was another vessel to crush. The Congress stood out about three hundred yards, south, from the Cumberland. To her capture or destruction the Merrimac, with the grim audacity of success, next and then turned her whole

attention. The Congress, having severely suffered from the guns of the rebel ram while she was strewing the decks of the Cumberland with the dying and the dead, perceiving the hopelessness of a contest with such a monster, at once struck her colors, and surrendered. She seemed to lack the courage to go down with her valiant companion. To the bitter chagrin of many of her men, her commander struck to the enemy without the semblance of resistance. Perhaps he did the best, under the circumstances. A rebel gun-boat steamed up to her, and took off the most of her officers, as prisoners. The brave officers of the Cumberland preferred death to imprisonment at the hands of the rebels. But it was different with those of the Congress. While the officers were being removed, the most of the crew, if not all, that were not maimed or killed, made their escape to the shore at Newport News. With the deepest regret they abandoned their ship. But, after the officers had surrendered, what else could they do? They were determined not to fall into the hands of their merciless enemies.

Though the white flag had been run up, yet those who had escaped from her, in connection with some volunteer infantry upon the shore, would not permit the rebels to get on board the Congress. At the same time a portion of the infantry was detailed to rescue the wounded, and bring away the dead from the old ship. This was promptly done. The deck of the frigate was covered with the wounded, the dying, and the

dead. This was the fearful result of the *Merri-mac's* fatal shots. The vessel, when boarded by our volunteers, presented a most touching and revolting scene—a scene that stirred the loyal heart to its profoundest depths, and filled it with indignation and wrath. The deck was crimsoned with blood; the wounded and dead lay in blood; and on every hand, and every-where, was the blood of our noble sailors! At the bare recollection of such a scene the heart sickens and the head grows dizzy! It appeared as if these humane messengers had been transported to the savage regions of infuriated demoniacs.

The wounded, with arms and legs shot off, were lying upon their backs, cheering for the glorious “Stars and Stripes!” With limbs torn to shreds, and mangled, bleeding bodies, their courage was as potent as ever; the throb of their patriotic hearts had lost none of its original force. To their conduct, both on the *Congress* and *Cumberland*, there attaches some of the most brilliant aspects of antique heroism. The deeds of these noble fellows, that impart immortality and give historic interest to this naval engagement, form the noblest subject for epic song to be found in the entire annals of modern nations. One of these maimed and disfigured heroes, when being removed from the doomed vessel, exclaimed, though deprived of both his lower extremities, “Lieutenant, let’s give three cheers for the old flag, ere we part from it.” Taking off his hat, he cheered as enthusiastically as if uninjured and victorious. Such is the courage,



patriotism, and *fortitude* of the men of our great navy. After reaching the hospital, this brave fellow did not long survive the loss of his vessel. His gallant and unconquerable soul took its departure early in the night. In his last hours he imagined himself manning his gun, and hurling death into the ranks of the traitors. The last gleamings of his waning mind went out in stern devotion to his country.

At the close of the day, the rebel boats having returned to the Elizabeth River, the Congress was set on fire. It burned freely, rapidly, quickly. The dry material of the grand old war-ship made a splendid bonfire. With her masts and rigging wrapped in flames, she presented one of the most awfully grand pictures upon which man is ever permitted to gaze. By the great glare of the conflagration the whole heavens appeared brilliantly lighted up. The terror and magnificence of the scene were heightened by the occasional discharge of her guns as the fire reached and heated them. Fifty-two of these pealed out their solemn death-dirge, one after another, throughout a greater portion of that dreadful night. In addition to this, within her magazine were thirteen tons of powder. The fire was rapidly eating down to it. By those familiar with this fact, its deep detonation was listened for with the greatest interest. At length the awful explosion took place. About twelve o'clock its deafening thunders aroused the weary sleepers, and rocked the shore upon which the soldiers were encamped. The unearthly crash with which

the explosion was accompanied exceeded in frightfulness all that its startled witnesses had ever beheld. Its effects, for a limited distance, were similar to the crushing tread of the earthquake!

Again all was quiet, except the hissing of the flames, the crashing, dull, heavy sounds of the falling timbers of the burning Congress. In the morning this noble, staunch old frigate, honorable in gallant deeds and pleasant in her memories, was no more, except the charred remains of the blackened hull.

At the close of the unequal and awful conflict, the *Merrimac* retired as a conqueror, proud, haughty, defiant. She had accomplished wonders. With but little loss to her crew, and slight injury to herself, she had consigned hundreds of her enemies to a watery grave, and effectually destroyed two powerful frigates. It was regarded a magnificent day's work. Yet within the ingredients of her joy there was some disquieting alloy. In the cup of bliss was mingled one pungent drop of bitterness. Captain Buchanan, the commander of the *Merrimac*, was badly wounded. Over the exuberant joy of the conspirators this misfortune cast a deep shadow of sadness. Yet the whole South was jubilant over the success of the *Merrimac*. The wild tide of exultation ran high. That victory served them as a partial compensation for the disasters to their arms in the South-west.

But for the loyal sons of the North it was a mournful, sleepless night. In the fearful picture that rose up before their excited minds there were

no shades of relief. The whole was midnight blackness. How terrible had been the carnage! How great was our defeat! True hearts became despondent, and the gloomiest apprehensions tortured those in authority. They knew not what calamities were in store for them on the *to-morrow*. It was greatly feared that the Merrimac, intoxicated with her great success, and finding the highway to the sea unobstructed, would avail herself of the opportunity to ravage our coasts and desolate our seaports, cities, and towns. A repetition of the fearful scenes of 1812, under the marauding Admiral of England, it was thought, would be attempted by a worse than British foe. It was feared that nothing could prevent her from destroying the Washington Navy-yard, nor from shelling the Capital itself. The danger was near and great. From that danger there appeared no way of escape. Our means of defense, brave as were our soldiers, were inadequate to the meeting of the great emergency, as the melancholy fate of the Cumberland and Congress fully attested.

The approach of morning was dreaded. Alone in the shadows of night there appeared to be safety. Yet the night of gloom slowly wore away. With apparent stoicism the impending stroke about to be dealt by the Merrimac was calmly awaited. All felt that, for the time being, unless the God of justice, freedom, and right interposed a helping hand, fearful would be the injury inflicted upon us by this bad, bold vessel. But for such interposition there was little or no hope.

Sabbath morning, the *ninth*, dawned, calm and

clear, upon the waking and moving world. All was as quiet as if the passions of ambition and inhumanity had never stirred the human heart nor shaped the human conduct. But the clear light of that Sabbath morning revealed the presence of a singular, strange, and black-looking vessel, nestling quietly in Hampton Roads, within sight of Fortress Monroe. In an instant hundreds of glasses and thousands of eyes were leveled upon the new and recent arrival. The gaze was long, breathless, and intense. At length they made out what she was. With a countenance radiant with joy, his eyes sparkling with delight, and his person raised to its utmost height, an officer upon the walls of Fortress Monroe exclaimed: "It is the Monitor! It is the Monitor! Just in time! Thank God, we are saved!" It was so. The Monitor had arrived during the night. Deity had sent the little giant just at the right time to the right place! Man's extremity of peril was His opportunity to disclose his permanent adherence to right and justice. That Deity had an active agency in working out our deliverance at that period is as clear to my mind as a ray of light. Though this is my firm conviction, it is no part of my intention to argue the question at any length, or at all. I believe that Deity helped us in our sad extremity; therefore, I would thus confess his goodness to us as a people.

At an early hour the Merrimac, with the gun-boats Yorktown and Jamestown, made her appearance, driving directly for the Minnesota. This was



our finest man-of-war afloat. She was a powerful steamer, armed with *eighty* guns. In her attempt to go to the assistance of the Cumberland, she ran hard aground upon a sand-bar. Here she remained throughout the previous twenty-four hours, an immovable target for the guns of the Merrimac. The damage she thus sustained was considerable, but not sufficient to impair her efficiency and vast powers. She did not succeed in getting afloat until after the reappearance of the Merrimac on the *ninth*, the second day. This splendid ship was almost helpless while aground, and could have made but little resistance to the rebel ram. It was the intention of the Minnesota to have fearlessly attacked the Merrimac, and, boarding her, crushed her great power by a desperate hand-to-hand fight. Had she gotten afloat, and had the Monitor not arrived, this desperate adventure would have been attempted by the gallant men of the Minnesota. They may have failed and gone down in their brave attempt to destroy a too powerful foe, yet it was the only hope of any thing like success. But they were saved from the dire necessity of such an effort.

To effect the destruction of the Minnesota, ere she could release herself from her fixed position, was the intention of the Merrimac. But this monster was arrested in her bloody progress. To her great surprise and great chagrin, she found the Monitor posted between her and her intended victim, ready to receive her. This discovery caused a temporary delay, and the change of programme. She would gladly have evaded the Monitor until after her at-

tack upon the Minnesota and other wooden vessels of that squadron; but this she was not permitted to do. For her there was no alternative but to fight the Monitor there and then. To this necessity she yielded with a show of alacrity. For a brief period the two iron-ribbed monsters stood, like prize-fighters, contemplating each other. They seemed to be measuring the strength of each other, and determining their modes of attack.

The Monitor, eager for the combat, moved tolerably close to her grim antagonist, and fearlessly opened the great battle. Then was enacted one of the grandest scenes ever witnessed by man, or wept over by angels. Lieutenant Worden commanded the Monitor, and Lieutenant Catesby Jones the Merrimac. These two officers bore a striking resemblance to each other, yet they differed in some essential elements of character. They were about the same age. Both were instructed by the same professors in the same Naval Academy. Both had practiced upon the same ship. Both had studied the same sciences, and acquired the same general maxims. Both graduated from the same school, and were about equal in experience in actual life. Both were brave, fearless, and adventurous. Both were ambitious and aspiring. Both, on this occasion, were resolute in achieving their ends. But Lieutenant Worden was defending the *better cause*; Lieutenant Jones was a *traitor*—a rebel. These important facts placed between the two young commanders an impassable gulf. These were the bold champions, in the prime vigor of life, into whose

hands reposed the well-being or ruin of the mightiest people on the globe! The stake was great, the game desperate.

Approached by the Monitor, the Merrimac appeared in no way to decline the contest. Her success of the previous day had whetted her appetite to the keenest extent; and the blood she had drank intoxicated her with the idea of invincibility. Her commander was intent upon transcending the achievements of his wounded predecessor. At it these formidable vessels went with potent vehemence! Round after round of the heaviest shot was poured into each other. The balls rang and rattled upon their iron armor like a tempest of hail upon the roof of a house. After awhile the Merrimac, despairing of making an impression on the invulnerable walls of the Monitor with her guns, furiously drove her iron prow into or squarely against her side. The shock was harmless, except the rebel ram was partly shorn of her strength. The blow partly detached the iron prow from the main vessel. The Monitor did not sustain the least injury. Determined to return the compliment with interest, she assailed the Merrimac in the same way. The necessary position was taken, the necessary amount of steam was let on, but, in some unaccountable way, the steering apparatus became unmanageable just at that juncture, and she rushed past her antagonist like a crushing thunderbolt, *just* missing her aim—no more.

About this stage of the contest, the Monitor drew off to permit her two guns to cool. She was not

pursued. After an hour's respite, she returned to her antagonist. The Merrimac was apparently ready. The firing was resumed with redoubled fury. Nothing could exceed its accuracy on both sides. After keeping up the fire, for an hour or more, at the distance of half a mile, the Monitor, wearying with so long a range, advanced close upon her stout antagonist. So close were the two vessels that, had it not been for the iron walls concealing them, the respective crews could have conversed together. They now and then touched each other. Into one another they hurled their ponderous shot simultaneously. Upon the sides of both the shot crashed like thunder, either glancing off or crumbling into fragments. Apparently determined that the combat should speedily terminate, the Monitor deliberately approached to within a few yards of the rebel vessel, and thus plunged her solid, steel-pointed shot into her iron covering. She planted one ball in the Merrimac's hull, below her iron coating and water-line. Besides this, three gaping holes appeared in her heavy armor. She had evidently suffered severely from the Monitor's rough and potent handling. The battle was most terrific. In its awful grandeur, terrifying fierceness, and savage potency, there had been nothing like it on earth before. Their awful struggle caused the very sea to quake and tremble. But the conflict was manifestly drawing to a close. After receiving a few more shots from her powerful antagonist, the Merrimac commenced her retreat to the Cove, flanking the Craney Island. It having become apparent that she was defeated



and disabled, loud, long, and boisterous shouts went up from the thousands of spectators on the ramparts of Fortress Monroe and the beach! The contest was ended; the Monitor and liberty were triumphant! The news of no victory could have given the people equal satisfaction. They were almost delirious with joy!

The Merrimac was glad to make her escape without being pursued by her victorious foe. She was defeated. She proved unable to cope with the Monitor. Lying for a short period near the shore, she rounded out and turned toward a secure haven. In great concern the gun-boats of the insurgents gathered about her, bitterly disappointed. Victorious on the previous day, but now defeated and ingloriously flying—it was, indeed, humiliating.

The Merrimac appeared much injured, and, as was thought by some, in a sinking condition. When last seen, her deck was crowded with the crew, and she towed away by the tug-boats. She was evidently unable, from some cause, to take care of herself. Maimed and torn, the *invincible* Merrimac hurried away, in fear and shame, from the theater of her dishonor.

The Monitor came out of the fearful combat uninjured, and as efficient as when she entered it. Her wonderful powers were not in the least impaired. Upon her turret and sides were the slight impress of about twenty balls. Her great coat of mail was proof against the enemy's heaviest shot. She passed unscathed through her terrific ordeal. A conqueror of no ordinary type, she proved herself a sure defense in the time of the greatest danger.

But the shot that struck the pilot-house did not result so harmlessly as those that struck her sides. It knocked out the cement from within, and drove, with great force, some of it into the eyes of Lieutenant Worden. This was the only casualty. But this was too much, if it could have been avoided. The victory would have been more glorious had the gallant Lieutenant escaped uninjured.

It was at first feared that Lieutenant Worden's eyes were permanently, hopelessly injured. But this fear eventually proved groundless. Through the diligent skill of physicians, and the ceaseless care of his nurses, he fully recovered his sight. The champion of the Monitor bears naught but the harmless evidences of his great conflict. His temporary indisposition has happily terminated.

Upon Lieutenant Worden and his brave comrades the people lavished, without stint, their grateful applause. He had shown himself a brave soldier, a skillful commander, and an ardent patriot. For his speedy recovery from his serious wound many warm and earnest prayers ascended from patriot lips to the ear of Deity. He had won a great victory, and achieved for his country a great deliverance. By this means he won the hearts and secured the confidence of the people. His name became a familiar and cherished household word. With the Monitor and its immortal fame his name is inseparably connected. His achievements take rank with those of Perry on Lake Erie, and of Porter before Algiers.

While all classes were hastening to do honor to Lieutenant Worden and his heroic crew, the Secre-

tary of the Navy, the Honorable Gideon Welles, wrote him, by order of President Lincoln, a letter of official thanks. It was couched in the warmest, and expressed in the strongest language of eulogy. This was no official puff. While the official station and sedate dignity of the writer guaranteed the absence of all flattery, his strong and mature judgment would prevent an overestimate of the character of the achievement.

"But why," has often been asked, "if the Monitor was so free from injury, and so triumphant, did she not pursue and destroy the disabled and retreating Merrimac?" It is true that the latter was permitted to retire to her moorings without any molestation from the former. It is also true that the Monitor was as free from serious injury, and as powerful as an engine of war, as when she fired the first gun. She did not permit the rebel vessels to escape for the want of ability to follow them. "Then why did she not pursue and crush them, and thus free the country from the dread of their presence and power?" For her conduct her commander and the commodore of the squadron with which she was identified had the most satisfactory reasons. Had there been no other reason for her course, the utter exhaustion of her officers and crew would have been sufficient in itself. It was only in the early morning of the day of her protracted battle with the Merrimac that she arrived from New York. From the anxiety and fatigue of this long and novel voyage they had not, in the least, recovered. Weary from previous toil when they began

the conflict, they could not but be exhausted at its conclusion, unless they were more than men. Exhausted, worn-out nature demanded a respite, a season of repose, to revive and recuperate her powers. Beyond a certain point the most vigorous systems can not be pushed. These noble, uncomplaining men, after days and nights of toil, had reached this point at the close of the fight.

Yet, had there been no other difficulties in her way, she would have, with a wearied and languid crew, so followed up her advantages over her antagonist as to have utterly destroyed her and her feeble companions. Such a consummation would have been as agreeable to the officers of the *Monitor* as the advantage to us would have been immense, and the loss to the rebels irreparable. But such were the risks to be run in such an enterprise that the dangers to be apprehended would not justify the venture of so much. The sagacious rebels were amply prepared for us at every point where an attack would likely be made. They did leave open to our men-of-war and iron-clads a free and unobstructed channel to their only seaport of importance.

Upon the refitting of the *Merrimac* the rebels spent thousands upon thousands in money, and many months of patient toil. The *Merrimac*, in her transmuted character, was associated with their favorite scheme of rapine and carnage. Having invested so much in, and expecting so much from, this scheme, it was very likely that they would resort to every expedient that would, in the least, in-



sure final success. It is reasonable to suppose that a people who could, with the most exemplary patience, watch the Merrimac grow from a sunken frigate to a formidable iron-clad gun-boat, would resort to every precaution to prevent a failure or misfortune. This they did most effectually. They constructed a trap at the mouth of the Elizabeth River, so that, in the event the Merrimac should be compelled to retreat, the pursuing vessels would be destroyed or necessitated to surrender.

The channel of the Elizabeth River was so closed by obstructions and spiles of heavy timber that only a space of *eighty* or *ninety* feet was left open for the passage of vessels into Norfolk. A little beyond the mouth of the river lay the Germantown, with springs on her cable, ready to move at a moment's notice. Besides this, she was prepared, by large holes in her bottom, to be sunk in a few moments after the removal of the valves of the openings. The intention of the rebels was, if the Merrimac was pursued, to let her and her pursuers pass in through this opening, and then throw the German-town across the channel and sink her. In this way an impassable barrier to the escape of the pursuing vessel would be effectually raised. Had the Monitor been decoyed into this ingeniously constructed trap, her escape would have been absolutely impossible. The conqueror would have been captured had she pursued her crippled antagonist. Her triumph would have been converted into a most disastrous defeat.

With these extensive preparations of the wily foe

to entrap our pursuing vessels, the Federal commanders were perfectly familiar. Consequently, they did not think it prudent to commence a partial pursuit. They concluded to be contented with disabling and driving off the insolent Merrimac. The information upon which they acted was reliable, as it came from a reliable source. To the loyal *contrabands* were they indebted for this knowledge. Had it not been for the fidelity of this degraded class, our disasters of the 9th might have been much greater, and of a much more serious character, than the disasters of the 8th. To the names of the lost Cumberland and Congress that of the Monitor might have been added. But that unfortunate, despised, oppressed, and debased race of human beings, to whom our generals and commodores are indebted for information of the enemy, that could have been secured in no other way, prevented the brilliant victory of the Monitor from becoming a sad defeat. The Monitor knew that, unless she followed the retreating Merrimac into Norfolk, the pursuit, however vigorously conducted, would be perfectly useless. But to have done so would have been equivalent to placing herself in the power of her vanquished antagonist. Hence, no pursuit of her rival was made.

In issuing congratulatory orders from the Navy Department, Secretary Welles did not forget nor overlook the just claims of the skillful officers and brave men of the Cumberland. In the most courtly language and glowing terms he pronounced a befitting eulogy upon their noble and sublime con-

duct. He declared that the government "admired their courage and determination" to sink rather than surrender. He cheerfully admits that they "boldly fought their formidable assailant under the most disastrous and appalling circumstances." He confessed that these heroic men had "proved themselves worthy the renown which has immortalized the American navy." In behalf of the grateful nation he professed to acknowledge "their gallant services," and respectfully tendered them the "thanks of the government for the heroism displayed, and the fidelity with which the flag was defended." All this was both beautiful and befitting. The language employed was not too strong, neither were the deeds ascribed to them in the least exaggerated. The tribute was both just and faithful.

Thus far the Secretary of the Navy had nobly done his duty to our victorious marines. He had publicly acknowledged the magnitude and magnificence of their wonderful defense of the Cumberland. But here, for the time being, his action strangely closed. He seemed to forget that those who escaped the carnage of the naval combat had any wants but those which the congratulatory order would supply. In his subsequent treatment of those glorious but unfortunate men he showed a degree of ignorance of, or indifference to, his duties really inexcusable.

These brave mariners had lost every thing by the sinking of their vessel, except their trowsers and shirts. During the terrible conflict they had neither leisure nor disposition to think of, nor look after,

“bag, hammock, pea-jacket, bedding, hat, or shoes.” When the battle ceased to rage, and as their frigate was already sinking, it was all they could do to save their lives. They reached Newport News by swimming to the shore, or were picked up by the soldiers who were actively engaged in assisting them. They remained with our infantry at this point until Monday. The soldiers stationed at Newport News cheerfully fed, clothed, and sheltered them to the utmost of their limited means. Those who had clothing to spare divided with them their scanty wardrobe. Through those two days of suffering and destitution, no naval officer came near the men whom the Secretary of the Navy had so handsomely praised. If these suffering tars had done no more to sustain the reputation of our navy than Secretary Welles did in his treatment of them, Europe would feel nothing but the most supreme contempt for us. To have acted in harmony with his professedly high estimate of their achievements, and his obvious duty, he would have hastened, through one of his numerous subordinates, as soon as the intelligence of the disaster had reached him, to amply replace the losses these brave men had sustained, to supply them with a new outfit, and to pay them their wages. It was reasonable to expect that this would be done; and that, if any body had to be neglected, it would not be the chivalrous defenders of the Cumberland. But this was not done. They were shamefully neglected. No naval officer, authorized to supply their pressing wants, came near them. Naked, destitute, and hungry, these



noble fellows were shipped, as so much live stock, on the Roanoke, for New York! No one present was authorized to look after their interests and supply their wants. As they had lost all while standing by their guns until their ship sunk down under them, they had neither bedding nor rations while moving from Fortress Monroe to New York. In the chilly nights of March they had to lie upon the naked deck of the Roanoke, covered alone by the star-lighted heavens, or by the few rags that they had picked up, or that had been given them while in the camp at Newport News. The officers of the Roanoke could not relieve them, except at their own expense. But what could they do for two or three hundred men?

Such cruel neglect was apparently sufficient to have crushed out the courage and patriotism of almost any soul. But these noble sufferers bore this neglect and their destitution with the uncomplaining fortitude of true heroes. They hoped that, on reaching New York, things would change for the better. They felt confident that the Secretary of the Navy, who so keenly appreciated their valor and so eloquently praised their courage, would send a disbursing officer to meet them there. But they were doomed to bitter disappointment, and still more ignominious treatment. On arriving at New York they were transferred to the North Carolina, the receiving-ship, on which was no one authorized to properly receive them. They asked for bedding, but they could secure it only at their own expense. But as they did not feel able to pay, each, *eleven*

dollars for articles with which the Secretary of the Navy should have furnished them days before, they were necessitated, as heretofore, to sleep upon the cold planks of their ship!

In a few days they received permission to go on shore. But, instead of paying them off, as is the invariable custom, the heroes of the Cumberland, so highly lauded by the delighted Secretary, were permitted to go on shore without a farthing in their possession! The paymaster had received no orders about them, and, consequently, could do nothing for them. To complete their humiliation and deep sense of degradation, they were indebted to the charity of strangers for the means of crossing the ferry to New York! Then, to keep from starving, and to secure shelter from the cold, bleak winds of March, they were compelled to knock for admission to the "Sailor's Home." The eulogized heroes of the Cumberland—the marines of world-wide fame—were thrown upon the alms of a charitable institution! This was the recompensing treatment they received from the government they had so nobly defended. The contemplation of this outrage upon the most unfortunate, as well as the most deserving, of men, must move the indignation and arouse the scorn of the loyal masses. Comfortably provided for, seated in his snug and attractive office, at an infinite distance from danger, with the bodies and brave hearts of such men as he cruelly neglected between him and his foes, Secretary Welles was apparently undisturbed by a solitary thought of the suffering and destitution of the defenders of the

Cumberland. Apparently, in his congratulatory letter, he had done all for the destitute tars that entered his self-satisfied mind as essential to their happiness. Here the whole thing ended. To say the least, this official negligence is inexcusable. Nothing could justify such conduct. It was the deformed offspring of selfishness—a selfishness that blights and curses all it touches. Within the various departments of government there is enough of this selfish negligence to ruin any people. From it our soldiers and sailors have suffered more than from any other cause. “Red tape” so frequently strangles its victims that it should be annihilated by strangling those who have rendered it so odious and injurious to our country. To the “red tape” of the stately Department of the Navy, or to something worse, the champions of the Cumberland owed weeks of suffering, shame, and indignation.

It would, indeed, be highly gratifying to extend the narrative of the achievements of the Monitor. But this can not be done. Her career was brief, but magnificent. She accomplished a stupendous work. Having defeated her powerful antagonist, and driven her in disgrace from the field, she remained, through the summer, in Hampton Roads, guarding our shipping, and closing the port to our enemy's vessels.

In the month of December, after witnessing the destruction of the Merrimac by her own commander—blown to atoms—the Monitor was placed in a new squadron, and under a new commander. Commodore Dupont had charge of the iron-clad fleet, of which the Monitor was one. Charleston, South

Carolina, the great disturber of American peace, was their ultimate destination. With this movement the Monitor was delighted. It afforded her a wider and more befitting field of activities. She commenced her movements South under the most encouraging circumstances. The weather was fair, the ocean tranquil, and the progress rapid. Another day, such as she and her iron-clad companions had had during the voyage, would give her secure anchorage at Port Royal. But, on the 30th of December, the heavens grew dark and threatening, dark clouds hung, in alarming multitude, above the fleet, the wind blew a continuously increasing gale, and the waves ran mountain high. By the close of the day the storm had grown into the awful proportions of a hurricane. The Monitor was unaccustomed to so rough and terrific a sea. For hours she labored heavily, and began to so open as to admit great quantities of water. So fierce, so awful was the tempest, that it was feared but few, if any, of the iron-clads could outride or survive it. As the day was gliding into night the Monitor flung out the signal of extreme distress. But it was utterly impossible, in such a gale and in such a sea, to afford her any relief. The vessels within sight of her had all they could do to keep themselves from foundering. The rolling, dipping, tossing Monitor was left to take care of herself. This was manifestly unavoidable.

During the night the storm had spent its force. On the morning of the 31st of December the sky was clear, and the ocean growing calm. But the



Monitor was nowhere to be seen! During the early part of the night, and when the sea was the most turbulent, as her lights were anxiously watched from the other vessels, they were seen to go out, or entirely disappear. This was the last of her. The Monitor, with all on board, had sunk to the bottom of the Atlantic! There, in the deep sands, rank sea-weeds, and varied shells, she now reposes as the sepulcher of her noble dead! This was a mournful termination to so proud and glorious a career. On her at the time she went down were *one* of her officers and *sixteen* of her crew! These all perished in sight of the other vessels of the fleet. But for them there was no earthly help. The Monitor, so endeared to us by her grand achievements, is no more! But, ere she went down, she performed a work that no other vessel then existing could have accomplished. She has made for herself a sublime record, and her sad exit but increases the tenderness with which her great deeds are remembered. A nation deeply deplores the misfortunes that deprived it of the services of so mighty and efficient an engine of war.



# INDEX TO VOLUME I.

---

## CHAPTER I.

**FORT SUMTER.**—Presidential campaign of 1860—its character and results, 11; Disappointment of the loyal, 12; Attitude of the South after Lincoln's election—insolence of rebels, 13; Misapprehend the North, 13; South Carolina secedes, 14; Major Anderson in Fort Moultrie, 14; Rebel preparations to crush him, 14; Anderson resolves to occupy Sumter, 15; Sumter described, 16; Difficulties in reaching Sumter, 17; Resorts to stratagem—an invitation to a Christmas feast in Charleston furnishes him the means of reaching Sumter, 18; Defeats the rebels at their own game, 19; On Christmas night evacuates Moultrie and occupies Sumter, 22; Rebels chagrined, 22; Vast results of the occupation of Sumter, 24; Buchanan's dissolute administration, 28; Left Anderson to his fate, 28; The rebels prepare to take Sumter, 29; Anderson forbidden to fire on them, 31; Federal property captured, 31; Rebels full of hope, 32; Star of the West fired on, 33; Cruelty of rebels, 36; Rebel patience exhausted, 37; Pen-portrait of Beauregard, 37; The combatants, 44; The conflict opened, 45; Chestnut, 45; First day, 46; Mr. Hart, 47; Second day, 48; Sumter in flames, 49; Wigfall, 50; Sumter surrenders, 51; Losses of the engagement, 52; Effects of the fall of Sumter on the loyal masses, 53; The people resolute, 58.

## CHAPTER II.

**ANDERSON.**—His birth—enters West Point, 59; Graduates—his career afterward, 60; As an author, 62; His conduct in Mexico, 63; As a patriot, 64; His mental powers, 65; A hero, 66; His record, 67; His moral character, 68; The advantages of piety in a soldier, 69; His religion his greatest excellence, 71; His modesty, 72; Failure of his health, 74; His great popularity, 74.

## CHAPTER III.

**OFFICERS OF SUMTER.**—Associated effort—its results, 76; Captain Doubleday, 78; Captain Seymour, 82; His part in the Peninsula Campaign, 86; First Lieutenant Talbot, 88; First Lieutenant Davis, 93; His difficulty with Nelson, 99; Second Lieutenant Hall, 105; Captain Foster, 106; First Lieutenant Snyder, 107; Second Lieutenant Meade, 108; The Boys of Sumter, 108; Lincoln's opinion of the privates, 111.

## CHAPTER IV.

**BALTIMORE.**—Rapid defection of the South, 113; Border States aroused, 113; The South expect an easy triumph, 115; Expected to occupy Federal Capital, 116; Their failure singular, 117; Tried to keep troops from Capital, 118; Massachusetts Sixth in Baltimore, 118; The mob in the city, 120; Wealthy rebels, 122; The treatment of the Sixth, 124; The band of the Sixth assailed, 127; Saved by a laborer and his wife, 129; Massachusetts burying her dead soldiers, 131; The young soldier, 132; The mob on the 20th, 134; Marshal Kane, 137; The awful Sabbath in the city, 138; A commission visits Lincoln, 140; Mob quieted, 141; Lincoln's prudence, 141; Loyal people exasperated, 143; "Through Baltimore," 144; Butler seizes the city, 146.

## CHAPTER V.

**ELLSWORTH.**—The best fall the first, 148; His birth place—the character of his early culture, 149; His school-days, 150; His youthful nobleness, 150; A great reader, 151; Amusements, 151; Generosity, 152; Enters public life, 153; A printer, 153; Comes West, 154; Applies for an appointment in the army, 154; Too humble, 155; His resoluteness, 155; Studies law at Chicago, 155; Begins his military career, 156; Organizes Zouave Cadets, 156; Strict in discipline, 158; Exhibits his company through the States, 159; Effects of his trip, 161; Enters Mr. Lincoln's law-office as a student, 162; Admitted to the bar, 164; First clerkship in War Office promised him, 165; Disappointed, 165; Accompanies the President to Capitol, 166; Disgusted with baseness of office-seekers, 168; Appointed Lieutenant, 169; His treatment from West Pointers, 169; Appointed Colonel—raises a regiment from



New York Fire Department, 170; Crosses over into Virginia, 172; His last letters, 173; Is murdered, 176; Jackson, his murderer, 177; The grief of the people, 181; Grief of the President 183; The agony of his soldiers, 185; His splendid career, 187.

## CHAPTER VI.

**BIG BETHEL.**—Distinguished localities, 189; Big Bethel, 190; General Butler, 196; Fortress Monroe, 192; Rebels in front, 192; A brigade sent out to dislodge them, 193; General Pierce, 193; A sad blunder, 195; His attack of Big Bethel, 195; Lieutenant Greble, 196; The hero, 202; Major Winthrop, 203; The attack a failure, 223.

## CHAPTER VII.

**FORT HENRY.**—The gloom of this period, 224; Condition of our army, 225; Webb's Cross-roads, 226; The joy of success, 227; Fort Henry, 228; Attacked by Commodore Foote, 229; The fleet, 230; The bombardment, 230; The surrender, 232; The character of the action, 235; The gun-boats, 236; The effects and spoils of victory, 237; Commodore Foote, 238; Tilghman, 244; Southern aristocracy, 249; The rebel soldiers, 250; The courage of our troops, 251; Stemple, Paulding, Porter, and others, 252; The pilots, 253; Artillerists of gun-boats, 254; Gun-boat literature, 255; A touching incident, 256.

## CHAPTER VIII.

**GENERAL LANDER.**—The brave are the first to fall, 259; Lander portrayed, 260; On the overland route to the Pacific, 263; Comes home a hero, 265; Reappears Mr. Potter's "second," 265; Potter and Pryor portrayed, 265; Their debate in Congress, 271; Their duel, 272; How Lander managed it, 272; He goes to California, 275; Marries Miss Davenport, 275; Responds to Lincoln's call for volunteers, 276; He serves in West Virginia, 277; Attacks Philippi, 278; His sublime conduct, 280; At Rich Mountain battle, 284; Accompanied McClellan to Washington, 289; His conduct while there, 290; Not happy in his position, 291; Estranged from McClellan, 293; Wounded at Ball's Bluff, 294; Oppressed by his confinement, 296; Supersedes General Kelly at

Cumberland, 297; Very popular with his troops, 298; Foiled General Jackson, 298; His health rapidly fails, 301; Failed to capture Jackson through interference of his superiors, 301; He dies, 302; What he was, 303; Believed in the Bible, 304.

## CHAPTER IX.

**GENERAL LYON.**—This country a unit, 306; The rapid spread of treason, 306; Forts surrendered, 306; Oasis of loyalty, 307; Nathaniel Lyon, 307; Governor Jackson, 322; Camp Jackson, 323; General Frost, 325; Saint Louis important to the rebels, 326; Germans, 327; Camp Jackson captured, 328; Lyon superseded, 330; Lyon vindicated, 331; General Harney, 336; Lyon reinstated, 340; Its effects, 340; General Price, 342; Battle at Boonville, 345; Sturgis, 351; Sigel, 352; Boernstein, 354; Fremont, 356; His emancipation proclamation, 358; Fremont removed, 362; The state of affairs, 363; Operations of the army, 366; Troops sent to Washington, 367; Springfield, 371; Lyon's gloom, 374; The battle, 376; Lyon fails, 383; Army retires, 384; Lyon, 386; His body rescued, 387; Buried in his native state, 389.

## CHAPTER X.

**WEBB'S CROSS-ROADS.**—The state of the country, 390; The rebels, 391; Federal forces, 392; General Thomas, 395; General Schoepf, 405; Colonel Fry, 407; Colonel McCook, 410; His death, 427; Zollicoffer, 428; His cruelty, 433; Joy at his death, 435; Crittenden, 436; The number of rebel troops engaged, 437; Number of Federal troops, 438; The battle described, 438; The victory, 444; The four regiments, 444; The losses of both armies, 446; Tennessee Union troops vindicated, 447; The pursuit, 448; The spoils, 449; The effects of the victory, 450.

## CHAPTER XI.

**THE MONITOR AND MERRIMAC.**—A progressive age, 452; John Ericsson, 453; Comes to America, 456; Invents the Monitor, 457; Monitor described, 457; The Merrimac, 461; Her attack on the Cumberland, 464; The contest, 466; The Cumberland sinks, 469; Chaplain Lanhardt, 471; His death, 474; Chaplains vindicated, 475; Solicitor Whiting's order, 477; Note, 478; The flag of the

Cumberland, 479; The heroism of her men, 480; The Congress, 480; She surrenders, 481; Her decks, 481; The patriotism of her wounded, 482; Congress burned, 483; Joy in the South, 484; Gloom in the North, 484; The Monitor arrives, 486; The Minnesota, 486; Battle between the Monitor and Merrimac, 488; The two commanders, 488; Merrimac defeated, 490; Worden wounded, 492; Congratulatory letter, 492; Why no pursuit, 493; Congratulatory letter, 496; Crew neglected, 497; "Red tape," 501; Monitor's last trip, 501; Goes down in a storm, 503.

THE END.





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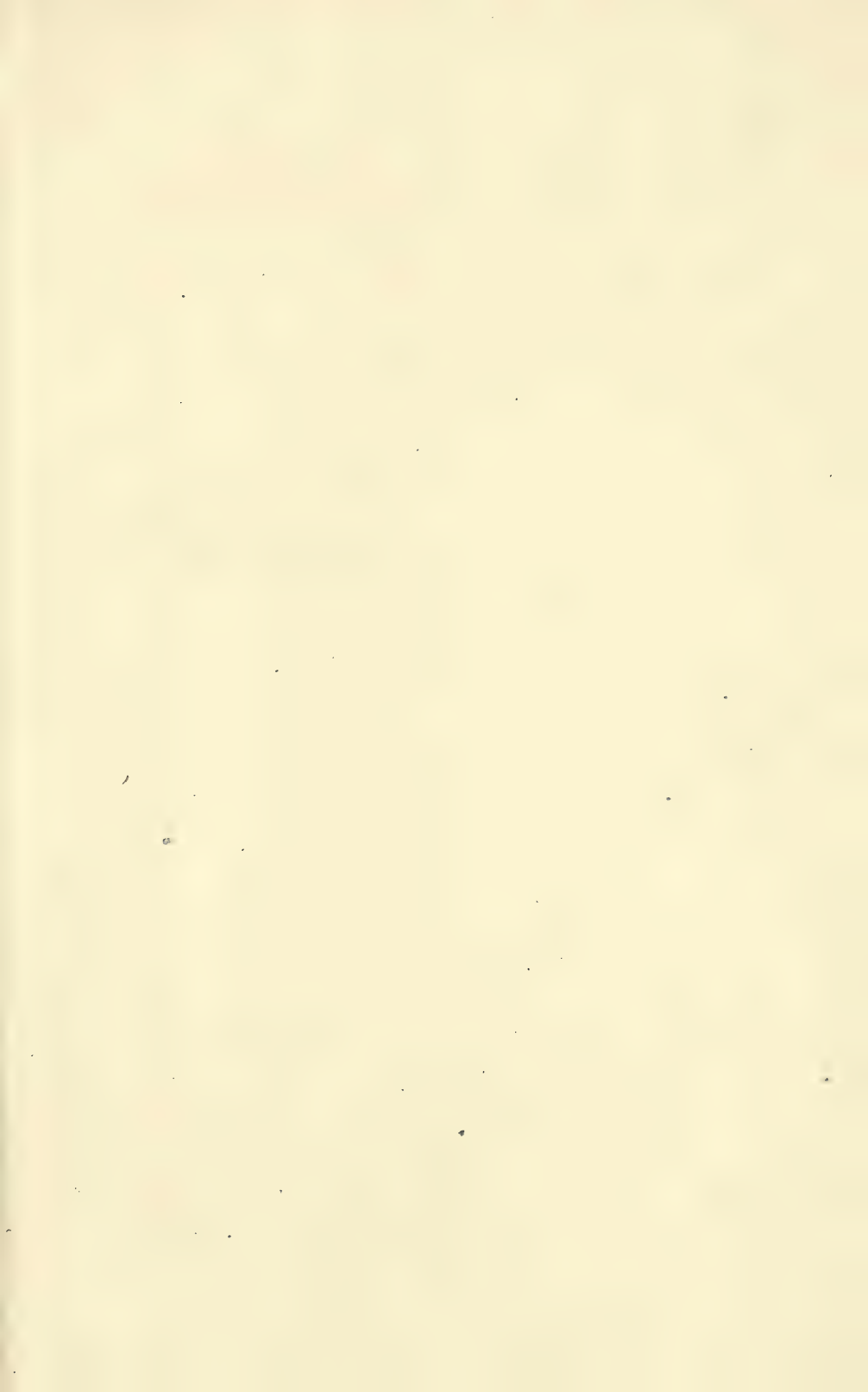
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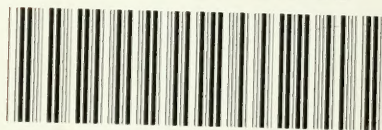








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